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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Adaptation and **Next**—Two one-acters (the first by Elaine May, the second by Terrence McNally, and both directed by Miss May) that together make the funniest evening imaginable. Gabriel Dell and James Coco are the respective stars. Highly recommended. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Ceremonies in Dark Old Men—An extraordinary play—funny and tragic—about a Negro family in Harlem who decide to bypass the white community and go it on their own by tying up with a local racketeer. Edmund Cambridge has directed a new cast, with Richard Mason. The dramatist is Lonne Elder III. (Pocket, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

De Sade Illustrated—An adaptation of the Marquis's lewd bedroom ruminations. Not dull, but not recommended, either. (Bouwerie Lane, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. 674-6060. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8.)

Forty Carats—Adapted by Jay Allen from a French farce, and given a brassy local polish by the director, Abe Burrows, this mindless trifle provides an occasion for Julie Harris, Marco St. John, Murray Hamilton, and a number of other superlative actors to show off their skills. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Front Page—A Stutz bearcat of a play, driven at breakneck speed by half a dozen fine actors, under the direction of Harold J. Kennedy. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Geese—A twin bill by Gus Weill. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Great White Hope—James Earl Jones turns in a stunning performance in this long, noisy, pageant-like play, loosely based on the life of the Negro prizefighter Jack Johnson. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hadrian VII—The bizarre career of a real-life scamp named Baron Corvo provides a juicy role for Alec McCowen, who takes full advantage of it. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hamlet—An idiosyncratic performance by Nicol Williamson, who makes the "sweet prince" into a petulant and unlovable peasant. The production was directed by Tony Richardson, who has almost as many strange ideas as his star. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3. Closes Saturday, June 14.)

Little Murders—A revival of Jules Feiffer's black farce about violence—indoors and out—in New York. Alan Arkin, its new director, has made a hit out of this Broadway flop of a couple of years ago. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Man with the Flower in His Mouth—An agreeable but tame evening of three short plays—one of them sad and two of them merry—by Pirandello. William Murray's translation is fluent and literate, and Michael Simone's direction is good, too. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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My Daughter, Your Son—A gaggy, not very comic bridging of the generation gap, set (or perhaps sunk) in Hollywood. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

No Place to Be Somebody—Charles Gordone's rich, complex, and altogether fascinating play, set in a West Village saloon that is owned by a Negro. The actors, who come in a variety of colors, are all good; Nathan George (prop.), Ron O'Neal, Henry Baker, Nick Lewis, and Marge Eliot are especially good. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 9; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 3.)

Philosophy in the Boudoir—An adaptation by Eric Kahane of the de Sade thing. Loathsome. (Gramercy Arts, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Play It Again, Sam—A comedy by Woody Allen, starring Woody Allen. The play is not up to Mr. Allen's gifts, but it makes a pleasant enough evening, and the many girls in it are young and warm and full of promise. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—**the miser**, a clumsy, frantic stampede of a production, more Abbott and Costello than Molière. Robert Symonds tears the title role to appropriate tatters. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, June 21.)... ¶ At the Forum (362-7618) in the same building—John Ford Noonan's play **the year boston won the pennant.** (Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, June 21.)

Spiro Who?—In this comedy with music, Oliver Clark gives one of the funniest (and most legitimate) performances in town, as a young man on the eve of his college graduation. The

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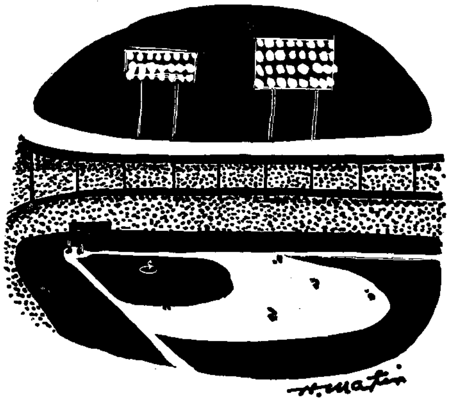
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



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play has its ups and downs, but it is worth seeing for the ups. (Gate, Second Ave. at 10th St. 982-3255. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

A Teaspoon Every Four Hours—Jackie Mason and Mike Mortman are the authors of this comedy starring Mr. Mason. Directed by Jeremiah Morris. Previews through Saturday matinée, June 14. Opens officially on Saturday, June 14, at 8:30. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

To Be Young, Gifted and Black—A selection from the letters and diaries and a sprinkling of scenes from the plays of the late Lorraine Hansberry, as recited and performed by a cast of eight. Somehow, the show is not as affecting as it might be, but it has stirring and poignant moments *all* the same. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

The World of Mrs. Solomon—A comedy by Fannie Fertik. (Fortune, 62 E. 4th St. 777-0030. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**THE BOYS IN THE BAND:** A comedy about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **PLAZA SUITE:** Three skits by Neil Simon. Barbara Baxley and Don Porter are the stars. Starting Monday, June 9, Maureen Stapleton will return to her original role, replacing Miss Baxley. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **SCUBA DUBA:** Bruce Jay Friedman's first play is about an American in the South of France whose wife has run off with, he thinks, a Negro skin diver. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MUSICALS

Dames at Sea—An entertaining takeoff on musical movies of the thirties, with a delightful performance by Bernadette Peters as a dancer *named* Ruby who loves a boy named Dick and is befriended by a chorine named Joan. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

An Evening with Max Morath—A one-man show to cheer the heart. Mr. Morath, at the piano and on his feet, reintroduces us to some of the foolish, popular songs that prevailed at the turn of this century, and to the intrusion of cheeky, wonderful ragtime. His words may sag a bit occasionally, but his music is always stylish, bracing, and merry. (Jan Hus, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 4. Closes Saturday, June 14.)

Fiesta in Madrid—Isabel Penagos and Claramae Turner in a musical, in Spanish, adapted by Tito Capobianco (who also directed) from a zarzuela, "La Verbena de la Paloma." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:45, and Sundays at 8:15. Matinées Saturdays, Sundays, and Wednesday, June 4, at 2:30. Closes Sunday, June 15.)

Peace—Aristophanes' funny satire on war, brought up to date and turned into a musical, with songs by Al Carmines and words by Tim Reynolds. Mr. Reynolds' words are good enough, but it is Mr. Carmines' score, along with his dynamic presence at the piano, that makes the show the delight it is. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 15.)

Promenade—A musical with book and lyrics by Maria Irene Fornes and a score by Al Carmines. Opens Wednesday, June 4. (Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Opening-night curtain at 7:15; thereafter, Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Promises, Promises—Jerry Orbach and Jill O'Hara may spend the next twenty years in this breezy adaptation of the movie "The Apartment." Book by Neil Simon, music by Burt Bacharach, and lyrics by Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

1776—A childish retelling of a heroic chapter in our history. Little music, no dancing, and two thin girls. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Zorba—An *old-fashioned, all-purpose musical,* which pretends to be Greek but whose true country is Broadway. With Herschel Bernardi and Maria Karnilova. Book by Joseph Stein, music by John Kander, and lyrics by Fred Ebb. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8; Fridays at 7:45; and Saturdays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **CABARET:** Germany just before the Nazis took control. Anita Gillette and George Voskovec are among those in the cast. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)... **CURLEY MCDIMPLE:** A lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** Ceasing, he began to shave with care.—Tell me, Mulligan, Stephen said quietly. Yes, my love? How long is Haines going to stay in this tower? (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Jerry Jarrett in a saga derived from some Sholom Aleichem tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HAIR:** Lots of clatter in lots of clutter, and the sooner your mind gives way the happier you will be. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Now with an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAME:** A musical interpretation of the Patrick Dennis novel about an antic aunt and an orphaned nephew committed to her care. Ann Miller is the lady in question. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Bob Wright plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music is by Mitch Leigh. David Holliday substitutes for Mr. Wright at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** Peanuts to music. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **YOUR OWN THING:** As this rock *musical goes its merry way, its path often* crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule of final performances—Wednesday, June 4, at 8:15: "Illuminations" and "Harlequinade." ...¶ Thursday, June 5, at 8:15: "Dim Lustre" and "Harlequinade."...¶ Friday, June 6, at 8:15: "Dances at a Gathering," "Dim Lustre," "Pas de Deux," and "Raymonda Variations."...¶ Saturday, June 7, at 2:15: "Valse Fantasie," "Prelude, Fugue and Riffs," "Dances at a Gathering," and "Symphony in C."...¶ Saturday, June 7, at 8:15: "Liebeslieder Walzer" and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet."...¶ Sunday, June 8, at 1:15: "La Sonnambula," "Episodes," and "Stars and Stripes."...¶ Sunday, June 8, at 7:15: "Episodes," "Dances at a Gathering," and "Symphony in C."...¶ "A Midsummer Night's Dream": Wednesday through Friday, June 11-13, at 8:15; Saturday, June 14, at 2:15 and 8:15; and Sunday, June 15, at 1:15 and 7:15. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

Stuttgart Ballet—Opening performances of a three-week engagement that will run through Sunday, June 29, by a company that is making its first appearance here—Tuesday, June 10, at 7:30; Wednesday, June 11, at 8:30; and Saturday, June 14, at 2:30 and 8:30: "Eugene Onegin."...¶ Thursday, June 12, at 8, and Friday, June 13, at 8:30: "The Taming of the Shrew." (Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center. 787-3880.)

Paul Sanasardo Dance Company—The second of two programs, this one consisting of "Fatal Birds," "Palomas," "Overleaf" (New York première), and "Excursions." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Saturday, June 7, at 8:30. For tickets, call YU 9-6070.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Coffee and cider are representative of the drinks, *and the quarters are cramped, but the enter*tainment sometimes overshadows the wooden benches. Singers, strummers, and talkers come and go throughout the evening—among them the Everly Brothers. Performances are at nine-thirty and eleven Sundays through Thursdays and at nine, ten-thirty, and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers.

Café Au Go Go, 152 Bleecker St. (777-4530)—Dim, congenial, and at times a groove. Tim Hardin sings his own honest songs Thursday through Saturday, June 5-7. On Tuesday, June 10, singers Ian and Sylvia will bring a fundamental folk sound to the room. Shows are at eight-thirty and eleven. Ice cream is served in very large dishes. Closed Mondays.

Casey's, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Some fairly provocative jazz from eleven to one—on piano and bass, with horns sitting in oc-

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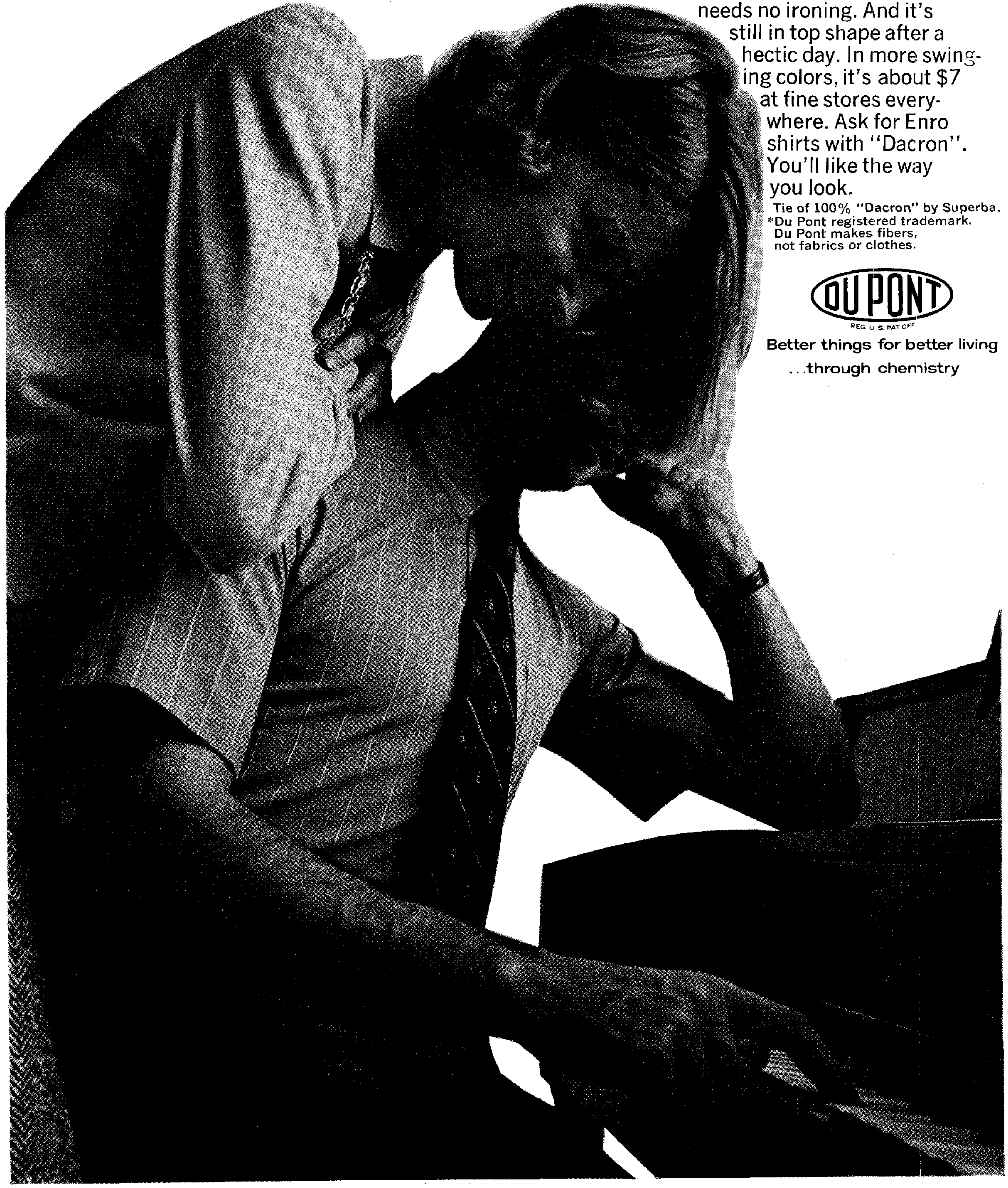

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

casionally—as well as dining and drinking in a serene, red-brick setting. No live music Sundays.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—No strain. It's an easeful spot where the Brew Moore-Bill Berry quintet plays nightly. Fridays through Sundays, singer Anita O'Day takes the stand, too. Some light Italian dishes are served. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—A forthright kind of place for traditional listening, where the patrons seem as much at home as the musicians—a group that includes, at one time or another, Freddie Moore, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Bobby Pratt, and Marshall Brown. They play a confident, hale Dixieland from nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Eighteen-nineties rinky-dink, complete with fire engine, but the banjo band is above average, and has even been known to come up with its own alluvial arrangements of some Top Forty tunes, for what they're worth. Old movies are shown from time to time. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Another ode to the banjo—a small, neighborly place where people can buy straw hats and frilly garters and commune with their ancestors. The three-man band twangs from nine to three or four. The peanuts are free.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—It's a trip getting to this spectral part of town, and wheels may be needed to get back, but the clientele knows pretty much where it's at. The Yusef Lateef quartet plays most nights from nine to four. On Tuesday, June 10, Roland Kirk's potent quartet will arrive. On Sundays, the music begins at seven. Mondays, from nine to four, are devoted to sundry jazz groups.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—In the rustic upstairs you can drink or dine while listening to the glossy sounds of the Ahmad Jamal trio. On Mondays, the regulars are off, and new talent is auditioned. . . . ¶ Downstairs: Blues guitarist B. B. King and comic Irwin C. Watson share the stage through Sunday, June 8. On Tuesday, June 10, a thirteen-piece outfit named the Lighthouse will replace Watson, while King stays on. Shows at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays and on Sundays; on Fridays shows begin at ten, and on Saturdays at nine-thirty. Closed Mondays.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—A subsurface box with a bent for jazz. Elvin Jones, a percussive phenomenon, leads his trio. Between sets, an attractive and soulful singer named Esther Marrow performs. On Tuesday, June 10, Thelonious Monk's quartet will take over. Music begins—in theory, anyway—at nine-thirty. Mondays are reserved for the loud sounds of the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—On a quiet corner in an empty area, where you wouldn't expect to find much of anything. The jazz, swingingly subdued, is on piano and bass; Nat Jones and Herman Wright play Monday through Wednesday, and Lance Hayward and Bill Lee play Thursday through Sunday, from eight-thirty to two. Sawdust is on the floor, and collard greens and black-eyed peas are on the menu.

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630)—Golly, gang, here's *another* one of those places where you can put on boaters and listen to a banjo band and drink beer from mugs. On Sundays, from four-thirty to nine, a Dixieland band plays before the evening fun begins.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

Arthur, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420)—A faintly Britannic, Plasticine scene for people who like to be thought of as swingers. Tiny tables, a minimal light show, and rampant recorded rock that shifts to rampant live rock and back again several times during the evening. Dining is possible. Closed Mondays.

Aux Puces, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2920)—A small restaurant-discothèque whose advantages manage to outweigh its pretensions. Waiters glide about discreetly, and the trappings—lacquered cabinets, ponderous chandeliers, gilded griffins, and the like—are for sale. The clientele looks imperturbable, and the diners are distinctive, if slight. Dancing to records from ten until three or four. Closed Sundays.

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Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—Pin-striped wallpaper, red velvet draperies, and moody, muted murals are reminiscent of the years 1795-99, when France wasn't quite making it. The cuisine—dinner and supper—is good, and a generally svelte-looking crowd dances to records on a small dance floor from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—Odd-shaped cubbyholes and a lethargic sort of carrousel—the rest is sound and light. On Sundays, as well as Tuesdays through Thursdays, dancing runs from nine until two. On Fridays and Saturdays, it runs from eight until four. Live music will come from the Last Ritual until Tuesday, June 10, when Far Cry moves in. Wednesdays are blues nights, with a minimum of dancing: On June 4, the blues artists will be Arthur (Big Boy) Crudup, the Reverend Douglas Kirpatric, and Lowell Fulsom; on June 11, the performers will include Slim Harpo and the Ed Young Fife & Drum Band. Closed Mondays.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—A fairly low-keyed, dressy establishment with Ivy overtones, where the lights are dim and the music is less than urgent. Table reservations are recommended on weekends. Without them, you can stand at the minuscule bar. The supper menu is sturdy enough. Closed Sundays.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Ceiling fans turn, and a sphinx guards the door. Is it the Nile? Musically speaking, it's the Mersey, Lake Michigan, or sometimes (oh, wow!) the Danube. Between record sets, live people entertain: the New Direction through Saturday, June 7, and the Bob Francis quartet beginning Monday, June 9. A substantial dinner menu. Closed Sundays.

Wednesday's, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—An indoor street of sorts, with many aspects of an outdoor one—trees, lampposts, a bar, café tables, and shops. Dancing on the pavement to records, from six to three every night but Saturday, when the doors open at eight. The whole thing sounds contrived, but it works.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—A down-to-earth club whose patrons seem more interested in music and dancing than in ogling other people's threads. Little wheels spin and spin; big wheels turn around and around. Live music is provided by the Credibility Gap. Closed Sundays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—Paisley walls in a burnished underground cave, with music that comes on big and stays there disc after disc. Action nightly from nine-thirty to three-thirty. Reservations—which may or may not be honored at the door—are a good idea on weekends. Crêpes and other light fare are available at street level. All the comely people—where do they all come from?

SARDIS
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2

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too, unless noted.)

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000): A handsome reward is offered to all who enter upon the little kingdom of the Café Pierre. The jaunty music is supplied by Phil Wayne's band Mondays and Tuesdays, by Stanley Worth's band Wednesdays through Sundays; Ellen Harwicke, whose specialty is song with piano, fills in the chinks between the Worth sets. . . . **EL MOROCCO,** 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): Dig we must, if we are to trace the course of Empire that once held sway. The music still plays on, for auld lang syne—some of it people (Lester Lanin) music, some of it pre-packed. Closed Sundays. . . . **DELMONICO'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The ways and miens of the restaurant are decorous, even when Ernie Warren's small band gets the dancers out on the floor. Eight to one in midweek, eight to two Saturdays, not at all Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ROSELAND DANCE CITY,** 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): Early native cottage industries, such as the two-step and the fox-trot, are still being carried on, simon-pure. No others need apply. Argueso's Latin crew is spelled by a pair of North American units; all are on view every night but Monday. Seven-thirty until one, mostly; Sundays, though, begin at 3:30 P.M.; Wednesdays run from six-thirty until twelve. The dietary arrangements are almost invisible.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—The quality of Blossom Dearie's high-octave, high-octane voice varies only from the sublime to the meticulous when, valiantly supported by her trio, she sings about the lives we would all like to lead; Milt Kamen, the Prides and Prejudices of the man in the street, speaks feelingly, wistfully, wittily for not just that man but for a lot of other people. Mr. Kamen will bow out on Saturday, June 7, and the Dearies will do the same on Tuesday, June 10. On Wednesday, June 11, Joan Rivers will resume her recitations from her own Doomsday Book. Nothing doing until nine-thirty or ten. Closed Sundays.

El Avram, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—Hands across the Aegean, the Gulf of Corinth, and tributaries. Among the hands are Avram Grobard, head man and joker; Yakov Uriel, trumpeter; George Mgrdichian, oudist; and Turkan, *ventriste*. Dancing, and home cooking, often Israeli. Closed Mondays.

Upstairs at the Downstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Free Fall," the local revue, is enacted by a set of skillful boy and girl earthlings (Patti Deutsch must be specially commended) and is possessed by a demon (the mind of Ronny Graham, its head coach), which makes the end product that much funnier. At nine-thirty and midnight, except on Sundays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and a show.)

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—In the Royal Box there is Mary Hopkin, a brand-new caroller from England, and Charlie Manna, purveyor of jokes that are hardly ever shortweight. They gather during dinner and supper; the orchestra of Lee Evans, a sound investment, is here all the time. Closed Sundays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Seat belts are handy, for there are moments of turbulence in the career of Los Chavales de España, but beneath it all are hearts of gold, tastes of honey. The stint is dinner and supper during the week, and thrice on Saturdays. . . . ¶ In the much smaller Flamenco Room, the activity, likewise on a no-nights-off basis, is enhanced by guitar (Emilio Prados) and voice (Domingo Alvarado). They commence at ten, and do not stop until way past bedtime.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Tom Jones, of the British Isles, has his final

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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sing-outs on Wednesday, June 4. Next evening, the Great God Pandemonium visits Earth in the person of Smokey Robinson and the Miracles. Dick Lord will supply the wit. Every night. . . . ¶ In the lounge, the chords that course through the instruments blow in from Miami and Las Vegas. They belong to the Pacesetters, whose alphabet ranges from alacrity to zest. From ten on and on, every night.

Downbeat, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (889-5100)—No lowering here of the boom (sonic, that is), for Jimmy Rushing, who sings with Roy Eldridge's quintet, keeps having tremendous attacks of the blues, and the All-Stars (Marty Napoleon, Milt Hinton, and Don Lamond) put in their own hot licks. Muriel Roberts' solo piano is likewise warm as toast. On Friday, June 13, the Eldridges and the All-Stars will be succeeded by Wild Bill Davison and his Jazz Giants and Teddy Wilson's trio. No (sorry!) dancing.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—The grand old Persian Room is host to Enzo Stuarti, who takes every ballad by main force and lets his quips (Italian pleasantries and peasantries) fall where they may. Dinner and supper are his hours, except Wednesday, June 4, when he operates only at ten-fifteen. The dance bands of Burt Farber and Mark Monte keep on lowing o'er the luxurious lea. Everything quiet on Sundays. . . . ¶ In **PLAZA 9—AND ALL THAT JAZZ,** the keeping-abreast-of-the-times trio of Ramsey Lewis is for all ears; Mousie Alexander's threesome is for both ears and feet. Dinner is sufficient, supper is fragmentary. Events begin at eight. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ The Edwardian Room offers, from seven to nine, dinner music—Sandu Marcu's fiddle and a piano—usually every evening but Sunday. . . . ¶ Palm Court, we love thy templed hills! No rock, but rill music begins with the Marcu teatime duets (four-thirty to six-thirty every day) and ends with another set of violins (almost always Gunnar Hansen's) and piano (eight to one, except Sundays).

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—No reasonable offer of love is ever refused by the arias of Felicia Sanders, who departs in a blaze of glory on Saturday, June 7. She sings twice a night, in between dance sets by a foursome. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette is becoming venturesome; i.e., Him, He & Me, who are rockers and rollers, not grammarians. At ten-fifteen during the week, but doubleheaders Fridays and Saturdays. George Cort's orchestra and Quintero's Latinos are in charge of the consumers' footwork. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Tranquillity and rectitude are the two graces of La Boite, across the way from the Maisonette. Ernest Schoen's Mitteleuropa fiddle and Jules Kuti's piano are paired off in calm interludes of music. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—A man for all seasons, but most especially for graduation time, is Trini Lopez, a truly happy-go-lucky wandering minstrel. He appears in the Empire Room at dinner and supper every evening; dance tunes flow freely, too, the best of them from the Re Vells, who are Op as well as Pop. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In Peacock Alley, a rather industrious (almost industrial) trio issues dance tunes from eight until one or so, and dinner and supper are on the hob (but not the house). This happens Tuesday through Saturday each week; a piano works out in the bar from four through eight every night but Saturday and Sunday.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Community spirit in an all-seasons resort on an Our Town basis. The permanent residents are led by the double piano of Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders, who are generally on hand from eight until forever. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Where the niceties of life after dark are considered the necessities. The ways of life trod by both the idle and the idyllic rich are the concern of the lyrics sung by Bobby Short, whose background is his own piano and his idyllic sidemen, Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan. Not before nine-thirty, and not on Sundays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): The Jamaica rum blends with the dishes and the decoration, both (like the rum) indigenous; the Jamaica ginger is made on the spot by the carolling, peripatetic singers. Listening begins between eight and nine during the week, and ends between one and two. Closed Sundays; no music Mondays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The denizens of both bar and grill will, upon application, trust anybody over twenty-one, but that is mostly because they're having such a good time. Chuck Wayne's pensive but persuasive triad intersperses the conversation pieces until late at night. No music Sundays. . . . **GRENADIER,** 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (753-2960): It's not quite the Ivy, though it offers resemblances to that London retreat, but it *is* sort of Ivy League. No Ivy, though, on the brow of Lynn Richards, who sings, loud and clear and Manhattan, at her piano in the bar from nine until two, except on Sundays and Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): She would have been named Fifi or Mimi in Paris when it sizzled, but in the twentieth-century New World she is Rita Dimitri, an open bottle of champagne on a piano top. She sings at nine-thirty during the week and nine-thirty and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. There is dance music, too, quite subdued, from eight o'clock on. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Act 1, Scene 1 of a Hungarian operetta in rehearsal. Tibor Rakossy is host, tenor, and local nobleman; Béla Babai's band represents the merry villagers. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Rantipole, hubris, and tantivy, all because the waiters would rather sing for your supper. Closed Mondays. . . . **THE APARTMENT,** 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): Most everything on Second Avenue is, as it should be, off limits; exception can be made for Charles De Forest, who, though he must spend his nights in a piano bar, sings distinctly non-piano-bar songs all night long. He lays off Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

CHÂTEAU HENRI IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The majesty of the Loire, so to speak. Within, the violin of Norbert Faconi awaits the weary traveller until late at night. He and his faithful pianist, Herman Arminski, begin their week's work on Tuesday and end it on Saturday. All is quiet Sundays, and on Mondays the piano of Victor del Monte goes it alone. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Rome by night indeed, though not in a Gray Line bus. The musicians, both vocal and instrumental, lap up the evening with soft Lydian airs. They are usually present from seven-thirty until two. Closed every Sunday. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): No delusions of grandeur; the grandeur is real, and Roman. In the bar, Lynn Mullinax does the proper and joyous prandial and post-prandial piano, six to midnight, every evening but Sunday. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): Sibling of the Sign of the Dove but unlike it in every visual respect except for the prevailing spirit of prankery. Piano, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Ship of state, and a shipshape one—a rarity in these times. Dick Hankinson addresses his piano off and on from six until one; Sundays, someone fills in for him. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Supra dig.* is how the bar-restaurant operates. There is piano (five-thirty to eight and nine to twelve-thirty) except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Decorators' delight. The accent is Andalusian, especially when Rogelio Reguera picks up his guitar, which happens between seven-thirty and eight. He does not cease until somewhat past midnight. No music Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): Perfect pitch—that describes the setting in which the ancient art of Viennese dinner music is still carried on. It is produced by George Feyer, last of the Hapsburgs, between eight-thirty and one-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Herman Honigsberg's strolling players (fiddles and music boxes) are enhancing the scene of their prime, and they certainly help make the scene. From seven until curfew, except Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The Casino-on-the-Park, neat and as expansive as the playing fields of Eton, affords well-put-together piano by Bob Kail from six-thirty until one, except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **POLO BAR,** in the Westbury Hotel, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): Far from the madding crowd, and therefore lost (but not least) in calm and contentment, Joe Miles conducts the piano from nine-thirty until one. He has Sundays and Mondays to himself. . . . **UMBERTO,** 13 E. 53rd St. (688-3344): Time is measured here in Roman numerals, and the architecture is Roman candles. In the midst of it all, Franco Pagani serves as ambient and articulate minstrel, from seven until midnight, except Saturdays and Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Alice Baber—Circular motifs in high-keyed transparent hues; through Saturday, June 7. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Walter Barker—Painted wooden boxes containing figures and objects under controlled light; through Friday, June 6. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Dan Christensen—Spray paintings in brilliant metallic colors; through June 27. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Murray Dressner and John Formicola—Color areas with curved edges by the former and rectangles by the latter; through Friday, June 6. (East Hampton Gallery, 22 W. 56th St.)

James Earle Fraser—Bronzes made from plaster models by a leading early-twentieth-century American sculptor; through July 3. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Stanley Frey—Abstract paintings and drawings; through Saturday, June 14. (Panoras, 62 W. 56th St.)

Mimi Gross Grooms and Red Grooms—Drawings and watercolors of Europe; through June 20. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Saturdays.)

Friedrich Hundertwasser—The second half (1959-68) of a retrospective of paintings by a Viennese who has gained notice in interna-

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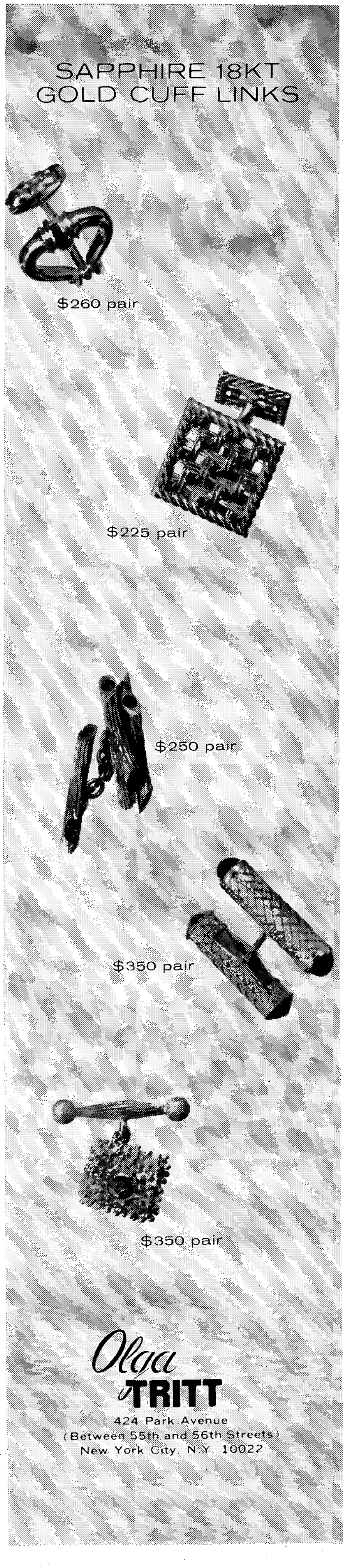

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tional exhibitions but whose first one-man show in New York this is; starting Thursday, June 5. (St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Saturdays.)

KANDINSKY, FRANZ MARC, AND AUGUST MACKE—A large showing of watercolors, drawings, and a few sculptures by three members of the German Blue Rider group; through June 27. (Hutton-Hustchnecker, 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Saturdays.)

HOWARD KOTTLER—Porcelain plaques with Surrealist images; through June 20. (Nordness, 236 E. 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

LEROY LAMIS—Cubes made of translucent Plexiglas; through Saturday, June 14. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

MAX LIEBERMANN (1847-1935)—Drawings and graphics by Germany's best-known Jewish modernist; through Friday, June 13. (Leo Baeck Institute, 129 E. 73rd St. Closed Saturdays.)

ROLAND MICHENET—Machinelike forms and figures in warlike motifs by a French newcomer to New York; through Saturday, June 7. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

ROBERT MOTHERWELL—This Abstract Expressionist has turned to compositions based on the square, in one or two colors; through Saturday, June 7. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St.)

BRUCE NAUMAN—Glass panels, in which 3-D images of the artist are seen, illuminated by green light, plus a closed-circuit-TV depiction of activities in his studio; through Saturday, June 14. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

LOWELL NESBITT—Gray paintings, some of them introducing the male nude; through June 27. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Mondays and Saturdays.)

EMIL NOLDE (1867-1956)—Watercolors; through Saturday, June 14. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

STEPHEN PACE—Figurative oils and watercolors by a former Abstract Expressionist; through Friday, June 13. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Saturdays.)

HENRY PEARSON—Abstract watercolors emphasizing linear rhythms; through Saturday, June 7. (Radich, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

RICHARDS RUBEN—Drawings with Abstract symbols; through Friday, June 13. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Saturdays.)

ALBERT SANDECKI—Landscape paintings featuring the Maine seacoast; through Friday, June 6. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

MICHAEL SECTER—Sculptures in aluminum, steel, and Plexiglas which spectators can move around; through June 17. (Artzt, 142 W. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

MARGARET SHOTWELL—Impressionist landscapes and portraits by a Woodstock, N.Y., artist who died in 1965; through Saturday, June 7. (Shuster, 536 Third Ave., at 36th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

PAUL VAN HOEYDONCK—Constructions in mixed mediums; through Saturday, June 14. (Waddell, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

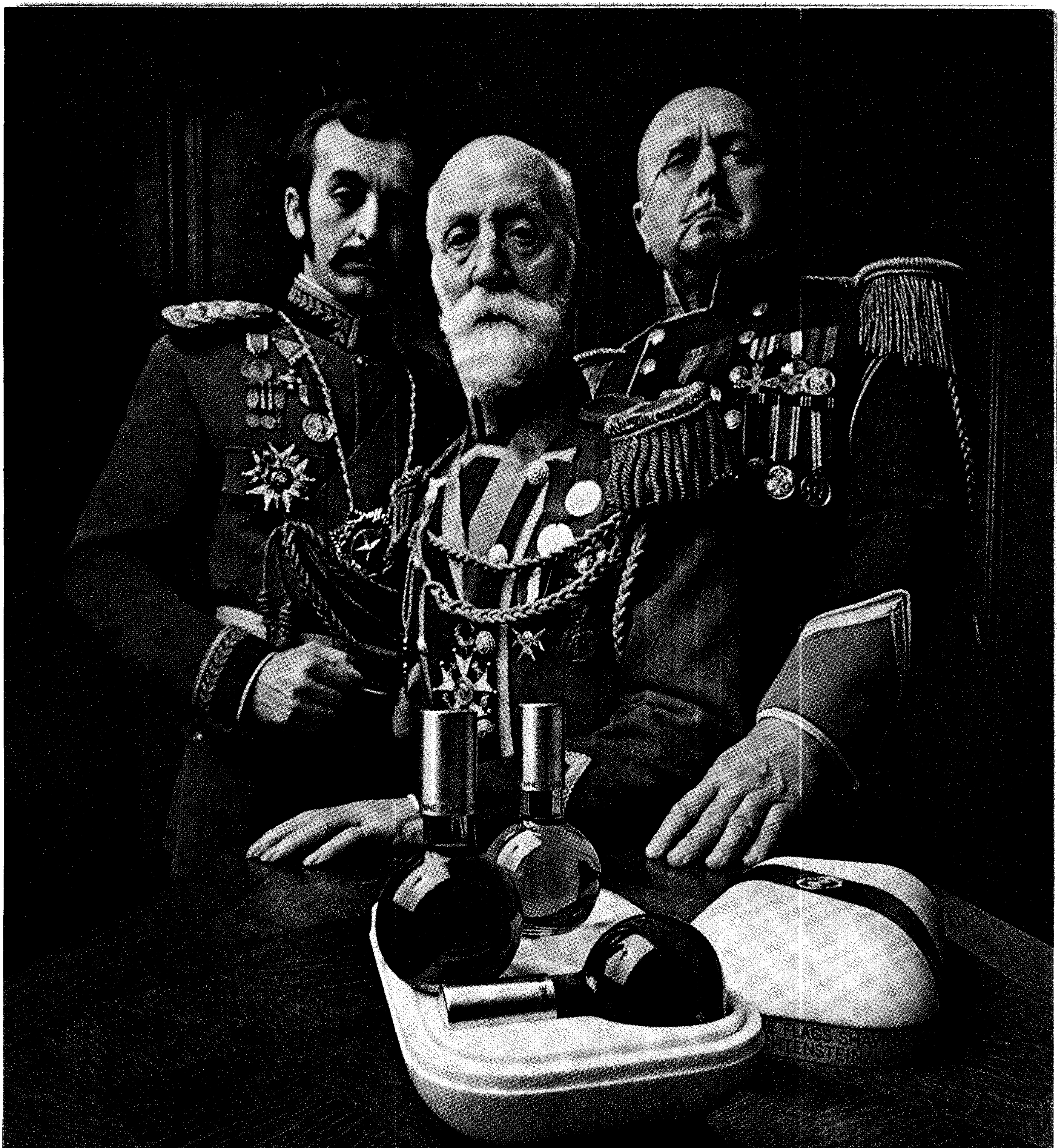
GROUP SHOWS—At the **ALONZO**, 26 E. 63rd St.: Paintings and sculptures by seven artist-couples, in most of which the husband is the better known; through Saturday, June 7. . . . **BANFER**, 23 E. 67th St.: Jared French, Maurice Grosser, and Margo Hoff are some of the gallery artists represented in an exhibition of figures, landscapes, and still-lifes; through July 31. (Tuesdays through Thursdays, noon to 5.) . . . **DWAN**, 29 W. 57th St.: Words—as words—are the subject of works by such artists and poets as De Maria, LeWitt, Smithson, Rauschenberg, John Perrault, Michael Benedikt, and Hanna Weiner; through June 18. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **GOLDOWSKY**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: A few of the artists in a comprehensive show of Dadaist work in many mediums are Duchamp, Ernst, Grosz, Richter, Schwitters, and Tzara; through Friday, June 6. . . . **JACKSON**, 32 E. 69th St.: Large paintings by gallery artists; through July 18. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.: Western American art by Remington, Russell, Catlin, Bierstadt, and others; through July 3. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57th St.: Two hundred years (1750-1950) of American paintings; through June 20. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Watercolors and drawings by twentieth-century artists, including Feininger, Hartley, Marin, Prendergast, and Sloan; through Friday, June 13. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **LANDAU-ALAN**, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Drawings by prominent twentieth-century American painters and sculptors; through Friday, June 13. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **LOEB & KRUGIER**, 119 E. 57th St.: Eighty-five paintings and drawings by artists of the Nabi group, including Bonnard, Vuillard, and Gauguin; through June 21. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **LOEB STUDENT CENTER**, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.: Paintings and sculptures by ten artists with studios in downtown Manhattan, among them Methfessel, Kadish, Tulchin, and Baranik; starting Monday, June 9. (Weekdays, 8 A.M. to 11 P.M.) . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Works selected from items shown in the gallery during the past season by such artists as Isabel Bishop, Paul Cadmus, Waldo Peirce, and Doris Rosenthal; through June 27. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **NEW SCHOOL GRADUATE FACULTY CENTER**, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: Inaugurating the new center, an exhibition of fifty-eight paintings, sculptures, and graphics by Agostini, Baskin, Nevelson, Lester Johnson, Hedda Sterne, Bearden, and other noted artists; through Saturday, June 7. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays, 10 to 6.) . . . **PHOENIX**, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.: More than a hundred drawings, prints, and collages by Rosenquist, Grooms, Dine, Albers, Calder, Lichtenstein, and Lester Johnson (to name a few); through June 28. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **SAIDENBERG**, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Picasso (including two oils never before shown in the United States), Gris, Masson, Léger, Giacometti, Laurens, and González; through June 27. (Closed Mondays and Saturdays.) . . . **SCHOELKOPF**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American landscapes by Bierstadt, Stuart Davis, Walt Kuhn, and others; through July 18. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **UNION CARBIDE BUILDING**, 270 Park Ave., at 48th St.: A hundred and fifty oils and sculptures and two hundred graphics by artists of sixty countries—artists who are recognized at home but have not had one-man shows in New York; through Friday, June 6. . . . **WISE**, 50 W. 57th St.: Works by artists, a few well known, exploring the aesthetic possibilities of TV; through Saturday, June 14. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ZEGRÍ**, 152 E. 79th St.: Twenty-four painters from Venezuela; through Saturday, June 7.

SCULPTURES—At **LA BOETIE**, 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Arp, Maillol, Barlach, Matisse, Moore, Calder, and Giacometti are among the artists represented in a survey of twentieth-century works; through Saturday, June 14. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **NORDNESS**, 236 E. 75th St.: Contemporary American sculptures designed as water-and-light fountains by, for example, Milton Hebald, William King, David Porter, and Ronald Stein; through Saturday, June 14. (Closed Mondays.)

NOTE—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit is on view daily, from noon until sundown; through Sunday, June 8.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

NOTE—The immense Nelson A. Rockefeller collection is providing the material for three separate current shows. At the **METROPOLITAN MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.: An exhibit spanning three thousand years of aboriginal art from Oceania, Africa, and the Americas, including about seven hundred and fifty bronze, stone, and wood carvings from Africa; textiles and feather hangings and objects of gold, jade, and shell from the Americas; and masks, ceremonial boards, and drums from Oceania. Through Aug. 17. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5. Except on Mondays, admission is $1.) . . . ¶ At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.: About two hundred twentieth-century paintings and sculptures, plus drawings, prints, and illustrated books; through Sept. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . ¶ At the **MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART**, 15 W. 54th St.: A selection of Mexican folk art, comprising about three hundred items—ceramics, toys, tinware, glassware, and objects in paper, straw, and papier-mâché—from the



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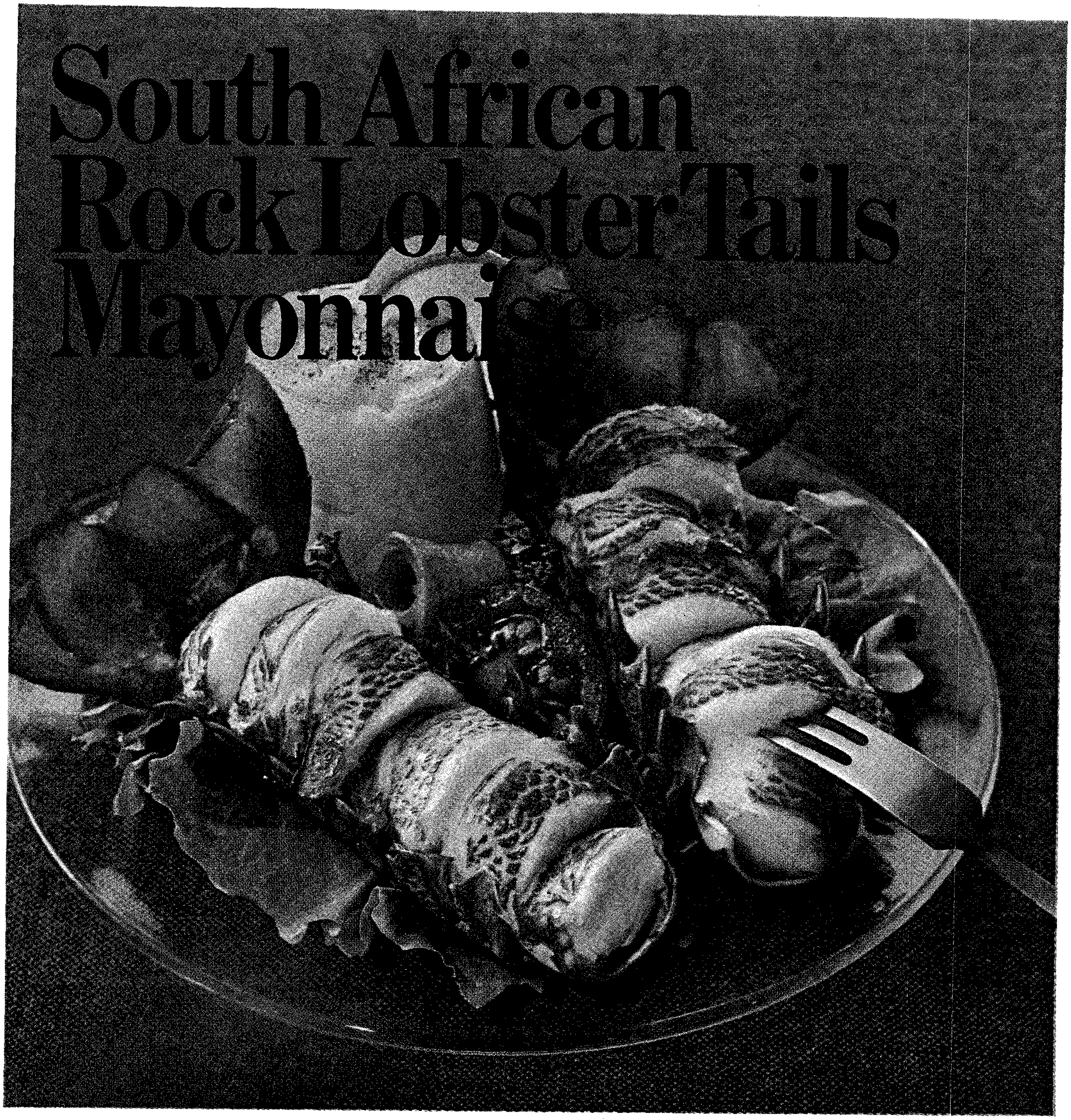
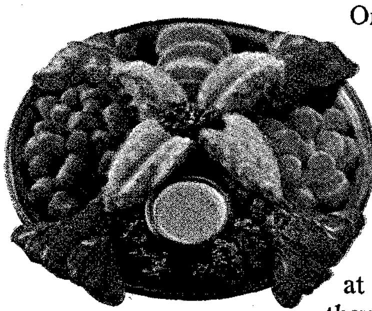
South African Rock Lobster Tails Mayonnaise



You can serve South African Rock Lobster Tails so many different ways. As a tempting cold appetizer with mayonnaise on the side. In savory newburgs, steaming casseroles, crisp salads, tangy curries. The list is practically endless. South African Rock Lobster Tails come in different sizes but they all have one thing in common—wonderful flavor. Only the icy waters flowing from the Antarctic can produce lobster tails so tender and succulent. Enjoy South African Rock Lobster Tails at your favorite restaurant or get them from the frozen food cabinet at your store. Big or little, they're high in protein, low in calories and wickedly delicious.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

nineteenth century to the present; through Aug. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Seventeenth-century Florentine paintings, drawings, and sculptures from American collections. Columbia University collaborated in the exhibition. Through June 15. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A comprehensive show of lithographs produced by such artists as Nevelson, Albers, Sam Francis, Hockney, and Krushenick at the Tamarind Lithography Workshop, in Los Angeles, which has pioneered in the revival of this craft in America; through June 30. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of the sculptures and other creations of Jean Arp from the earliest works in 1910 to his death in 1966; through June 29. . . . ¶ A hundred and fifty oils, watercolors, egg-tempera miniatures, and prints by Julius Bissier, a German refugee in Switzerland, who died in 1965; through June 29. . . . ¶ Thirty paintings and sculptures by nine young artists in an exhibit intended to reflect "a broad spectrum" of current work in Europe and the United States; through June 29. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Paintings, sculptures, films, and music, mostly created for an exhibition called "Anti-Illusion: Procedures/Materials," and meant to exist only for the exhibit's duration, by twenty-two artists, among them Carl Andre, William Bollinger, Eva Hesse, Robert Morris, Bruce Nauman, Robert Ryman, and Richard Serra; through July 6. . . . ¶ Recent acquisitions comprising some hundred and twenty paintings, sculptures, drawings, collages, and prints by sixty-seven artists, thirty-three of them newcomers to the Whitney's permanent collection; through June 22. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Eighty-nine paintings, drawings, and watercolors by the contemporary Florentine Pietro Annigoni (best known for his portraits of the British royal family), including landscapes, allegories, and non-royal portraits; through June 22. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5. Except on Mondays, admission is fifty cents.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The recently opened Hall of Ocean Life is a double-decker of dioramas on life in the seas and exhibits on the biology of fishes. At its peak is a ninety-four-foot model of a breaching blue whale. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—A large assembly of paintings, bronzes, ritual implements, and temple scrolls from eight centuries of Tibetan art, including secret paintings and sculptures meant to be seen only by Buddhist initiates; through Sunday, June 8. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Paintings, graphics, posters, sculptures, furniture, and objects of art in the Art Nouveau style; through June 15. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—A hundred paintings and fifty drawings constituting a retrospective covering all periods of the social realist Philip Evergood; through June 29. . . . ¶ Fifty-four drawings by Italians, from the fifteenth century to the nineteenth; through Aug. 31. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—About two hundred articles, such as books, boxes, and tapestries, designed by a hundred prominent American and European artists, among them Oldenburg, Christo, Arman, Vasarely, Rosenquist, Frank Stella, and Man Ray; through June 29. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Selected manuscripts, drawings, letters, printed books, and bookbindings presented to the Library between 1949 and 1968 by the Association of Fellows; through July 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Six hundred photographic portraits by Cecil Beaton of who's who (1928-69) in various limelights. Your catalogue may be used as a scorecard for a guess-the-name game. Through Sept. 7. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5. Admission is $1.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A display of a hundred and fifty manuscripts, books, letters, typescripts, and illustrations new to the Berg Collection, a sizable portion being the Lady Gregory Archive; through Sept. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5.) . . . ¶ A selection of drawings in various mediums by Reginald Marsh, documenting his work as book illustrator; through June 16. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center is 799-4420 and for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Final special non-subscription performances at the **OPERA HOUSE**—Wednesday evening, June 4: "Faust," with Anna Moffo, Marcia Baldwin, John Alexander, Mario Sereni, and Cesare Siepi. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 5: "Rigoletto," with Roberta Peters, Batyah Godfrey, Gianni Raimondi, Cornell MacNeil, Raymond Michalski, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 6: "Il Trovatore," with Gabriella Tucci, Irene Dalis, James McCracken, Sherrill Milnes, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 7: "Madame Butterfly," with Dorothy Kirsten, Shirley Love, Barry Morell, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 7: "La Bohème," with Renata Tebaldi, Clarice Carson, Franco Corelli, William Walker, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Russell Christopher. (Evenings at 8. Matinée at 2.) . . . **CONCERT PRODUCTIONS OUTDOORS** (In the event of threatening weather, call 755-4100 for news)—**CENTRAL PARK'S SHEEP MEADOW:** Tuesday, June 10, at 8:30 (rain date, June 12), "La Traviata," with Anna Moffo, Richard Tucker, and Robert Merrill. . . . **PROSPECT PARK,** Brooklyn: Wednesday, June 11, at 8:30 (rain date, June 12), "Aida," with Gabriella Tucci, Irene Dalis, Sándor Kónya, Cornell MacNeil, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . **BOTANICAL GARDEN'S DAFFODIL HILL,** Bronx: Friday, June 13, at 8:30 (rain date, June 15), "La Traviata," with Anna Moffo, Richard Tucker, and Robert Merrill. . . . **CROCHERON PARK,** Bayside: Saturday, June 14, at 8:30 (rain date, June 15), "Aida," with Gabriella Tucci, Irene Dalis, Sándor Kónya, Cornell MacNeil, and Bonaldo Giaiotti.

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic Promenades—At Philharmonic Hall, Andre Kostelanetz conducting the final performances of the season—Wednesday, June 4, at 8:30 (with Veronica Tyler, soprano; Robert Mosley, baritone; Theodore Lettvin, piano; and the Schola Cantorum of New York); Thursday through Saturday, June 5-7, at 8:30 (with Michael Rabin, violin); Tuesday and Wednesday, June 10-11, at 8:30 (with David Bar-Illan, piano); and a program of French music on Thursday, June 12—a benefit performance; for information about tickets, call TR 9-8415—and also on Friday and Saturday, June 13-14, all at 8:30 (with Rosalind Elias, mezzo-soprano).

Master Virtuosi of New York—Gene Forrell conducting the first concert in the new Guggenheim Band Shell, Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center. (Friday, June 6, at 8:30.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

The Who, Chuck Berry, and Albert King—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Thursday and Friday, June 5-6, at 8 and 11:30.

Mothers of Invention, Chicago (Transit Authority), and Youngbloods—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, June 13-14, at 8 and 11:30.

SPORTS

Baseball—At **SHEA STADIUM:** Mets vs. Los Angeles, Wednesday, June 4, at 8:05. . . . **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Chicago, Friday, June

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6, at 8; Saturday, June 7, at 2; and Sunday, June 8, at 1 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Kansas City, Monday through Wednesday, June 9-11, at 8. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Seattle, Friday and Saturday, June 13-14, at 8.

Crew—Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta. (Onondaga Lake, Syracuse. Thursday through Saturday, June 12-14.) . . ¶ Yale-Harvard Regatta. (New London. Saturday, June 14; varsity race at 7.)

Dog Show—Greenwich Kennel Club. (Greenwich. Saturday, June 7.)

Golf—United States Seniors' Golf Association Annual Tournament. (Apawamis Club, Rye, and Westchester Country Club, Harrison. Wednesday, June 4.)

Horse Shows—Upperville Colt and Horse Show. (Middleburg, Va. Thursday through Sunday, June 5-8.) . . . ¶ Helping Hand Horse Show. (Old Westbury. Saturday, June 7.) . . . ¶ Ox Ridge Hunt Club Horse Show. (Darien. Thursday through Sunday, June 12-15.)

Motorboat Racing—President's Cup Regatta. (Washington, D.C. Saturday and Sunday, June 7-8.)

Polo—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

Racing—At BELMONT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, June 28. The Juvenile, Wednesday, June 4; the Belmont, Saturday, June 7; the Grand National Steeplechase, Thursday, June 12; and the Bowling Green Handicap, Saturday, June 14. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1:45, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:45.) . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Thursday, Aug. 7. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48.)

Sports-Car Racing—At Thompson Speedway, Thompson, Conn.: Sunday, June 8, at noon.

Trotting—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weekdays at 8; through Thursday, July 24. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 15.

Yachting—New York Yacht Club Regatta. (Long Island Sound. Saturday and Sunday, June 7-8.) . . . ¶ Start of the Annapolis-to-Newport race, Saturday, June 14.

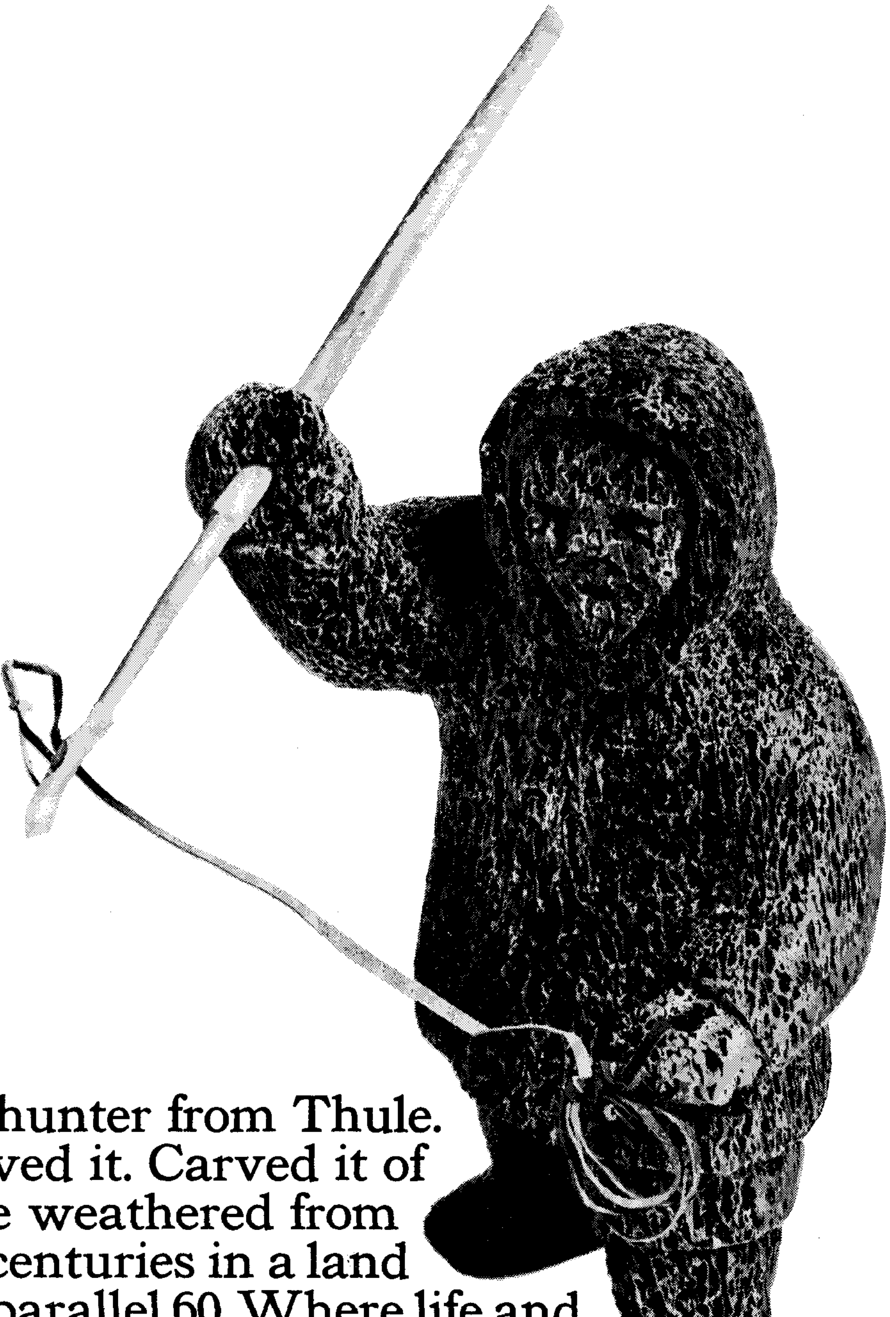
ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to meetings of the Economic and Social Council (which is scheduled to adjourn on Friday, June 6), as well as to sessions of the Trusteeship Council, periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

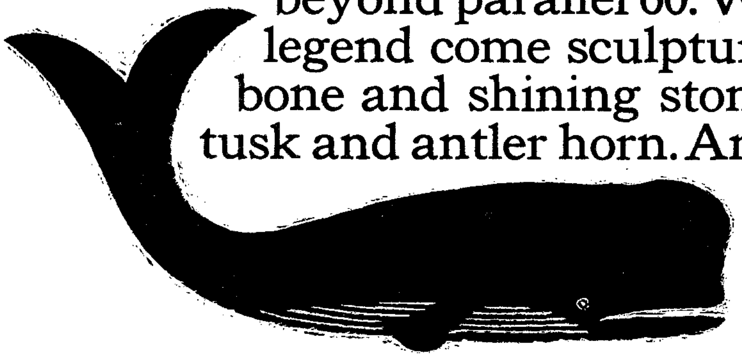
Flower Show—The June Garden Show of the Horticultural Society of New York. (Essex House, 160 Central Park S. Wednesday, June 11, from 12:30 to 4.)

Walking Tour—"Bedford of Bedford-Stuyvesant," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, will take place on Sunday, June 8. Meets at Nostrand Ave. and Eastern Parkway, in Brooklyn, at 2:30. For reservations, call LE 4-1672.

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, June 4, at 10:15: Autographs and manuscripts of Thackeray, Keats, Freud, Titian, and others; from various owners. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 5, at 10:15 and 1:45: Watches and *objets de vertu*, from a number of collectors. . . . ¶ Friday, June 6, at 1:45: English and Continental decorative furniture, decorations, and rugs; from many sources. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 7, at 1:45: Porcelain bird and animal statuettes (modelled by Edward Marshall Boehm), Royal Worcester bird statuettes (modelled by Dorothy Doughty),



The hunter from Thule. Ipelee carved it. Carved it of whalebone weathered from a thousand centuries in a land beyond parallel 60. Where life and legend come sculptured now in bone and shining stone; in ivory tusk and antler horn. And in this, our collection of Eskimo Art, just unpacked, the long winter's work of Kakee, Killikagook, Eeyeelone and others. At Field's in Chicago. Our Field's Afar Shop on One. There's nothing like it back home.



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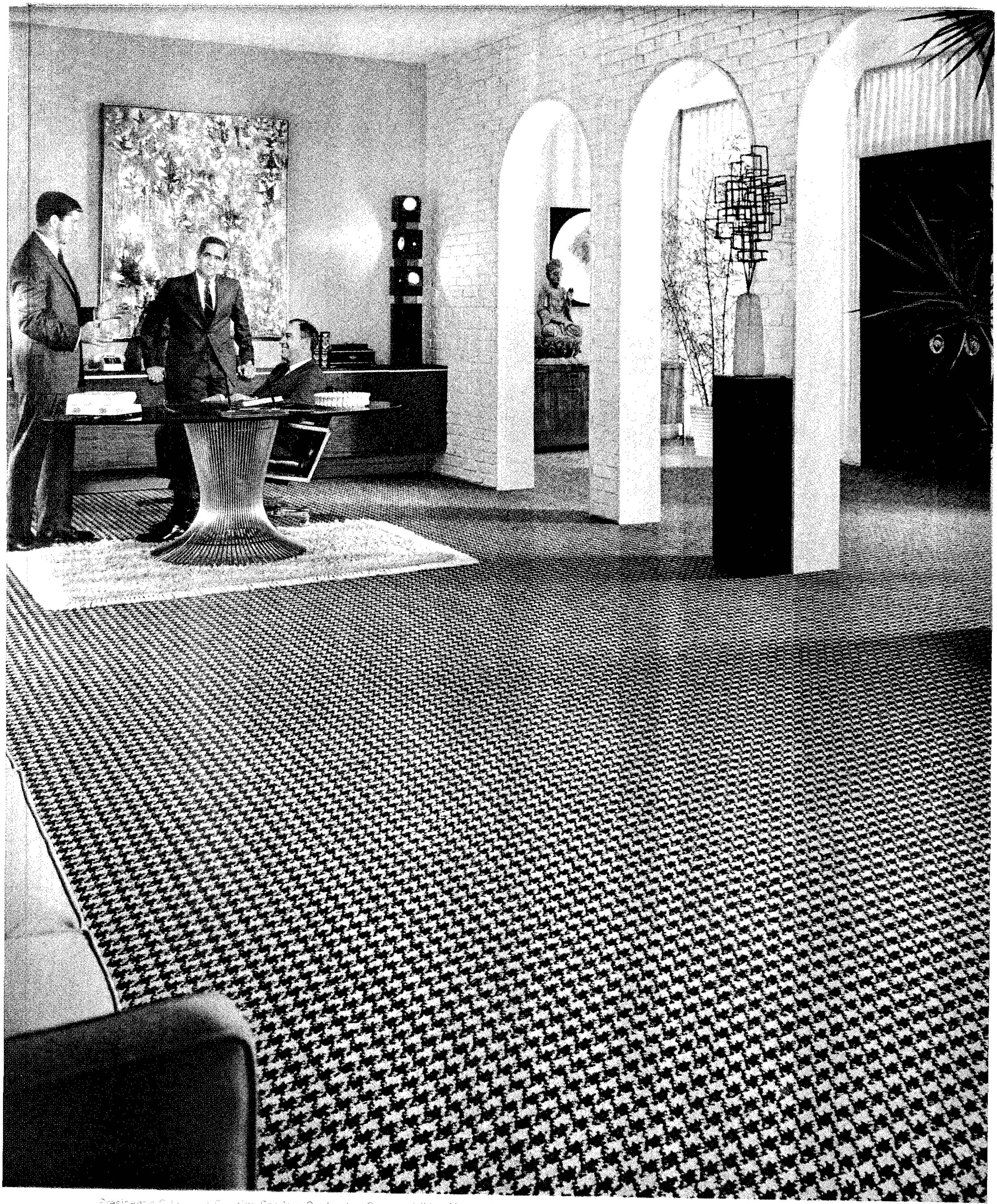

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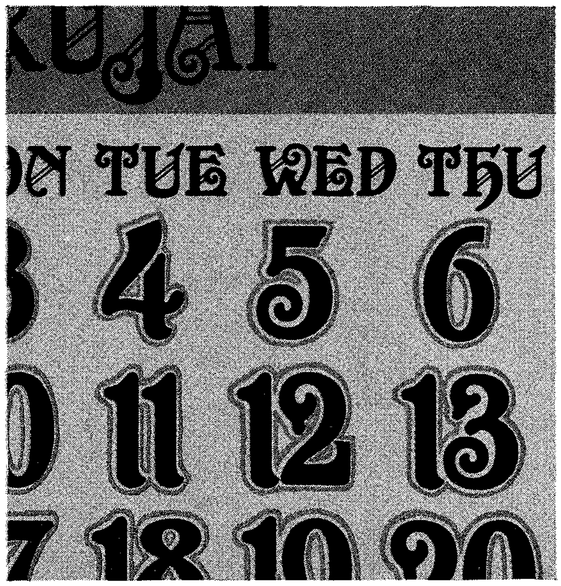
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New Year's Day.
St. Valentine's Day.
Ground Hog's Day.
St. Patrick's Day.
Mother's Day.
Arbor Day.
Father's Day.
Graduation Day.
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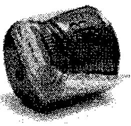

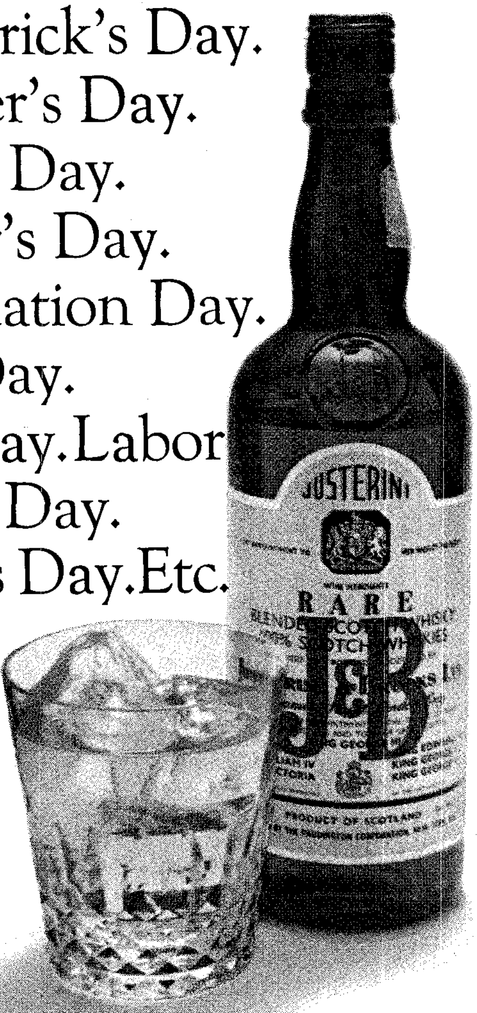
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and other porcelain and pottery; from several collections. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 10, at 8: A benefit auction of nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings, drawings, and sculptures. Exhibition starts Friday, June 6. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 11, at 10:15 and 1:45: Drawings, watercolors, sculptures, and paintings from the sixteenth century to the twentieth; from various sources. Exhibition starts Friday, June 6. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 12, at 1:45: Oriental art, including ivory carvings, snuff bottles, and Chinese early dynastic pottery and porcelain; from several owners. Exhibition starts Friday, June 6.

Commencement Dates—Annapolis and West Point, Wednesday, June 4; Princeton, Thursday, June 5; Yale, Monday, June 9; N.Y.U., Wednesday, June 11; Harvard, Thursday, June 12; and Dartmouth, Sunday, June 15.

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—June 4 at 2 and 5:30: "The Kid" (1921), directed by, and with, Charlie Chaplin. . . . ¶ June 5 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "Johnny Cool" (1963), with Henry Silva and Elizabeth Montgomery. . . . ¶ June 6 at 2 and 5:30: "The Killers" (1964), with Lee Marvin and Angie Dickinson. . . . ¶ June 7 at 11:30: "The North Star" (1943), with Anne Baxter. . . . ¶ June 7 at 3 and 5:30: "A Dog of Flanders" (1960), with David Ladd and Donald Crisp. . . . ¶ June 8 at 2: "Island of the Blue Dolphins" (1964), with Celia Kaye. . . . ¶ June 9 at 2: "The Householder" (1963), directed by James Ivory, with Shashi Kapoor. . . . ¶ June 9 at 5:30: A program of excerpts from the films of James Ivory. . . . ¶ June 10 at 2 and 5:30: "And Now Miguel" (1966), with Pat Cardi. . . . ¶ June 10 at 8: A Marco Bellocchio film, to be announced. . . . ¶ June 11 at 2 and 5:30: "The Killing" (1956), with Sterling Hayden and Coleen Gray. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

COMING EVENTS

(A check list for readers who plan ahead.)

Baseball—At **yankee stadium**: June 15-19, July 1-2, July 4-6, and July 15. . . . **shea stadium**: June 20-22, June 24-29, July 7 (benefit exhibition game, Mets vs. Yankees), and July 8-13.

Boxing—Joe Frazier vs. Jerry Quarry, 15 rounds, for the World Heavyweight Championship. (Madison Square Garden. June 23.)

Crew—Henley Royal Regatta. (Henley-on-Thames, England. July 2-5.)

Golf—Hochster Memorial Tournament. (Quaker Ridge Golf Club, Scarsdale. June 24.). . . ¶ John G. Anderson Memorial Tournament. (Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck. July 10-13.)

Racing—At **ascot**, England: Royal Ascot Race Meeting, June 17-20. . . . **woodbine**, Toronto: The Queen's Plate, June 21. . . . **aqueduct**: June 30-July 26.

Sports-Car Racing—At **bridgehampton race circuit**, Bridgehampton: June 21-22. . . . **watkins glen**: July 12-13.

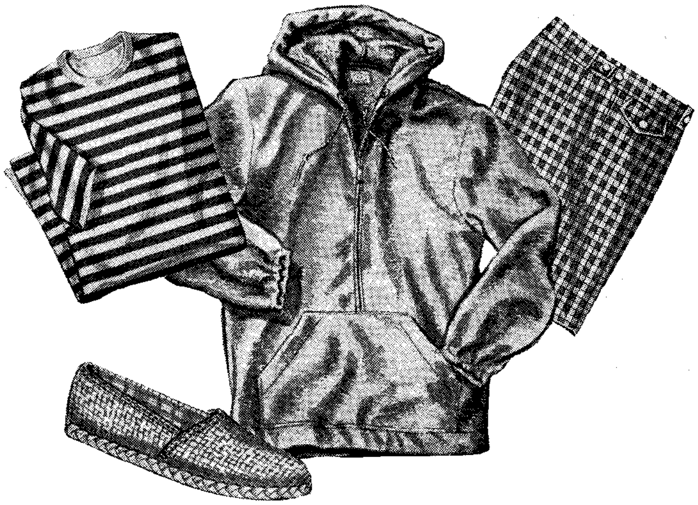
Tennis—International Lawn Tennis Championships. (Wimbledon, England. June 23-July 5.)

Trotting—At Historic Track, Goshen: June 30-July 4.

Yachting—Start of the Newport-to-Cork, Ireland, race, June 22.

Music—The Metropolitan Opera will present concert performances in Central Park on June 21 and 24. . . . ¶ Waterloo Village Music Festival, Waterloo Village, Stanhope, N.J., June 21-Aug. 30. . . . ¶ Guggenheim Memorial Concerts by the Goldman Band, on the Central Park Mall, June 25-Aug. 17. . . . ¶ Saratoga Performing Arts Center, Saratoga Springs, July 3-Aug. 24. . . . ¶ Newport Jazz Festival, Newport, R.I., July 3-6. . . . ¶ Berkshire Festival, Lenox, Mass., July 4-Aug. 24.

Other Dates—Second-quarter Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax payments are due Monday, June 16. . . . ¶ The first day of summer is June 21. . . . ¶ The Fourth of July falls on a Friday.



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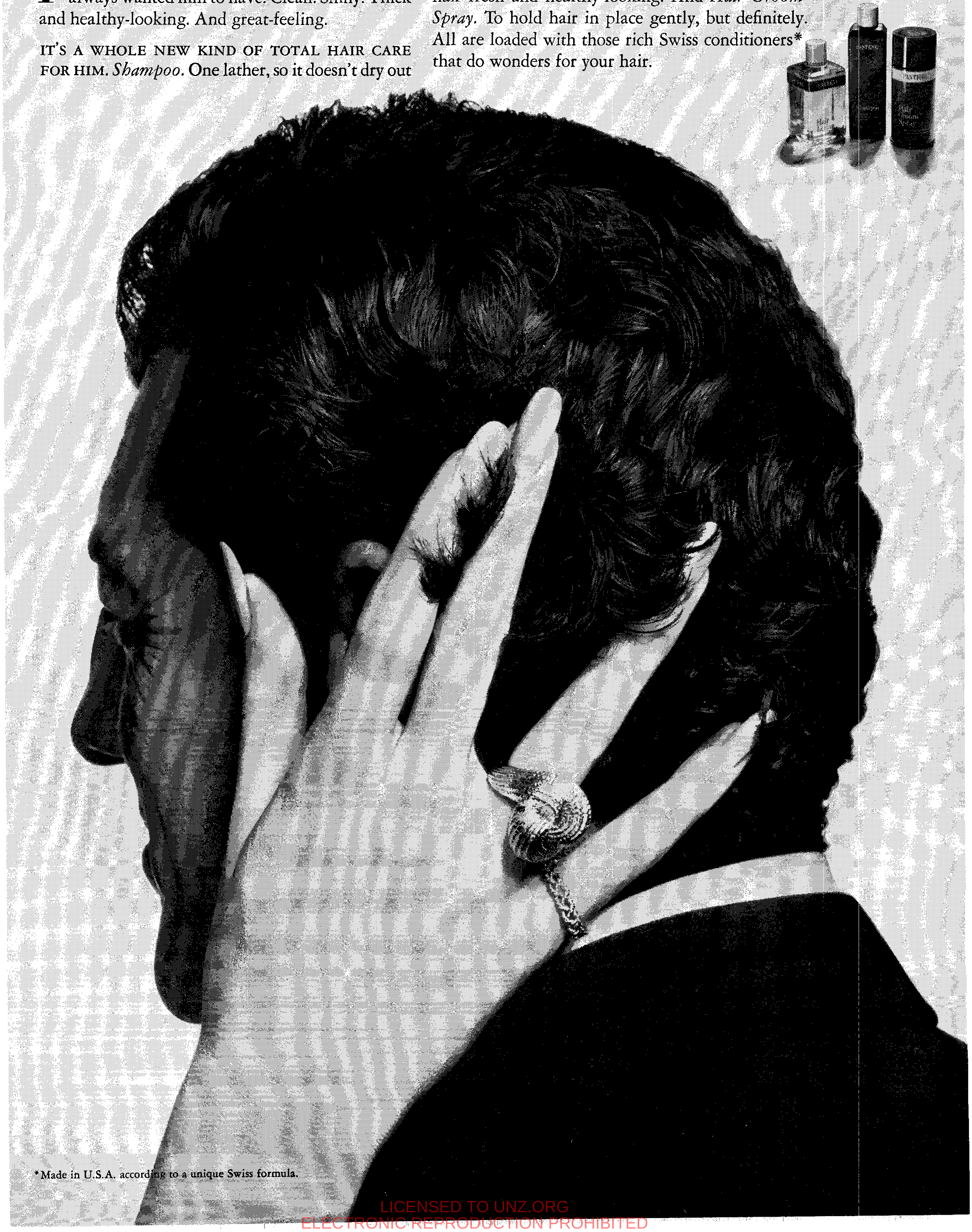

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

Band of Outsiders (1966)—Directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Anna Karina. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 11.)

Barbarella—Jane Fonda is so bouncy and charming in this stale mess of an erotic comic-strip future that she seems to be a new Dorothy in a very strange Oz. Directed by Roger Vadim. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting June 11.)

Camille (1937)—Greta Garbo, coughing delicately and looking fragile. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, 924-3363; through June 10.)

A Day at the Races (1937)—The Marx Brothers at—well, at the races. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through June 9.)

Eclipse (1962)—Directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Alain Delon and Monica Vitti. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 10.)

Funny Girl—The triumphant début of Barbra Streisand, directed by William Wyler. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Gates of Paris (1958)—Written and directed by René Clair, with Pierre Brasseur. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; starting June 9.)

Goodbye, Columbus—Philip Roth on the theme of a bright young Jewish boy who is caught in the middle of a Jewish joke and not laughing about it, although the film itself is funny, because Richard Benjamin, as the hero, seems exceptionally alert to the familiar gambits with guilt-giving. Directed by Larry Peerce. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

Go West (1941)—The Marx Brothers again, this time interpreting life on the wild plains. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through June 9.)

La Guerre Est Finie (1966)—Yves Montand is the star of this sombre Existentialist tale about an aging Spanish revolutionary. Directed by Alain Resnais. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; starting June 9.)

Hard Contract—Slightly windy but interestingly written thriller, directed and written by S. Lee Pogostin, with a sense of humor all its own. James Coburn, Lee Remick, Lilli Palmer, Burgess Meredith, Patrick Magee. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

If . . .—A suffocating English school as a reflection of class society, in an attempted epic on violence and revolution. Directed by Lindsay Anderson. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200. . . . ¶ Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; through June 7.)

Ikiru (1960)—The last days of a Japanese Everyman doomed by cancer. Directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; June 4.)

King of Hearts (1967)—A comedy by Philippe de Broca of a First World War soldier waylaid and surrounded by the inmates of a lunatic asylum and a zoo. In French and English. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; June 5-11.)

Laughter in the Dark—Edward Bond, the most interesting English playwright to have emerged in the sixties, wrote the screenplay from Nabokov's novel. A rich married art dealer, played with wonderful power and repose by Nicol Williamson, falls in love with a vixen (Anna Karina), loses his sight in a car accident, and has to relearn the structure of the world. Directed by Tony Richardson. A sad, frightening film, barbed with pranks. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, 246-5123; through June 8.)

Life, Love, Death—French director Claude Lelouch shooting through windshields and rear-view mirrors again, as in "A Man and a Woman," and protesting capital punishment on the side. In French. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, 581-2323.)

The Lion in Winter—James Goldman's entertaining Broadway melodrama about the Plantagenets has been brought to the screen as if it were poetic drama of a very high order. Peter O'Toole is in good, noisy form, but Katharine Hepburn is a bit much. Directed by Anthony Harvey. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

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The Loves of Isadora—Karel Reisz's finely intelligent study of the character of Isadora Duncan, wonderfully acted and danced by Vanessa Redgrave. Some hamfist in the movie industry not only added "The Loves of" to the original title but also lopped off nearly an hour of the film's running length. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Masculine Feminine (1965)—Directed by Jean-Luc Godard. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 11.)

Mexican Bus Ride (1951)—Directed by Luis Buñuel. In Mexican dialect. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; June 5-11.)

Midnight Cowboy—Jon Voight and Dustin Hoffman look good as the ersatz cowboy and his seedy pal Ratso in John Schlesinger's garish interpretation of the book by James Leo Herlihy. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

Monterey Pop—*Cinéma vérité* about a pop music festival two summers ago in California, photographed by Donn Pennebaker with a team of associated cameramen and a revolutionary way of recording sound. Showing with a grimly funny short by Richard Leacock about police chiefs on holiday conferring in Hawaii. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668.)

Lola Montès—This is New York's first public run of Max Ophuls' best and last film. When he made it, in 1955, the backers cut it to ribbons. It is set in a circus, with Peter Ustinov as a ringmaster; Martine Carol as a king's courtesan, now declined into a display object for mobs, and risking her neck as a trapeze artist; and Anton Walbrook as the Bavarian king whom she loved. Ophuls' famous whirling style and his constant sense of cross-play between hyperbole and common reality turn the film into something close to Mozartian opera. In French. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874.)

Ninotchka (1939)—Garbo laughs. Melvyn Douglas chuckles in it, too. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, 924-3363; through June 10.)

The Odd Couple (1968)—A film version by Gene Saks of Neil Simon's Broadway comedy about two men struggling through alimony. With Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting June 11.)

Oliver!—Carol Reed and his crew demonstrate that a big expensive movie musical can be beautifully made—if you know how. With Ron Moody as Fagin. (State I, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30, Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

Popi—Alan Arkin, a splendid actor, as a Puerto Rican father teaching his young sons how to pass as orphans and Cuban refugees. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, 683-0255; and 86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th, 249-1144.)

The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie—Maggie Smith as Muriel Spark's heroic, eccentric, snobbish teacher (a cross between Emlyn Williams' Miss Moffat and Norman Podhoretz' Mrs. K.), and Celia Johnson as Miss Brodie's quietly implacable enemy. Directed by Ronald Neame. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

The Producers (1968)—Zero Mostel, Gene Wilder, and Dick Shawn in a farce about Broadway. Written and directed by Mel Brooks. (Avco Embassy East, 220 E. 59th, 688-1717.)

Romeo and Juliet—Franco Zeffirelli throws Shakespeare into the generation gap and comes up with a teen-age tragedy that seems to be more Italian opera than English poetry. Unfortunately, there are no arias. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, 688-2013.)

Rosemary's Baby (1968)—Mia Farrow, John Cassavetes, and Ruth Gordon in a Gothic-gynecological horror film. Directed by Roman Polanski. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting June 11.)

Sanjuro (1963)—Toshiro Mifune as the fastest sword in the East, in a mocking melodrama directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; June 5-11.)

The Servant (1963)—Dirk Bogarde, James Fox, Wendy Craig, and Sarah Miles in a tale of corruption abovestairs and below. Directed by Joseph Losey. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; June 4.)

Shame—Ingmar Bergman's simple, masterly vision of normal war and what it does to survivors. With the remarkable, strong young actress Liv Ullmann. In Swedish. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; June 5-11.)

Stolen Kisses—A pleasant romantic comedy by François Truffaut. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Delphine Seyrig, and Claude Jade, and Michel Lonsdale as a man who hires detectives to find out why nobody likes him. In French. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, 929-3350.)

The Stranger (1967)—Marcello Mastroianni and Anna Karina in Luchino Visconti's version of the Camus novel. In French. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through June 10.)

2001: A Space Odyssey (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth of ourselves thirty-three years later. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 4.)

War and Peace (1968)—Sergei Bondarchuk's seventy-millimetre, six-hour film of Tolstoy's novel, in two parts. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037. Part II: through June 10.)

The White Sheik (1951)—Directed by Federico Fellini, with Alberto Sordi. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 10.)

Winning—Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward, and the Indianapolis "500." This first feature by director James Goldstone makes his next something to look forward to. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100.)

Zero for Conduct (1933)—A forty-four-minute-long comedy-fantasy of life among schoolchildren, written and directed by Jean Vigo. In French. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; June 4.)

Zita (1968)—A young girl, played by Joanna Shimkus, tries to cheat the time scale and spin out the night of her loved aunt's death. Directed by Robert Enrico. In French. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting June 11.)

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THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE

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EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
IF . . .

Evergreen, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
"I Am Curious (Yellow)," in Swedish.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through June 10: **NINOTCHKA;** and **CAMILLE.**
From June 11: To be announced.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through June 10: **THE STRANGER** (in French); and "Inga" (in Swedish).
From June 11: **ZITA** (in French); and "Joanna," Genevieve Waite.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"The Killing of Sister George," Beryl Reid, Susannah York.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
MONTEREY POP.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through June 10: "The Green Slime," Robert Horton.
From June 11: To be announced.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
POPI.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
THE LOVES OF ISADORA.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Libertine" (in Italian), Catherine Spaak, Jean-Louis Trintignant.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Teorema" (in Italian), Terence Stamp, Silvana Mangano.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through June 7: **IF . . .**
From June 8: "That Cold Day in the Park," Sandy Dennis.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
HARD CONTRACT.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
MIDNIGHT COWBOY.

Pacific East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The April Fools," Jack Lemmon, Catherine Deneuve.

Avco Embassy East, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
THE PRODUCERS.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"A Matter of Days," a Czechoslovakian film.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Alexander" (in French), Philippe Noiret.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Those Daring Young Men in Their Jaunty Jalopies," Tony Curtis, Mireille Darc.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Salesman," a documentary film.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
GOODBYE, COLUMBUS.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through June 8: Russ Meyer's "Vixen."
From June 9: "The Tree," Jordan Christopher, Eileen Heckart.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
IF . . .

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"Once Upon a Time in the West," Henry Fonda, Claudia Cardinale.

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Che!," Omar Sharif, Jack Palance.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
POPI.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
June 4: **THE SERVANT;** and "The Lovers" (1959; in French), Jeanne Moreau.
June 5-11: **SANJURO** (in Japanese); and **MEXICAN BUS RIDE** (in Mexican dialect).

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through June 10: **WAR AND PEACE.**
From June 11: **THE ODD COUPLE;** and **ROSEMARY'S BABY.**

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
LOLA MONTÈS (in French).

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through June 8: "Accattone!" (1961; in Italian); and "Love Affair, or the Case of the Missing Switchboard Operator" (1968), a Yugoslavian film.
From June 9: **LA GUERRE EST FINIE** and **GATES OF PARIS** (both in French).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (929-2166)
Through June 10: "The Southern Star," George Segal, Ursula Andress; and "Before Winter Comes," David Niven, Topol.
From June 11: "The Green Slime," Robert Horton; and "Heaven with a Gun," Glenn Ford, Carolyn Jones.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
STOLEN KISSES (in French).

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
June 4: **IKIRU** (in Japanese); and **ZERO FOR CONDUCT** (in French).
June 5-11: **SHAME** (in Swedish); and **KING OF HEARTS** (in French and English).

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
"The Killing of Sister George," Beryl Reid, Susannah York.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
FUNNY GIRL.

State I, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5060)
OLIVER!

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Sweet Charity," Shirley MacLaine. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Sound of Music" (1965), Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
WINNING.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
LIFE, LOVE, DEATH (in French).

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"I Am Curious (Yellow)," in Swedish.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through June 8: **LAUGHTER IN THE DARK.**
From June 9: "The Fool Killers," Anthony Perkins.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE LION IN WINTER.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
ROMEO AND JULIET.

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (TR 4-8445)
"If It's Tuesday, This Must Be Belgium," Suzanne Pleshette, Ian McShane.

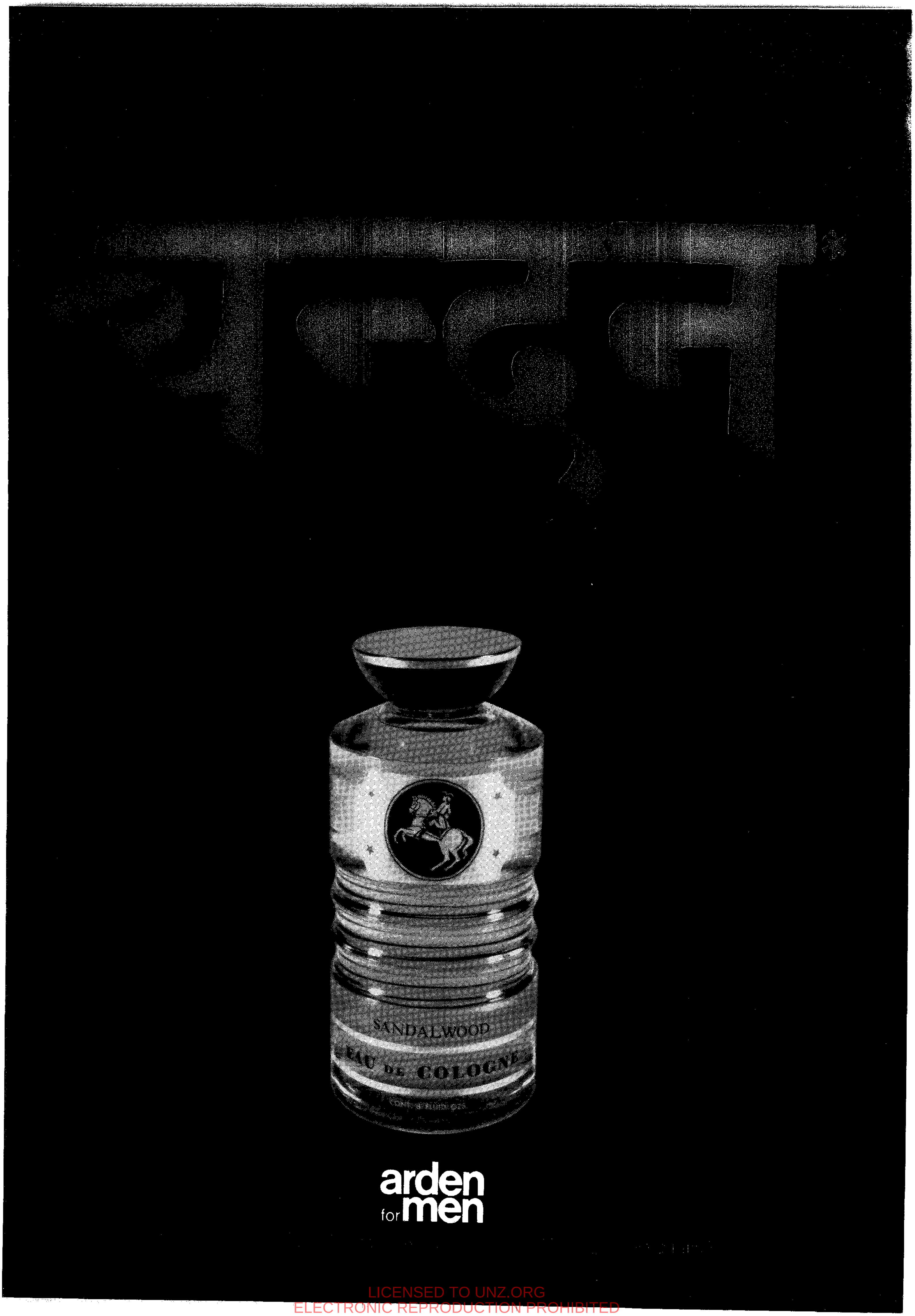
Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"2" (in Danish).

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
June 4: **2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.**
June 5-11: "Barren Lives" (in Portuguese).

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through June 10: "Sinful Davey," John Hurt, Pamela Franklin.
From June 11: **BARBARELLA;** and "African Safari," a documentary film.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through June 9: **A DAY AT THE RACES;** and **GO WEST.**
June 10: **ECLIPSE** and **THE WHITE SHEIK** (both in Italian).
June 11: **MASCULINE FEMININE** and **BAND OF OUTSIDERS** (both in French).

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
IF . . .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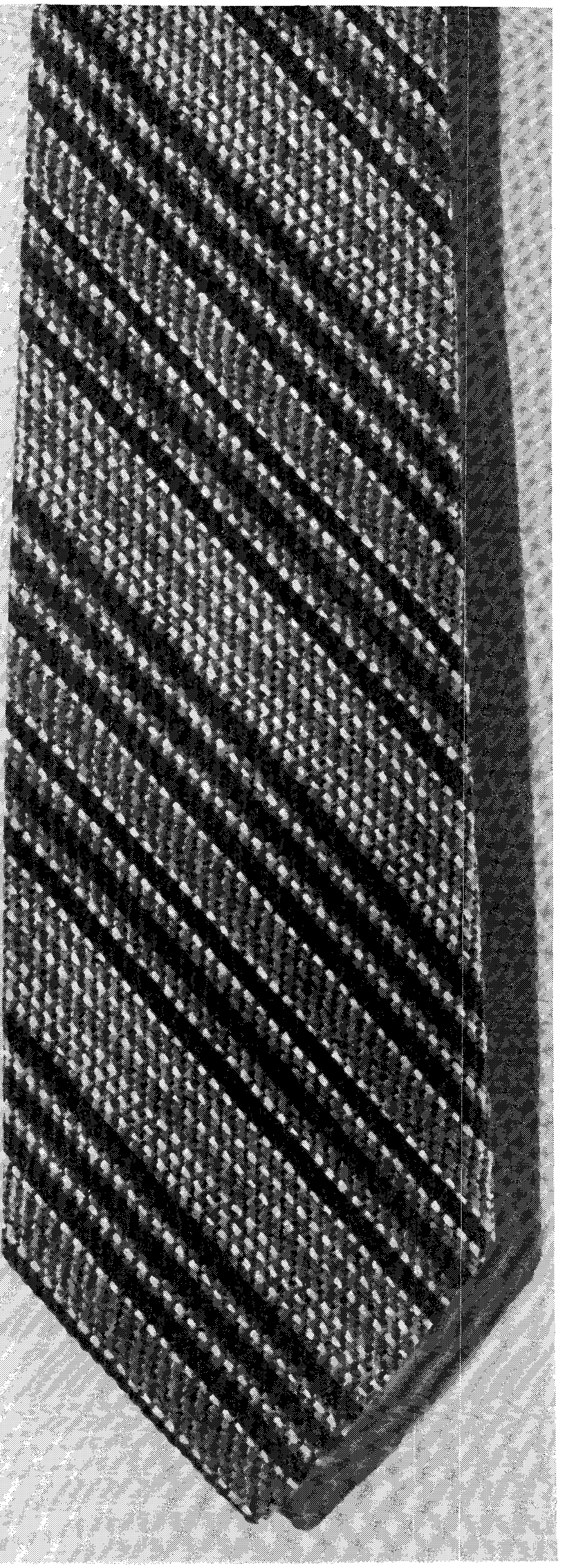
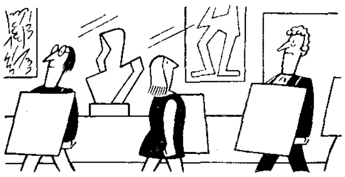


THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE long upward road that the artist has travelled since the days when he was expected to starve discreetly in his garret is beautifully illuminated by the economic apotheosis of Mr. Thomas Wilson. Mr. Wilson is a painter and sculptor whose works are in the permanent collections of various museums and universities, and he is also the landlord of a twelve-story apartment building at Broadway and 108th Street. Some fifty-seven of his tenants have been served with eviction notices so that Mr. Wilson can refurbish their apartments in pursuit of higher rents. There are professional people among them, and law students from Columbia University. They have banded together to picket the building and an art gallery owned by one of Mr. Wilson's real-estate partners, and they have denounced their evictions as "immoral." The artist takes another view. "I'm in this to make a profit and I'm not ashamed of it," he said, according to the *Times*, and he went on to argue that his desire for the greatest possible profit "needs no justification in a free-enterprise system."



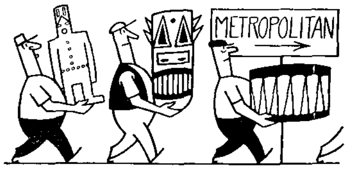
The time has come, we suspect, for someone to undertake a reworking of Puccini's "La Bohème" to bring it into line with these arresting new social trends. "La Bourgeoise" would make a nice sort of title, we think, and opening night at the Met ought to be an occasion for some splendor, as the glittering limousines of America's newest élite disgorge their resplendent passengers. The arriving audience might glimpse crowds of bankers and stockholders behind the barriers, huddling their thin overcoats about them for warmth and eagerly exchanging comments upon each new arrival. "There's Diamond Jim Watteau," says one. "He cornered the market in paint rollers in '73 and drove three-quarters of his rivals out of the market. That was the year he bought Wall Street and had it zoned residential." The magnificent contingent of artist-landlords sweeps into the hall, the houselights dim, and the curtain rises to disclose an old and shabby apartment on New York's West Side.

Here we find Rodolfo, a young stockbroker, and Marcello, an industrial designer, who break into an anxious duet. They are threatened with eviction, because their landlord, a grasping painter, has raised their rents to unmanageable heights. They are particularly concerned for fear Mimi, an executive secretary whose garret windows open directly upon New Jersey air, and who consequently suffers from emphysema, will not be able to survive the move. Mimi enters, coughing, and her presence inspires Marcello with a plan. Some years previously, he explains in a magnificent aria, he designed a box for breakfast cereal that was subsequently imitated by one of the country's most illustrious artists. The artist's signed copies are bringing fantastic prices from museums and galleries. Marcello proposes to *forge* further copies, and thus earn enough to support the entire raffish, happy-go-lucky, down-at-heels middle-class crew. They break out the wine and merrily drink damnation to Art and its stultifying effects upon the free, healthy, vibrant instincts of industrial society.

The next act finds things looking grim. Mimi lies expiring on a couch. Marcello returns in defeat, ruefully explaining that his careful forgeries of his own cereal boxes have been rejected as lacking authenticity. Matters brighten momentarily when Rodolfo bursts in to announce that he has succeeded in selling thirty thousand shares of A. T. & T. to an eccentric collector in Greenwich Village. A little computation, however, makes it clear that the pittance thus gained will not cover the impending rent increase. Mimi interjects a few pointed coloratura remarks about having thrown away her youth on the study of shorthand, and dies. A saddened Rodolfo, as he gathers his effects for departure, vows that in Mimi's memory he will devote the rest of his life to organizing a uranium swindle of such scope and complexity and beauty that future generations will be obliged to recognize it as a masterpiece of the art of commerce. With that, the curtain falls, to thunderous applause, which is heartily joined in by two Action-painting chimpanzees whose current income is such that they have bought the zoo that gave them their start and have converted it entirely into luxurious studio apartments.

Winner

HOW often does the founder of a museum give it to another museum? Such was the Medicean gesture of Nelson Rockefeller, who started the Museum of Primitive Art a dozen years ago, stocked it largely with his own collections, and recently announced its transfer to the Metropolitan Museum of Art at a preview of the Metropolitan's show "Art of Oceania, Africa, and the Americas." This attraction, which will run through midsummer, consists of over a thousand pieces—wood, stone, and ceramic sculptures; masks, drums, textiles, and feather hangings; and rare objects of gold, silver, jade, and shell—spanning a period of three thousand years and filling eighteen galleries. We listened as the Governor, who removed his glasses upon gaining the microphone,



characterized the exhibition as "the most exciting, thrilling, and beautiful installation of primitive art that I've ever had the privilege of seeing," and expressed his pleasure that the Metropolitan had agreed to accept his museum's collections and to build a wing to house them, along with its own material in the field. The Museum of Primitive Art, which occupies a remodelled house on West Fifty-fourth Street, has not been able to show more than a small fraction of its possessions at a time. "It's nine times as big as anything we've been able to put on," Douglas Newton, the Primitive's curator, who designed and installed the Metropolitan show, told us. "We began to plan it three months ago. We moved the objects in a flotilla of trucks, going back and forth."

Mr. Newton led us to a strikingly arranged assemblage, mounted on a big wall, of pre-Columbian gold ornaments, some of them pendants less than two inches long, and remarked that this display had taken two people eighteen hours to install. The biggest objects in the exhibition were from New Guinea. They included a "soul ship" thirty feet long (manned by people and turtles), a wooden crocodile twenty-five feet long, and a dozen "ancestor poles," as much as nineteen feet high, obtained by Michael Rockefeller, the Governor's youngest son, who lost his life on a New Guinea expedition in 1961. The Metropolitan's new wing, which will open in four years, will be named after him.

Mr. Newton, who is six feet two, showed us what he considers the most important object in the show—a wooden figure, fourteen inches high, of a kneeling, meditative Maya priest, from Mexico, circa 500 A.D. "Unique," he said, and we turned presently to a semi-abstract war-god figure, a pottery mask, and a vessel with a face sculptured on it, all three of which he brought back from New Guinea as the fruit of recent fieldwork. "New Guinea is pretty well cleaned out," he said. "Very little of value is left, because the country has been worked over solidly for the last twenty years. But there are still a few sacred things in the villages. Luckily for us, a falling off in native religion has made them less sacred."

We paused at a great wall display of eighth-century Peruvian wall hangings—feathers on cotton fabric—and Mr. Newton said, "Although they are Peruvian, their feathers come from Brazilian birds. So there must have been some trading around the headwaters of the Amazon. Now let me show you two astonishingly similar figures—one from Jamaica, the other from Santo Domingo."

These were hunched-up figures with enormous eyes, or eye sockets. The Jamaican was wood, with shell-inlay teeth; the Santo Domingan was stone.

"Wood is rare enough, but stone is much rarer," the curator said. "These may be related to the Old Fire God of Mexico." And, replying to a few questions, he continued, "I was born in the Federated Malay States, now Malaysia, where my father ran a rubber plantation. I was taken to England when I was seven. I detested it. I came here in 1956, on a holiday, and the late René d'Harnoncourt, who was helping to get the Museum of Primitive Art started, took me on. He more or less taught me installation. I love doing installations. It's the most exciting thing—working out the relationship between objects and, in a way, bringing them back to life."

On our way out, we congratulated Mr. Thomas Hoving, the director of the Metropolitan, on the show. "I think we have a real winner on our hands," he said, looking pleased.

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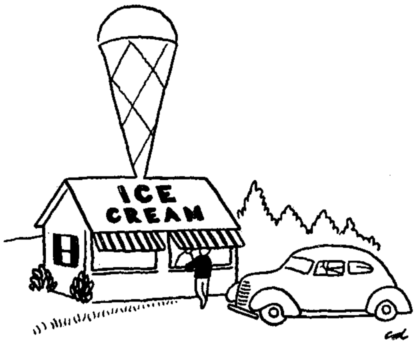
SIGN observed in the window of a dry-cleaning establishment on Lexington Avenue: "To Make Inquiries When This Store Opens, Don't Ask Next Door."

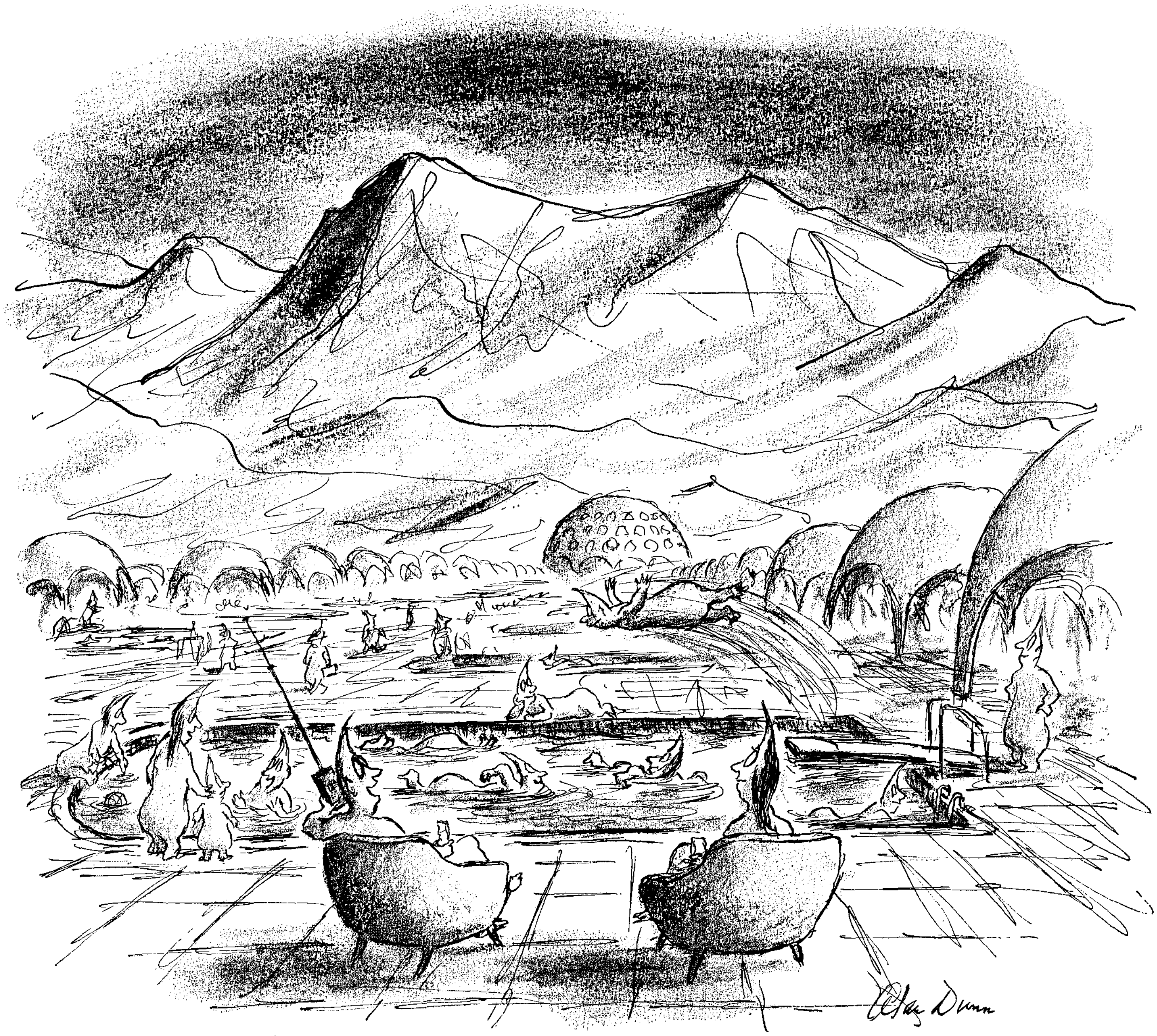
A Candidate

THE contestants for the honor of running for Mayor of the City of New York are outnumbered, unlikely as that sounds, by the other office seekers whose names will appear on the ballots in the June 17th primary: candidates for comptroller, for president of the City Council, for the thirty-seven seats in the City Council, for Civil Court vacancies, for three of the five borough presidencies (Democratic nominations only), and for party positions. Publicity comes naturally to candidates in the upper political brackets, so we decided to track down one of the less familiar candidates currently running for public office and follow his campaign for a while—an inspiration that led us into the Overseas Press Club one day two months ago for the official announcement of candidacy for the Democratic nomination for borough president of Brooklyn to be made by Assemblyman Leonard M. Simon, of the Forty-sixth Assembly District.



The five borough presidents are elected every four years to represent the voters of their boroughs on the Board of Estimate, where each borough president has two votes (compared to four apiece for the mayor, the comptroller, and the City Council president), and also to serve them locally as chairmen of the five Borough Improvement Boards and to appoint members to Community Planning Boards, which inform them on neighborhood issues. (In addition, under the compromise school-decentralization bill that was passed in April, each borough president was required to select one member of the temporary Board of Education.) One of the incumbent borough presidents, Robert T. Connor, of Richmond, is a Republican, and the others—Herman Badillo, of the Bronx; Percy Sutton, of Manhattan; Sidney Leviss, of Queens; and Abe Stark, of Brooklyn—are Democrats. Mr. Connor and Mr. Sutton are unopposed as their parties' candidates, but there will be a primary election in the Bronx to choose a Democrat to replace Mr. Badillo, who is running for the mayoral nomination, and Mr. Leviss and Mr. Stark are being challenged by fellow-Democrats in Queens and Brooklyn. The salary of a borough president is thirty-five thousand dollars.

In Brooklyn, where there are more than four registered Democrats for every Republican, three men besides Mr. Stark managed to satisfy the requirement of the Board of Elections for petitions bearing the signatures of twenty-five hundred registered Democrats, to be presented by May 13th. The insurgent candidates are Eugene Victor, the Reverend William A. Jones, and Assemblyman Simon. Mr. Jones and Assemblyman Simon are in their thirties, Mr. Victor is forty-nine, and Mr. Stark is in his seventies. Assemblyman Simon attracted our attention as a co-sponsor of a bill to lower the voting age in New York State to eighteen and as the floor manager in the Assembly of a bill (anticipating mayoral candidate Norman Mailer)



“Now they say there is water on Mars!”

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that proposed secession and separate statehood for New York City. (Neither bill passed.) His current campaign, as we have observed it so far, has a similar quixotic flavor.

Assemblyman Simon announced his candidacy shortly after noon on April 11th to an unexpectedly small audience, consisting of his wife and three children and a handful of representatives of the press; i.e., a man from the *News*, a camera crew from Channel 31, a lady from the *Bay News*, of Brooklyn, and us. Dressed for the occasion in a pinstriped dark suit, Assemblyman Simon surveyed his audience with well-controlled rue and offered us an intimate account of his aspirations. “ ‘Regular’ and ‘reform’ mean nothing anymore,” he said. “ ‘Conservative’ and ‘liberal’ went out the window long ago. The borough president of Brooklyn represents three million people; he serves on the Board of Estimate—a magnificent forum—and he has the right to create Community Planning Boards. He can convene the Council for budget hearings; he can *initiate* programs. Brooklyn is a county in turmoil and change. I’m *for* change. Protest is good. If this is revolution, I’m for it. I’m going to campaign in the streets à la Lindsay; mere talking isn’t enough anymore, and after victory I’m going to continue to go into the streets. The nation is at war, and not just in Vietnam. The inner city is where the action is. This is going to be a people’s campaign, and the people are going to go in there and throw out the Establishment, the organization, which will rely on the machines and the captains to pull in votes. There is an exodus of middle-income people from Brooklyn. I want to reverse the trend of people leaving the county, give people a sense of community, bridge the gaps—no cop-outs. Through a better Brooklyn, you’ll have a better New York. The mere fact that no one is here means nothing. I’ve called a formal-announcement meeting, and I am now a legitimate candidate. We want to instill in the County of Kings a new spirit—the spirit of Camelot.”

Camelot is Assemblyman Simon’s choice of a name for the fifty-first state—the former New York City. On April 20th, a Sunday, we joined him on the roof of the Brooklyn College Student Center, where he was to raise the prospective state flag—an orange-and-blue banner with a greenish image of the Statue of Liberty in the center, based on a design by Scott Barbarino, a member of Class 5-211 of Public School 99, in Brooklyn. We were introduced to Scott by his teacher, Herman Darvick, who is a Simon cam-

paign adviser. Mr. Darvick explained that the flag was the product of a competition among his students, who, he said, had also submitted names for the proposed state. He recited some of these for us: Manbrookmond, Boroland, New Amsterdam, Peace, Liberty, The State Where Peace Arose, and The Five United.

In attendance, the Brooklyn College rally was reminiscent of the official announcement. Eleven thousand invitations and flyers, we were told, had been sent out to Brooklyn College students and citizens-at-large, in the expectation that at least three hundred people would appear for the flag-raising and a speech by Assemblyman Simon. All three hundred chairs set up in the Center's sixth-floor auditorium remained empty, however, and Assemblyman Simon abandoned his plan to speak. The only guests on the roof were two local mothers, who questioned the candidate closely about his views on the disorders in certain Brooklyn high schools, and a Brooklyn College student—a young lady, who assured Assemblyman Simon that she would support him. When these guests had left, Assemblyman Simon turned to the main organizer of the rally, Marty Markowitz, president of the student body of Brooklyn College Night School, and cried, "Marty! Marty! How can this happen?" A meeting on campaign literature and strategy was convened in a deserted reception room.

The participants in the discussion were Tom Abinanti, an Albany legislative assistant to State Senator Roy Goodman who is serving as a deputy press secretary for the Simon campaign; Al Fagin, an executive member of the New Frontier Democratic Club, in Brooklyn's Forty-third Assembly District, and a candidate this year for judicial delegate and next year for the Assembly; Brian Sharoff, of the New Democratic Club in Brooklyn's Forty-second Assembly District, a past and future Assembly candidate; Larry Douglas, political chairman for the Simon campaign; and Assemblyman Simon, whose chagrin was evident. "I should be splashing a little more at this stage," he said morosely. Mr. Fagin, arguing in favor of a tough, emotional campaign, objected to the association of the war in Vietnam with the devastation of Brooklyn slums on a sample Simon poster. Assemblyman Simon seemed torn between a desire to appeal to the noblest instincts of the voters and a desire to do something about his immediate lack of momentum. "The picture on this poster illustrates one thing," Mr. Fagin said, pointing to the photograph of a rubble-filled lot in Brownsville. "An abandoned area, a tax-paying piece of property eliminated from the tax rolls." The headline on the poster read, "HANOI, SAIGON, BROOKLYN."

Assemblyman Simon said, "You're being too logical with me, Al. The war in Vietnam was an issue in my Assembly campaign."

Mr. Fagin said, "The average person goes out to vote *against* something. You have to emphasize the borough president's failure to rehabilitate the land by using his power to convene a Community Planning Board. The average person doesn't know the powers of the borough president. You've got to excite people, give them a reason to vote against Abe Stark. Emphasize the contrast with Badillo—his activity, the publicity he gets."

Assemblyman Simon said, "No, I'm against that approach. The Forty-fifth and Forty-sixth Districts would be turned off by a heavy anti-Stark campaign. He would get the sympathy vote."

Mr. Fagin said, "I just happen to believe in creating emotionalism in a campaign—emotion *against* something."

Mr. Sharoff spoke of the need for campaign literature that was not "crunchable," the comparative value of front doors and subway entrances for the distribution of literature, and the campaign budget. He told some anecdotes of catastrophic fund-raising parties and walking tours, in an effort to console Assemblyman Simon, who nodded absentmindedly.

"Al is right," Assemblyman Simon said finally. "We have to separate the issues—ending the war in Vietnam and the shrinking tax base.

"Our first aim is to introduce Larry to the public," said Mr. Sharoff.

"Do you want to say 'Larry' or 'Leonard Simon Will Do Better'?" asked Mr. Abinanti, who was working on another poster.

"Neither one," the candidate said. " 'Assemblyman Simon.' "

That afternoon, we went along with Assemblyman Simon to the Hebrew Alliance, where the congregation was celebrating the twenty-first anniversary of the founding of Israel. The rabbi introduced Assemblyman Simon as "the *bar-mitzvah* boy from the Hebrew Alliance of Brighton who will be President of the United States." The congregation applauded.

On the evening of April 30th, the Roosevelt-Kingsborough Independent Democrats, a relatively large and powerful reform club in Brooklyn's Forty-fifth Assembly District, met to consider endorsing candidates for president of the City Council, comptroller, judge of the Civil Court, members of the City Council, and borough president of Brooklyn. Assemblyman Simon, who was obliged to be in Albany for the vote on the school-decentralization bill (he voted for it), was represented by Mr. Douglas. When we arrived, during a coffee break, we learned that former Police Commissioner Vincent Broderick, running for comptroller on Representative James Scheuer's ticket, had just made his appeal for club support. There were about twenty club members present, and it became clear to us as we listened to the coffee-break chat that their support was divided between the mayoral candidacies of Mr. Scheuer and Mr. Badillo. The clubroom, on the second floor of a commercial building at 1815 Avenue M, was decorated with red-white-and-blue paper bunting, and the walls were covered with lists and notices. A man with a bow tie handed us an invitation to two parties to be held in Manhattan to raise money for a campaign against the ABM system. Another man remarked that Broderick was "a terrible speaker." "Listen," said a lady wearing a Badillo button. "Broderick's got a quality I haven't seen in any of the other candidates—decency, humbleness,

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a quiet sincerity." The room seemed crowded with dark, stocky young men wearing dark suits and dark horn-rimmed glasses, so we particularly noticed one boy in a yellow turtleneck shirt, to which he attached a succession of political buttons as the evening passed, winding up with "Scheuer," "Rangel" (a candidate for City Council president), "Elect Herb Freeman," "Spodek," and "Simon."

The meeting was called to order by the club's president, and the members proceeded to vote a dual endorsement for the office of comptroller—of Broderick and Harrison J. Goldin, an independent candidate, who joined the Badillo ticket a few days later. The president announced that blank petitions for the two candidates were available. A lady spoke out against Jimmy Breslin, who is running for the nomination for president of the City Council. "He's not a serious candidate, and I certainly don't think he's a reformer," she said. Two of the dark, stocky young men turned out to be Herb Freeman and Jules Spodek, candidates for councilman-at-large and councilman, respectively. Both were endorsed by the club, along with Bill Rigler, a candidate-at-large for the at-large Civil Court seat, and then the president introduced Mr. Douglas as the representative of Assemblyman Simon. Mr. Douglas's attempt to win the club's endorsement for Assemblyman Simon by stressing his liberal record in the Assembly provoked a violent verbal assault on the candidate, in which several Roosevelt-Kingsborough Independent Democrats referred loudly and cryptically to Assemblyman Simon's alleged betrayal of the reform movement in 1966. "Larry Simon is running for borough president to bring this office to the people," Mr. Douglas said plaintively. One woman accused another of "Rasputin-like spouting," and Herb Freeman demanded to know whether Assemblyman Simon would support the reformers' candidate for Congress next year. A dark, stocky young man rose to urge his fellow-members to preserve the purity of the reform movement. "I agree. I have my doubts, too," said an old man in a plaid shirt and a sports jacket. "But a man like Simon should not be driven to the dogs." It was nearly midnight when the members finally voted to postpone their endorsement for the borough presidency until Assemblyman Simon could address them in person. The president adjourned the meeting with a warning against scoundrels and opportunists. (Four weeks later, the members endorsed Simon.)

On the way home, Mr. Douglas explained to us that the political situation in the Forty-fifth A.D. was a relatively simple one, since it had only two Democratic clubs—the R.K.I.D., which we had just seen in action, and the Kings Highway Regular Democrats, who were supporting the reëlection of Abe Stark. "In other districts, you've got the organization club, the regulars, the regular reformers, the independent regulars, the reformers, the reform reformers," he said. "There were five clubs in the Forty-third for a while, but three of them formed a working coalition."

The following week, we were invited to a conference on strategy involving Mr. Douglas; Mr. Fagin; Daniel Brennan, a civil leader from Brooklyn; and Queens Assemblyman Herbert Posner, a colleague of Assemblyman Simon's who had been asked to contribute some professional advice to the faltering campaign. Mr. Posner is a C.P.A., with an office on West Fortieth Street, in Manhattan, and when we arrived there Mr. Douglas was proposing that their team try to educate the voters about the powers of the borough president.

Mr. Posner frowned. "A campaign must hinge on love or fear," he said. "What's the biggest issue in Brooklyn?"

"There was a street survey taken in the Forty-second A.D.," Mr. Douglas replied. "Three issues turned up." He shook his head at the thought. "Number One, crime in the streets. Number Two, Negroes. Number Three, education."

"It all adds up to fear of violence," Mr. Posner said. "But then how do we avoid being labelled a law-and-order candidate?"

Mr. Douglas changed the subject. "These are the key districts," he said, pointing to a large map of Brooklyn spread out on Mr. Posner's desk. "Forty-one through Forty-eight, plus Thirty-nine. The votes are concentrated here—the shorefront area, from Marine Park to the Verrazano Bridge. The voters are predominantly Jewish. Brooklyn is predominantly Jewish. There are about six hundred thousand Negroes, maybe three hundred thousand Puerto Ricans, and the remaining two million are mostly Jewish. Some Italians, some Irish, and I think there are two white Protestants over on Thirty-fifth Street."

"How about a demonstration at Borough Hall demanding that Stark go to Centre Street and fight with Leary for more police?" Mr. Posner asked.

Mr. Douglas frowned.

On Sunday, May 17th, Assemblyman Simon toured Brooklyn with a motorcade. The cars were adorned with posters showing the candidate standing in the rubble-filled lot in Brownsville, under the slogan "We in Brooklyn Must Do Better." "Vote for Larry Simon for borough president of Brooklyn," the voice of a campaign aide said over a loudspeaker. "Larry Simon, your next borough president of Brooklyn." Mrs. Simon waved from the front seat of the lead car, a convertible, and the candidate, perched on the top of the back seat, held on tight and smiled from side to side. The voters, many of whom were sitting in deck chairs on the sidewalks along the way, were impassive.

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A FRIEND reports the following street-corner (Fifty-fifth and Madison) exchange between two brisk young Edwardians who had separated from a third:

"Nice guy."

"Yeah."

"You know what I mean?"

"Sure."

"Not a great guy."

"No."

THE LUG WRENCH

"OH, *no*," Gail said.

"It sure feels like it," I said, and shut off the engine. I got out on the edge of the road and walked around to the back. It was the right rear, and it looked as if somebody had been at it with a knife. It was halfway off the rim. Gail had followed me back. She stood there in the weeds, looking down at the tire.

"Oh, no," she said.

"It isn't as bad as all that," I said. "I can change a tire."

"I know," she said. "But—I just wish it hadn't happened. We were making such good time."

"So do I," I said. "But I told the Petersons around seven, and it isn't even six yet. We're O.K." I tried the handle on the trunk. "Be a good girl and go get me the keys."

A pickup truck went by going fast. There was an outboard motor clamped to the tailgate. I watched the truck disappearing up the road. The road ran for about a mile between potato fields and a pasture overgrown with cedars, and then cut down to a creek. Beyond the creek, about five miles back, was Loomis. Loomis was where we had turned off the highway. Up ahead was another mile of fields climbing up to a wooded ridge and the junction with Route 17. Gail came back with the keys, and I opened the trunk.

"Is *that* the spare?" she said. "That old thing?"

"It's good enough to get us there," I said.

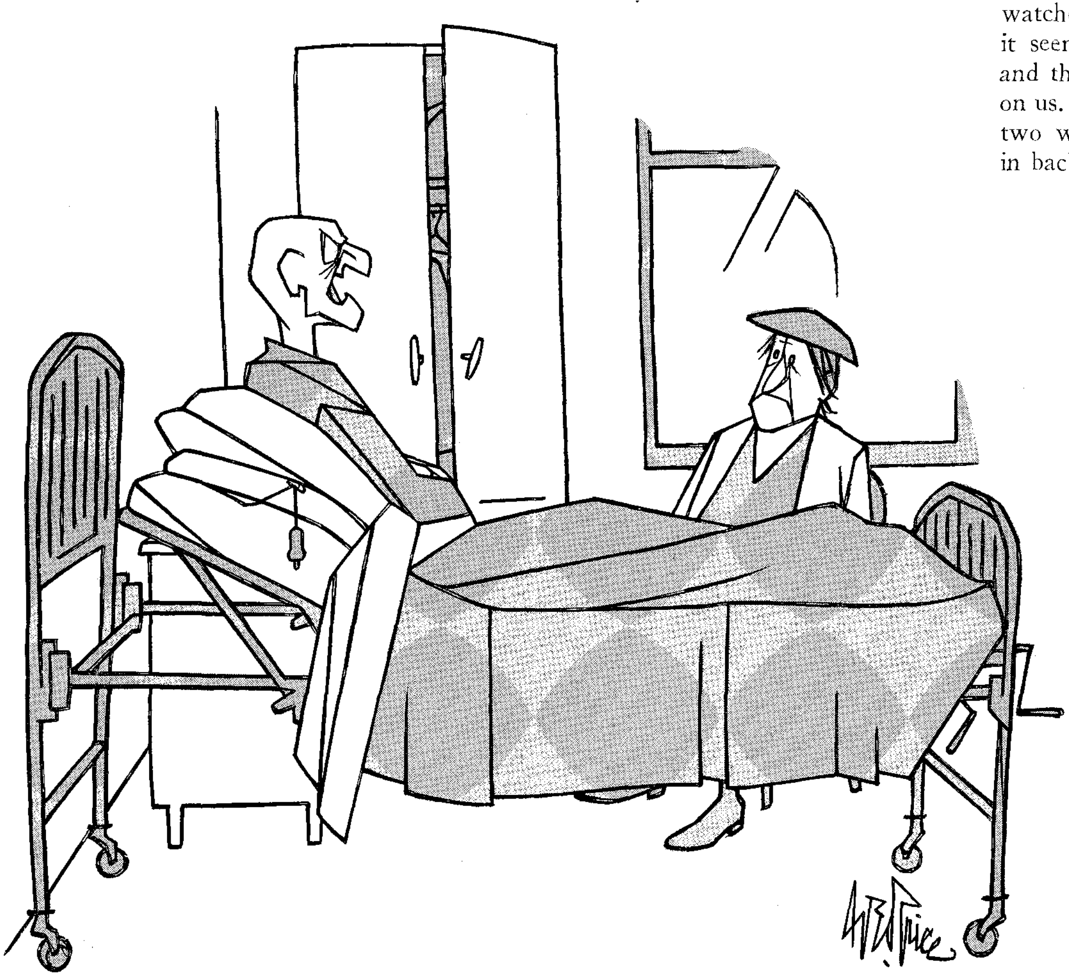
I gave her my jacket and rolled up my sleeves, and tried the lug that held the tire in its frame. The lug was loose enough to turn. I worked it off the bolt and picked up the tire and bounced it down and leaned it against the bumper. It had a good, hard bounce. I got out the jack and got down on my knees and got it under the bumper. It was a good thing I was just wearing chinos. My suit was in my bag. I hiked the jack a couple of notches with my finger, and got up and went back to the trunk for the lug wrench. It wasn't there.

"That's funny," I said.

"What's the matter?" Gail said.

"I can't find the lug wrench. You know—to hoist the jack and unscrew the lugs. It isn't here. It's gone."

"Are you sure?"



"No breakfast this morning, a lousy cup of bouillon for lunch, and now you tell me I've been voted out of the family plot!"

"Give me a cigarette," I said. "Of course I'm sure. It's gone."

"How could it be?" she said.

"I don't know," I said. I lighted the cigarette. "Maybe somebody at the garage—"

"Jack," she said. "What are we going to do?"

"I can't change a tire without a lug wrench," I said.

"But what are we going to do?"

"I'll just have to borrow one," I said. "I'll get one of these cars to stop and let me use their wrench."

"Oh," Gail said. Then her face changed. "But suppose nobody stops? Jack—this is terrible."

"Hush," I said. I put on my jacket and brushed off the knees of my pants. "I'll get somebody to stop. We'll be O.K."

The road was empty in both directions. We stood there and waited. I finished my cigarette and ground it out in the blacktop rubble at the edge of the road. I tried not to worry. This wasn't a deserted road. It always carried a certain amount of traffic.

"I think I see a car," Gail said.

I saw it, too. It was coming down the ridge, and I could see the windshield shining through the trees. We watched it come out of the woods, and it seemed to be moving very slowly, and then all of a sudden it was almost on us. It was a blue station wagon with two women in front and a little boy in back. I stepped out in the road and waved my arms. It didn't stop. The little boy turned his head and stared, but the women looked straight ahead.

"Well," I said.

Gail didn't say anything.

"Those were women," I said. "I wouldn't really expect a woman to stop."

Another car came down through the woods, and two cars moving close together came over the rise from the creek. The second of the two cars was a telephone-company truck. All three cars were going fast and all of the drivers were careful not to look at me, and none of them stopped. Gail went up to the front of the car and came back with her sweater. The sun was still well up in the sky beyond the creek, but the feel of the air had changed. It had the feel of evening. I looked at my watch. It was almost six-thirty. We had been here almost half an hour. A big

trailer truck went by, and then another car. The car was an old sedan with big tail fins and racing stripes, and the driver was a boy with a girl in the crook of his arm.

"That makes six," Gail said.

"I don't know what else we can do."

"I know," she said. "But what happens when it gets dark?"

"It isn't dark yet."

"We could be here all night."

"Somebody will stop," I said.

A car came down from the ridge. We stood and waited and waved and watched it go by.

"Well," I said, "that makes it seven."

"And the one after that will be eight," Gail said. She looked at me. "Jack, I've got an idea. What if I tried it alone? Maybe a man would stop for me. I mean, for a girl."

"I know what you mean," I said.

Gail smiled. "All right," she said. "But seriously. What do you think?"

"I think you're probably right," I said. "I think it's a good idea."

"You do?" she said, and took a deep breath. She pulled down her sweater and straightened her skirt. "You really think it might work?"

"I think it's a good idea," I said.

"At least, I could try and see," she said.

"That's right," I said.

"Then get out of sight," she said. "Go get in the car."

"O.K.," I said.

I went up and got under the wheel and slid down low in the seat. I slid down as low as I could. I'm six feet one, but I managed to get my head pretty well out of sight. I could just see over the top of the dashboard. The road up ahead was empty. I reached out and adjusted the side mirror to give me a view of the road behind. The rearview mirror on the windshield was blocked by the lifted lid of the trunk. Gail was standing just off the blacktop with one hand cupped on her hip. In the sharp evening light, her hair looked almost red. She was really quite a sight. I saw her tense and turn. A car was coming from up ahead. I slid down low, and listened. I heard the car come up—and go by. But that didn't prove anything. Maybe the driver was a woman.

The next car came from the other direction. In the mirror I watched it coming and Gail stepping out, with her red hair blowing, and waving her hand. The car came up and slowed, and moved on, and then slowed again, and swung off the road. It was a green Mustang convertible with a broken back bumper and a rip in the top patched with tape. It backed up along the shoulder and stopped about a car length ahead. A man got out. He had short blond hair and he had on a longshoreman's jersey and an old green Air Force windbreaker. He looked about twenty-five. Gail came running and walking past my window. She didn't look at me. I slipped down in the seat as low as I could get.

I lay there and listened. I could hear them talking, but I couldn't hear what they said. I heard the man laugh. Then nothing. Then I heard a car door slam. Then they were talking again. It was uncomfortable lying there hunched under the wheel, and I wondered what they were talking about so long—what the man was talking about. I could hear Gail's voice every now and then, but the man was doing the talking. He laughed again. But it wasn't exactly a laugh this time. It was more like a grunt or a snort. Then Gail said something, and I heard them coming my way. They came down along the shoulder of the road. I turned a little and raised my head. They were walking single file, with Gail in the lead and the man a step or two behind her, swinging a hammer-headed lug wrench. I started to sit up—and my heart gave a jump. Behind the man was another man. He was about the age of the other, and he had a round, pink, smiling face, and he wore glasses. He had a can of beer in his hand. I watched him go by. I felt a little funny. But he looked all right. They both looked all right. And it had worked. Gail had got us a lug wrench.

I OPENED the door and got out and walked on back and around. The three of them were standing there with Gail backed up against the side of the car. She had a kind of frozen smile on her face. They heard me coming, and the two men turned. I smiled and nodded and said hello. They stared at me.

"Oh," Gail said. She sounded out of breath. "This is my husband."

The man with the lug wrench looked at her.

"Yeah?" he said, and looked at me again. He put a cigarette in his mouth and lighted it and blew out a stream of smoke. There was beer on his breath and his eyes were bright and shiny. "And where you been all this time?" he said.

The other man gave a snorting laugh. "I know where he's been," he said. "He was hiding in the car, Les. I thought I saw something setting in there when we come by." He took a drink of his beer. "Ain't that right, fella?"

"Yes," I said. "That's right. I—"

"How about that, Les?" he said. "He was hiding in their car."

"Yeah," Les said.

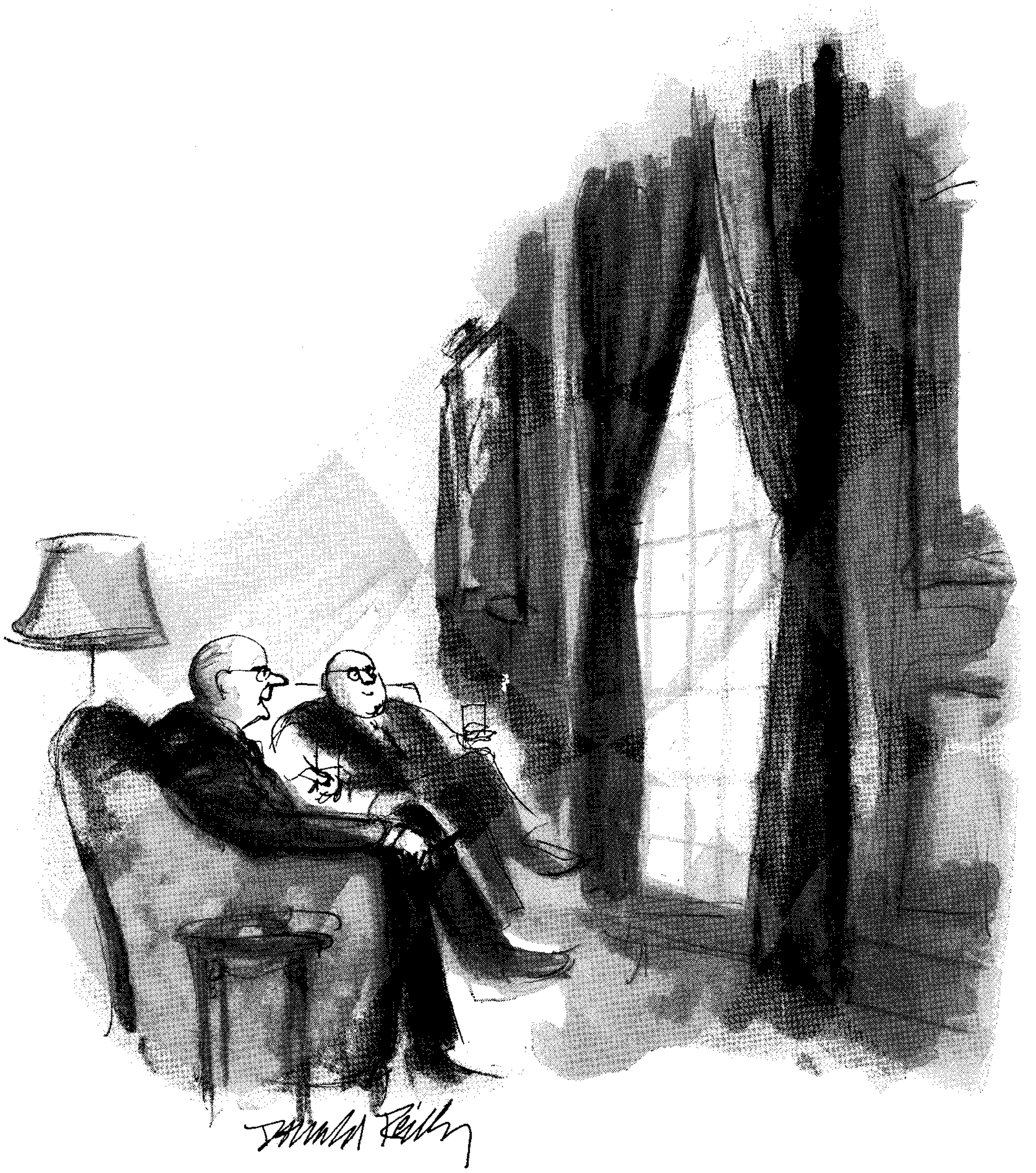
"I'm sorry, boys," Gail said. "I'm afraid it's all my fault. I'm afraid I played a trick on you."

"Yeah?" Les said. "What kind of trick was that?"

"I guess I sort of gave you the impression that I was all alone," Gail said.

"Yeah," Les said. "And now you're sorry."

"She don't sound sorry," the other



“As I look back, I realize that everything I have I owe to the Protestant work ethic, and a few timely tips on the market.”

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man said. “Not real sorry. Does she, Les?”

“You know what I mean,” Gail said. “I only meant—”

“Never mind, Gail,” I said. “They know what you mean.” I turned to Les. “Look—it’s getting late. Let’s be serious. You know what happened. We had this flat tire and somebody seems to have swiped my lug wrench. I’m sure my wife told you all that. So I tried to flag somebody down and borrow his wrench, but nobody stopped and—well, my wife thought maybe she might have better luck.”

“She did, huh?” Les said.

“Yes,” I said. “So she—and then you were nice enough to stop.”

Les smiled. “You got a cute-looking wife,” he said.

“Real cute,” the other man said.

“My wife told you she was sorry,” I said. “And I’m sorry, too. But you can understand how we felt. We were stuck here and it was getting late. We had to do something.”

“We could have been here all night,” Gail said.

Les dropped his cigarette between his feet and ground it out with his heel. He was wearing Wellington boots. He looked at the other man. “You know something, Billy?” he said. “I wonder if she really is his wife. I think she’s too cute-looking.”

“She said she was,” Billy said.

“She said a lot of things,” Les said. “Didn’t you, Red?”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” Gail said. “And don’t call me ‘Red.’ ”

“God damn!” Billy said. He laughed. “Listen to that redhead temper, Les.”

“Yeah,” Les said. “That’s another thing I like about her.”

“All right,” I said. “That’s enough. Cut it out.”

Les turned his head and looked at me.

“Look,” I said. “This isn’t getting us anywhere. Why don’t you just give me that lug wrench and let me change this tire. Then we can all be on our way.”

“Give?” Les said. “You want me to *give* you my wrench?”

“O.K.,” I said. “I want to borrow your wrench.”

He smiled. “Say ‘please,’ ” he said.

“Oh, for God’s sake,” I said.

He laughed. “I was just kidding,” he said. “Here—you want to use my wrench, take it.”

He held out the wrench. I reached to take it, and he snatched it back. He smiled and shook his head. “You forgot to thank me,” he said.

I stood there for a moment. Then I shrugged. “O.K.,” I said—and I lunged. He tried to move, but he wasn’t ready. I got a grip on the wrench and gave it a fast backhand twist and he couldn’t hold it. He let it go and stepped forward and kicked me in the shin. I stumbled and fell and went down on one knee. I saw him coming at me again and I swung the wrench. I felt it hit and heard the crack of bone. He took a long, sliding step and sat down hard on the grass. Something moved behind me. I remembered Billy, and turned. But it wasn’t Billy. It was Gail, with her mouth hanging open. Billy was up the road, running for their car. I turned back to Gail. Her mouth was still hanging open and she was staring down at Les. He lay on his back looking up with an empty look on his face, and there was blood running out of his ear. —BERTON ROUECHÉ

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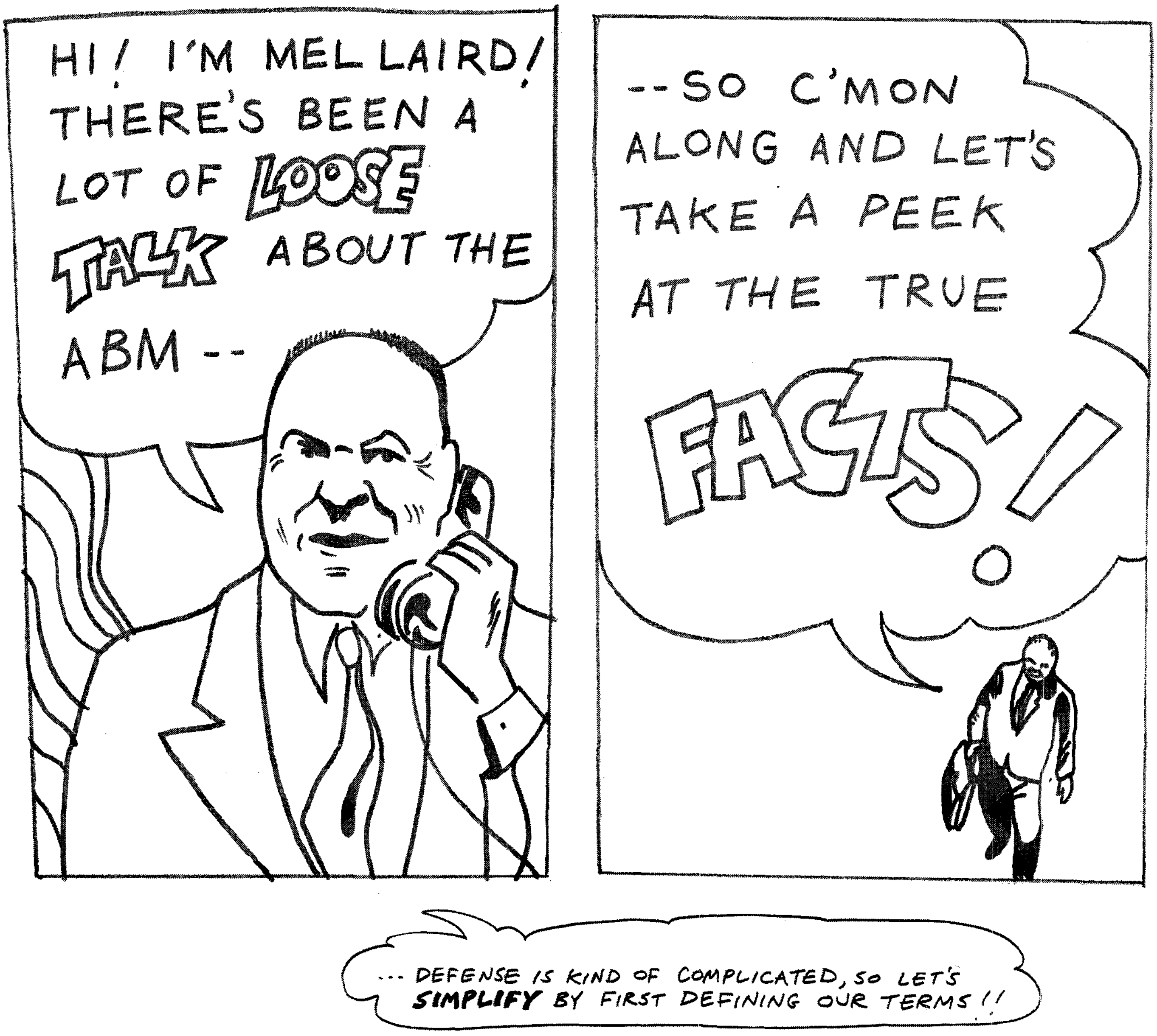
. . . along with scenes from the Bolshoi Ballet, the Moiseyev Folk Dances and Tchaikovsky’s spectacular opera “Eugene O’Negin.”—*Santa Monica Evening Outlook.*

You remember, there was this old Irish fellow . . .

ABCs OF YOUR ABM

A PUBLIC SERVICE PAMPHLET FROM YOUR DEFENSE DEPARTMENT

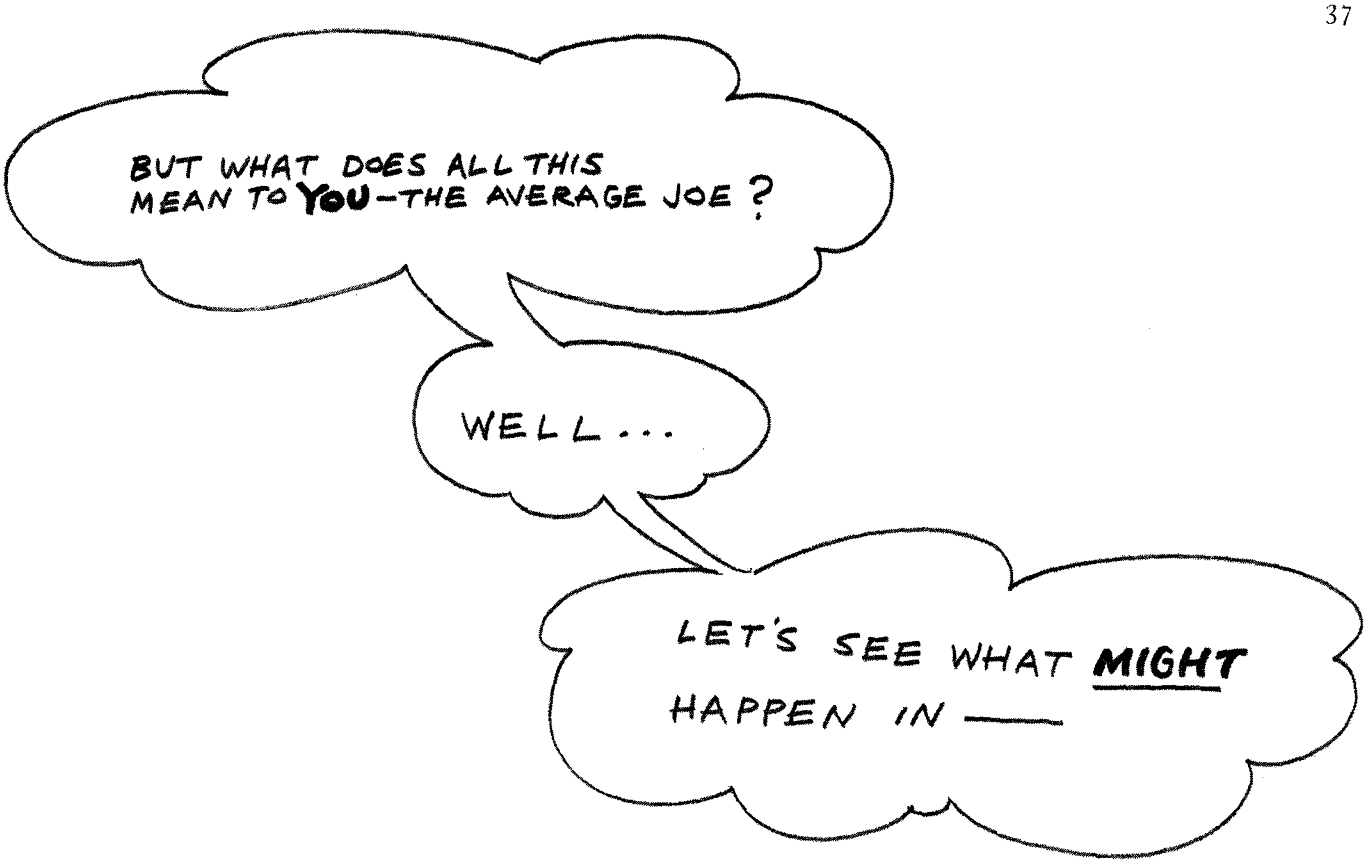

HI! I'M MEL LAIRD! THERE'S BEEN A LOT OF LOOSE TALK ABOUT THE ABM --
--SO C'MON ALONG AND LET'S TAKE A PEEK AT THE TRUE FACTS!
... DEFENSE IS KIND OF COMPLICATED, SO LET'S SIMPLIFY BY FIRST DEFINING OUR TERMS!!

TERMS!

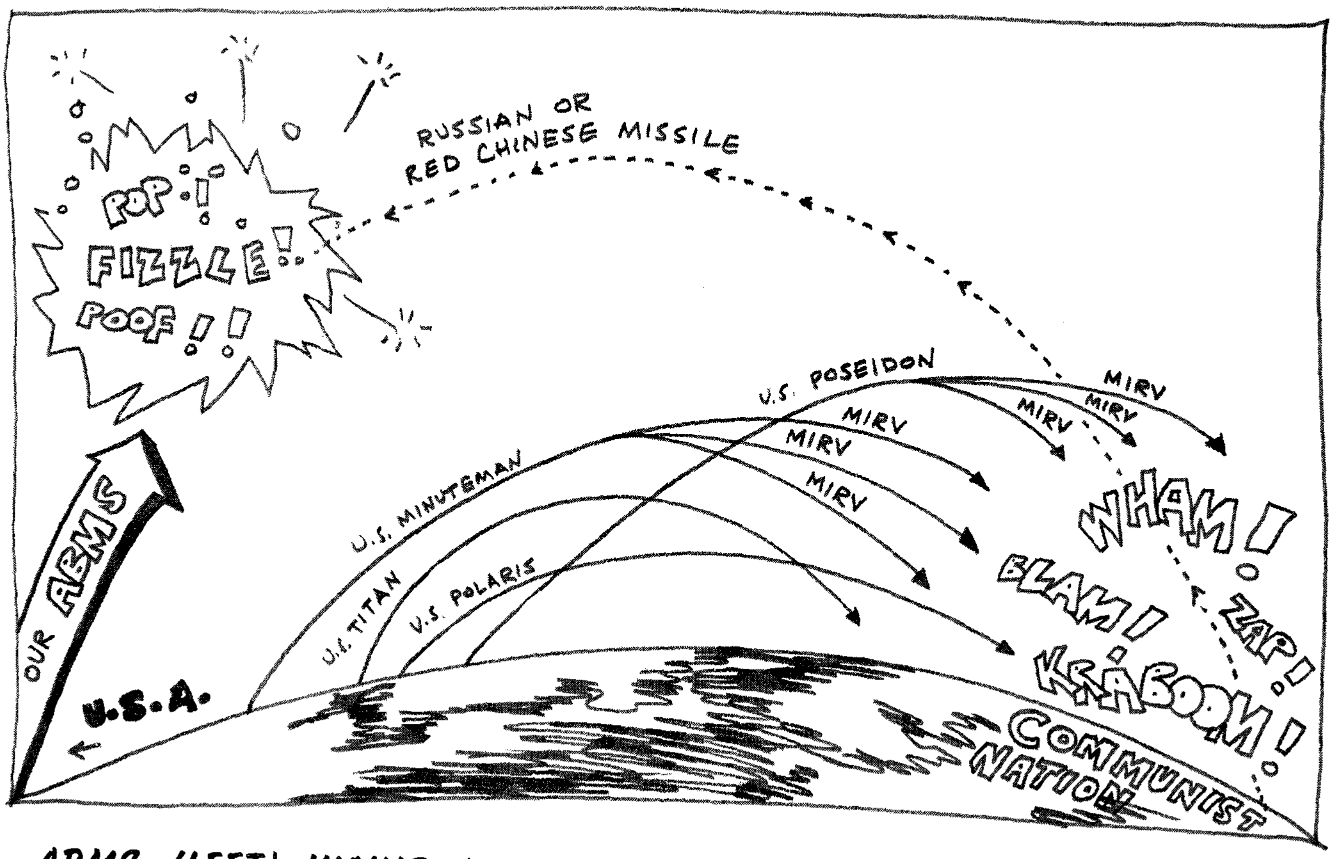
NIKE-X—Interceptor program utilizing SPARTANS[1] and SPRINTS.[2] (Never deployed, due to degraded effectiveness of both[3] in face of counter-measures, although system would, if not give advantage to defense,[4] annoy the enemy.[5] Pivotal factor was uncertainty of enemy response plus high cost.★) SENTINEL*—Thin[6] shield[7] with SPRINTS[2] defending PARs (see below) and SPARTANS.[1 & 8] PAR—"Perimeter acquisition radar" deployments to be defended by SPRINTS[2] (see above) near PAR sites. "SUFFICIENCY"—Nuc. accum. "sufficient" for max. pol. impact. TELLER—Scientist with deep affection for weapons. RIVERS—Cong. with deep respect for TELLER. MIRV—Multiple independently targeted re-entry vehicle[9] utilizing MINUTEMAN III[10] and POSEIDON or vice versa. A successful MIRV will penetrate enemy ABM defense if aimed correctly.[11] FIRST-STRIKE—A Communist concept, rel. to preemptive strike. ACTION-REACTION—Phenomenon caused by uncertainty regarding enemy intention, capability, stage of development, deployment, and friendliness. JUPITER, THOR, ATLAS, TITAN, POLARIS—"Hardware" maintained in case our ceaseless efforts toward disarmament should fail. SAFEGUARD—Nixon Administration version of SENTINEL*, [6, 7, 2, 1, 8] with emphasis on PARs[2] rather than on cities.

*1967 Sentinel, not to be confused with later modifications. Intended as defense against Chinese‡ by Johnson Administration. 1969 system is designed by Nixon Administration as defense against Russians, plus Chinese if latter wish to join. Enemy response also unknown, as in case of Nike-X; however, this is under continuous review. [1] Long-range missiles w/nuc. warheads in megaton range.[A] [2] Short-range missiles w/nuc. warheads in kiloton range.[B] [3] Spartan by lightweight decoys[a] and nuc. explosions, jammers, or "chaff;"[b] Sprint would require a national fallout-shelter program.[c] [4] Us. [5] Them. [6] As opposed to thick. [7] Term for protection. [8] Spartans could defend large areas, in theory, except for their tendency at times to keep going. [9] Too hard to explain. [10] Successor to Minuteman II. [11] Russians are believed to have already reacted to the MIRV, as was anticipated. (Forcing us to react to their SS-9s.) ★Up to $50 billion (retail).

[A] Designed to intercept outside Earth's atmosphere. [B] Designed to intercept nearer home. ‡When Chinese obtain or develop missiles.
[a] Indistinguishable from an actual re-entry vehicle. [b] Scattered metal fragments. [c] Due to fallout of enemy weapons outside Sprint defense zone.
NOTE: SLBM is "sea-launched ballistic missile." These are vitally important, but there wasn't any room above.


BUT WHAT DOES ALL THIS MEAN TO **YOU**—THE AVERAGE JOE?
WELL . . .
LET'S SEE WHAT **MIGHT** HAPPEN IN —

YOUR TYPICAL NUC. EXCHANGE

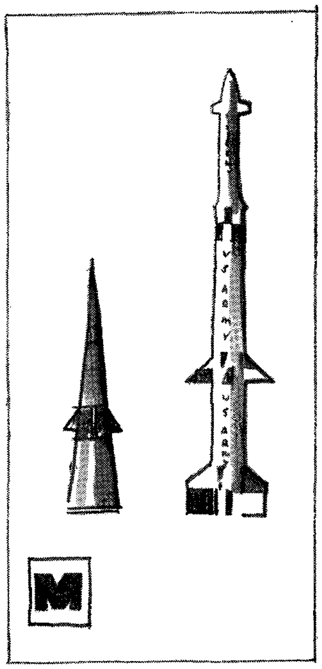

RUSSIAN OR RED CHINESE MISSILE
POP!
FIZZLE!
POOF!!
OUR ABMS
U.S.A.
U.S. MINUTEMAN
U.S. TITAN
U.S. POLARIS
U.S. POSEIDON
MIRV
MIRV
MIRV
MIRV
MIRV
MIRV
WHAM!
BLAM!
ZAP!
KRABOOM!
COMMUNIST NATION

ABMS (LEFT) WOULD INTERCEPT AND DESTROY RED MISSILES HIGH IN THE STRATOSPHERE . . . IF WE HAVE THEM!

. . . DOESN'T IT MAKE A LOT OF SENSE TO GET OUR NATION MOVING ON THE ROAD TO REAL DEFENSE?

1. FAMILIARIZE YOURSELF

- G Suggested for GENERAL audiences.
- M Suggested for MATURE audiences (parental discretion advised).
- R RESTRICTED — Persons under 16 not admitted, unless accompanied by parent or adult guardian.
- ⓧ Persons under 16 not admitted. This age restriction may be higher in certain areas. Check theater or advertising.

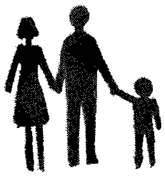
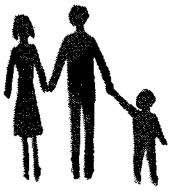


SPRINT (left)
SPARTAN (right)

ABMS ARE YOUR BUDDIES

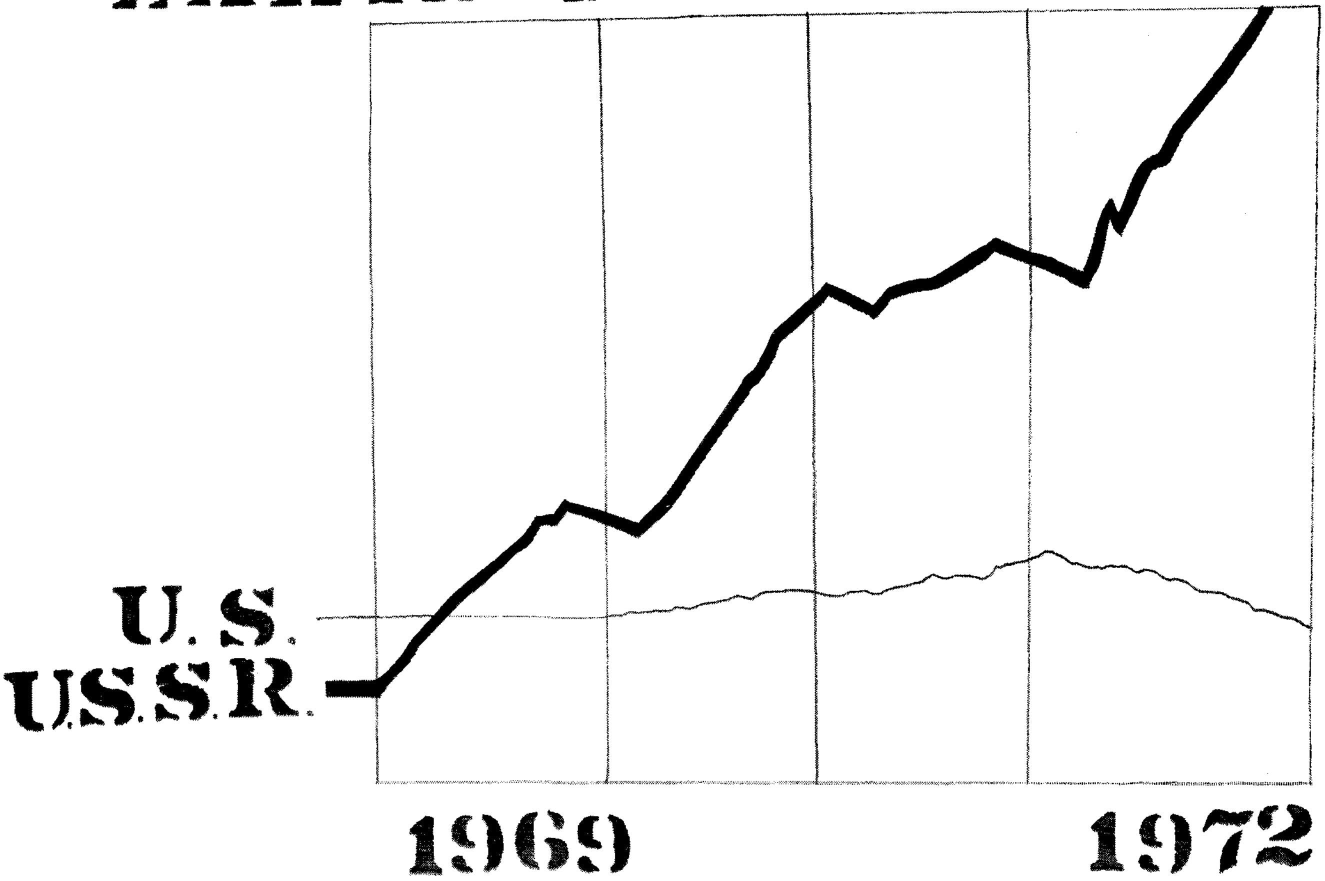
(Although both the Sprint and Spartan have received an $\boxed{M}$ *rating, all weapons are under continuous review.)*

NUC. EXCHANGE:

PRIOR TO	AFTER
 U.S.	(FIGURES NOT AVAILABLE)
 U.S.S.R.	

(NOTE THE ADVANTAGE TO OUR SIDE IN CASE OF WAR)

DEPT. OF DEFENSE EXHIBIT NO. 31729 A*

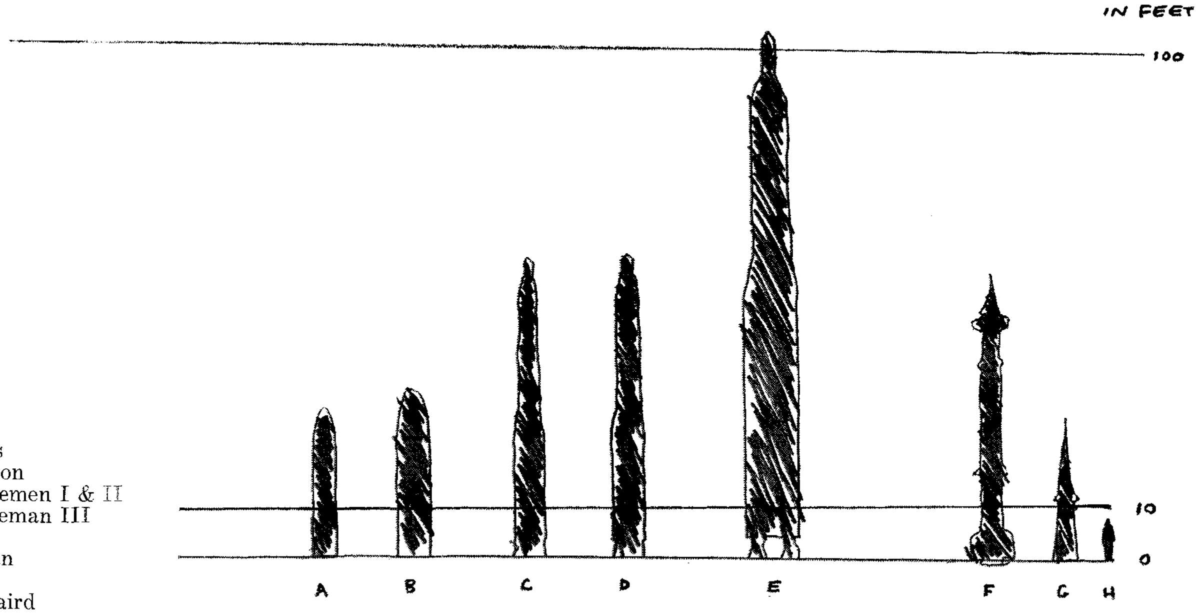


*This graph vividly illustrates projected hypothetical strategic balances over the next three years. (Although referring specifically to dairy products, it serves as a reliable guideline, extrapolating first- and second-strike capabilities, responses and counter-responses, evaluated intentions, and deterrent postures as well as egg production.)

ON THE PLUS SIDE

IS STORAGE A PROBLEM?

NO. STORAGE—IN MOST CASES—IS NOT A PROBLEM.



A	Polaris
B	Poseidon
C	Minutemen I & II
D	Minuteman III
E	Titan
F	Spartan
G	Sprint
H	Sec. Laird

An atomic missile base

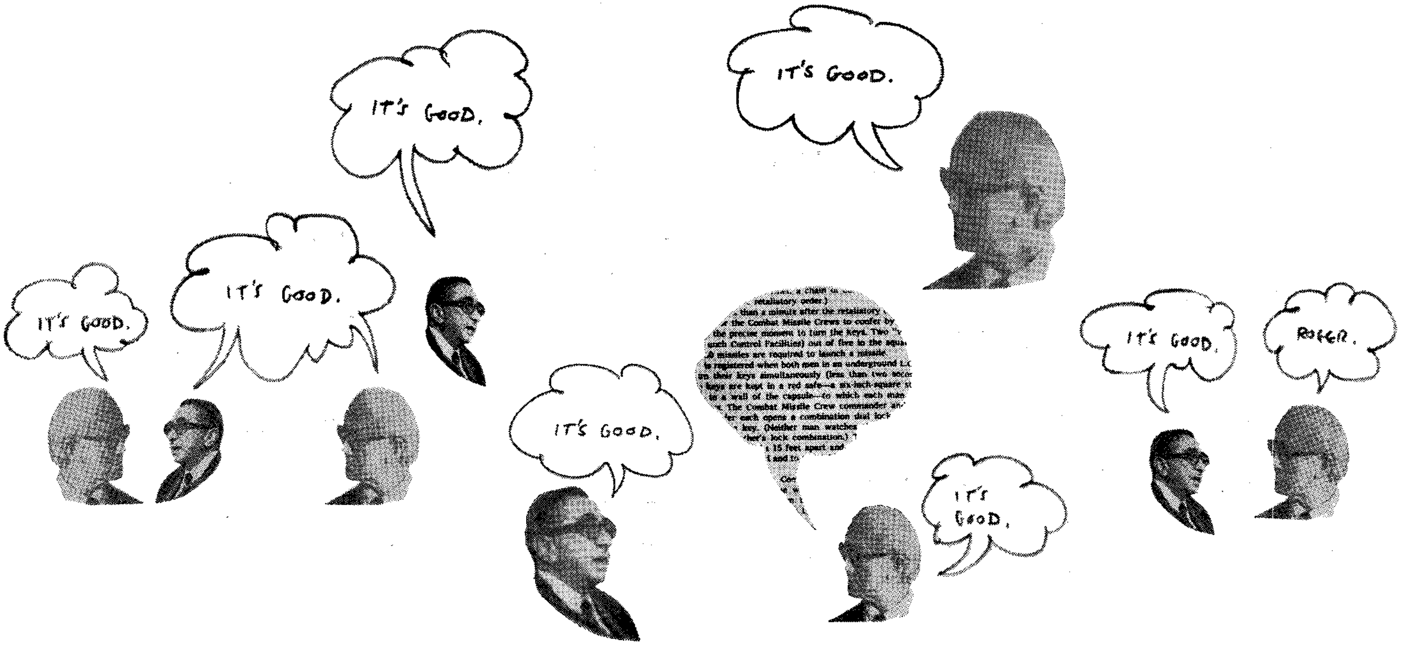
Few missile men know what the targets are

REHEARSAL—In the training capsule these two young officers hold missile launch keys that are used in practice.

WHAT WILL SAFEGUARD MEAN TO OUR NATION'S YOUTH?

ANSWER: GIVE A YOUNG MAN A LAUNCH KEY AND PUT HIM UNDERGROUND, AND THAT IS ONE YOUNG AMERICAN WHO ISN'T GOING TO WRECK ANY OF OUR NATION'S UNIVERSITIES.

WHAT DO THE EXPERTS SAY?


IT'S GOOD.
IT'S GOOD.
IT'S GOOD.
IT'S GOOD.
a chain o
retaliatory order.)
than a minute after the retaliatory
the Combat Missile Crews to confer by
the precise moment to turn the keys. Two
each Control Facilities) out of five in the squa
missiles are required to launch a missile.
is registered when both men in an underground LC
their keys simultaneously (less than two seco
keys are kept in a red safe—a six-inch-square st
in a wall of the capsule—to which each man
The Combat Missile Crew commander an
each opens a combination dial lock
key. (Neither man watches
her's lock combination.)
15 feet apart and
l and to
IT'S GOOD.
IT'S GOOD.
IT'S GOOD.
ROGER.

A Reader's Digest Special Reprint Feature

Well-meaning opponents of the ABM—often loyal Americans—point out that the "arms race" (a favorite term of leftists) may lead to destruction of our cities and loss of millions of lives.

BUT—

Is Death UNDER-RATED?

—*Condensed from the* Midwestern Housewife

Yes. According to some of the biggest names in America.

A Leading General Says: "One thing you learn in forty years in the service is there's worse things than being dead."

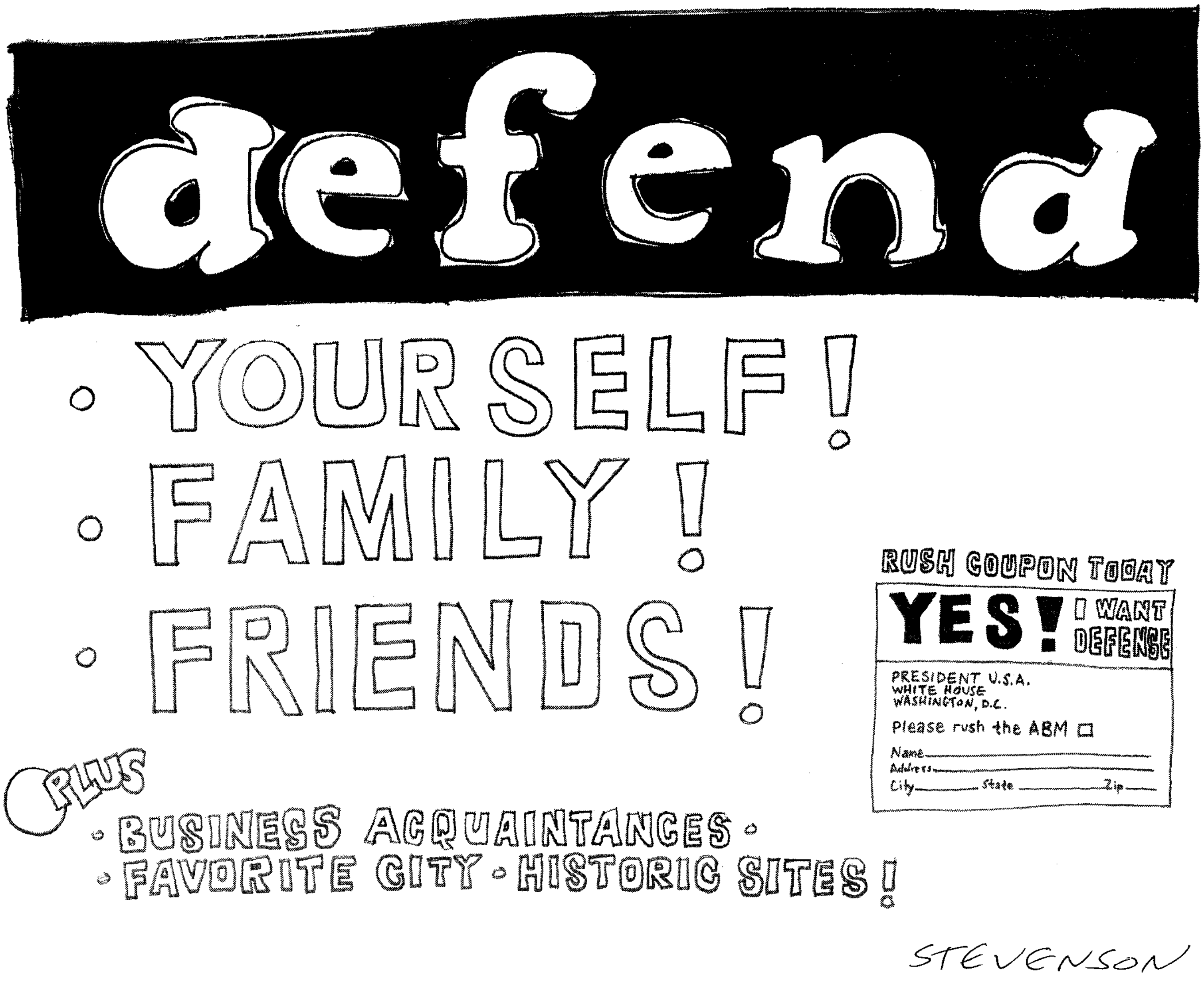
A Well-Known Churchman Says: "I hear nothing but good things about the beyond."

A Senior Citizen Says: "Life hasn't been all *that* good, really."

A Distinguished Doctor Says: "The costs of hospitalization and medical services are sky-high; sometimes staying alive is just too damn expensive for your average citizen."

A Famous Soldier Says: "Anybody who thinks I'm going to go without taking a lot of guys with me has just got to be kidding."

A Political Figure Says: "Eternal rest? No worries? If death didn't exist, by golly, some smart American businessman would invent it and sell it."


defend
YOURSELF!
FAMILY!
FRIENDS!
PLUS
BUSINESS ACQUAINTANCES
FAVORITE CITY
HISTORIC SITES!
RUSH COUPON TODAY
YES! I WANT DEFENSE
PRESIDENT U.S.A.
WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON, D.C.
Please rush the ABM ☐
Name
Address
City State Zip
STEVENSON

THE PRODIGAL PARENT

We sat on the screened porch of Rhoda's new house, which was close to a beach on the ocean side of Vancouver Island. I had come here in a straight line, from the East, and now that I could not go any farther without running my car into the sea, any consideration of wreckage and loss, or elegance of behavior, or debts owed (not of money, of my person) came to a halt. A conqueror in a worn blazer and a regimental tie, I sat facing my daughter, listening to her voice—now describing, now complaining—as if I had all the time in the world. Her glance drifted round the porch, which still contained packing cases. She could not do, or take in, a great deal at once. I have light eyes, like Rhoda's, but mine have been used for summing up.

Rhoda had bought this house and the cabins round it and a strip of maimed landscape with her divorce settlement. She hoped to make something out of the cabins, renting them weekends to respectable people who wanted a quiet place to drink. "Dune Vista" said a sign, waiting for someone to nail it to a tree. I wondered how I would fit in here—what she expected me to do. She still hadn't said. After the first formal Martinis she had made to mark my arrival, she began drinking rye, which she preferred. It was sweeter, less biting than the whiskey I remembered in my youth, and I wondered if my palate or its composition had changed. I started to say so, and my daughter said, "Oh, God, your accent again! You know what I thought you said now? 'Oxbow was a Cheswick charmer.' "

"No, no. Nothing like that."

"Try not sounding so British," she said.

"I don't, you know."

"Well, you don't sound Canadian."

The day ended suddenly, as if there had been a partial eclipse. In the new light I could see my daughter's face and hands.

"I guess I'm different from all my female relatives," she said. She had been comparing herself with her mother, and with half sisters she hardly knew. "I don't despise men, like Joanne does. There's always somebody. There's one now, in fact. I'll tell you about him. I'll tell you the whole thing, and you say what you think. It's a real mess. He's Irish, he's married, and he's got no money. Four children. He doesn't sleep with his wife."

"Surely there's an age limit for this?" I said. "By my count, you must be twenty-eight or -nine now."

"Don't I know it." She looked into the dark trees, darkened still more by the screens, and said without rancor, "It's not my fault. I wouldn't keep on falling for lushes and phonies if you hadn't been that way."

I put my glass down on the packing case she had pushed before me, and said, "I am not, I never was, and I never could be an alcoholic."

Rhoda seemed genuinely shocked. "I never said *that*. I never heard you had to be put in a hospital or anything, like my stepdaddy. But you used to stand me on a table when you had parties, Mother told me, and I used to dance to 'Piccolo Pete.' What happened to that record, I wonder? One of your wives most likely got it in lieu of alimony. But may God strike us both dead here and now if I ever said you were alcoholic." It must have been to her a harsh, clinical word, associated with straitjackets. "I'd like you to meet him," she said. "But I never know when he'll turn up. He's Harry Pay. The writer," she said, rather primly. "Somebody said he was a new-type Renaissance Man— I mean, he doesn't just sit around, he's a judo expert. He could throw *you* down in a second."

"Is he Japanese?"

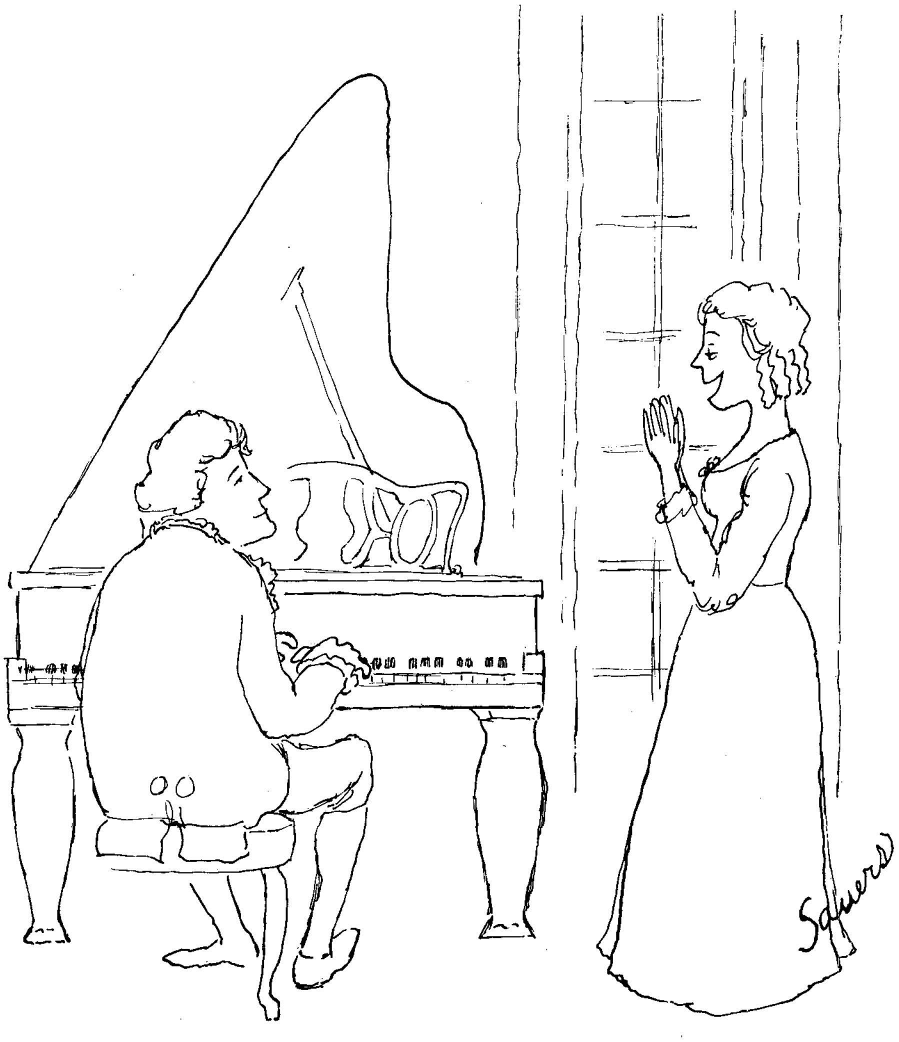
"God, no. What makes you say that? I already told you what he is. He's white. Quite white, *entirely* white I mean."

"Well—I could hardly have guessed."

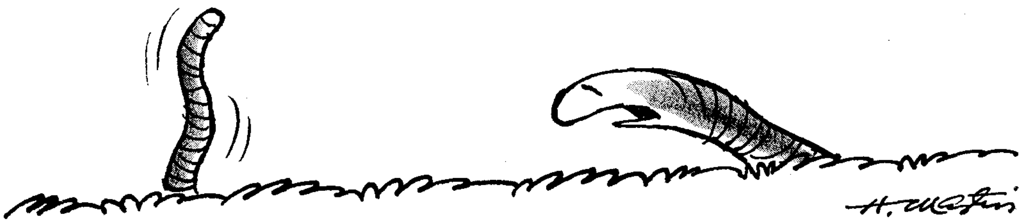
"You shouldn't have to guess," she said. "The name should be enough. He's famous. Round here, anyway."

"I'm sorry," I said. "I've been away so many years. Would you write the name down for me? So I can see how it's spelled?"

"I'll do better than that." It touched me to see the large girl she was suddenly moving so lightly. I heard her slamming doors in the living room behind me. She had been clumsy as a child, in every gesture like a wild creature caught. She came back to me with a dun folder out of which spilled loose pages, yellow and smudged. She thrust it at me and, as I groped for my spectacles, turned on an overhead light. "You read this," she said, "and



"Oh, Ludwig, good! You're writing another classic!"



“Is that you, Sylvia, or me?”

I’ll go make us some sandwiches, while I still can. Otherwise we’ll break into another bottle and never eat anything. This is something he never shows *anyone*.”

“It is my own life exactly,” I said when she returned with the sandwiches, which she set awkwardly down. “At least, so far as school in England is concerned. Cold beds, cold food, cold lavatories. Odd that anyone still finds it interesting. There must be twenty written like it every year. The revolting school, the homosexual master, then a girl—saved!”

“Homo *what?*” said Rhoda, clawing the pages. “It’s possible. He has a dirty mind, actually.”

“Really? Has he ever asked you to do anything unpleasant, such as type his manuscripts?”

“Certainly not. He’s got a perfectly good wife for that.”

When I laughed, she looked indignant. She had given a serious answer to what she thought was a serious question. Our conversations were always like this—collisions.

“Well?” she said.

“Get rid of him.”

She looked at me and sank down on the arm of my chair. I felt her breath on my face, light as a child’s. She said, “I was waiting for something. I was waiting all day for you to say something personal, but I didn’t think it would be that. Get rid of him? He’s all I’ve got.”

“All the more reason. You can do better.”

“Who, for instance?” she said. “You? You’re no use to me.”

She had sent for me. I had come to Rhoda from her half sister Joanne, in Montreal. Joanne had repatriated me from Europe, with an air passage to back the claim. In a new bare apartment, she played severe sad music that was like herself. We ate at a scrubbed table the sort of food that can be picked up in the hand. She was the richest of my children, through her mother, but I recognized in her guarded, slanting looks the sort of avarice and fear I think of as a specific of women. One look seemed meant to tell me, “You waltzed off, old boy, but look at me now,” though I could not believe she had wanted me only for that. “I’ll never get married” was a remark that might have given me a lead. “I won’t have anyone to lie to me, or make a fool of me, or spend my money for me.” She waited to see what I would say. She had just come into this money.

“Feeling as you do, you probably shouldn’t marry,” I said. She looked at me as Rhoda was looking now. “Don’t expect too much from men,” I said.

“Oh, I don’t!” she cried, so eagerly I knew she always would. The cheap sweet Ontario wine she favored and the smell of paint in her new rooms and the raw meals and incessant music combined to give me a violent attack of claustrophobia. It was probably the most important conversation we had.

“WE can’t have any more conversation now,” said Rhoda. “Not after that. It’s the end. You’ve queered it. I should have known. Well, eat your sandwiches now that I’ve made them.”

“Would it seem petulant if, at this point, I did not eat a tomato sandwich?” I said.

“Don’t be funny. I can’t understand what you’re saying anyway.”

“If you don’t mind, my dear,” I said, “I’d rather be on my way.”

“What do you mean, on your way? For one thing, you’re in no condition to drive. Where d’you think you’re going?”

“I can’t very well go that way,” I said, indicating the ocean I could not see. “I can’t go back as I’ve come.”

“It was a nutty thing, to come by car,” she said. “It’s not even all that cheap.”

“As I can’t go any farther,” I said, “I shall stay. Not here, but perhaps not far.”

“Doing what? What *can* you do? We’ve never been sure.”

“I can get a white cane and walk the streets of towns. I can ask people to help me over busy intersections and then beg for money.”

“You’re kidding.”

“I’m not. I shall say—let me think—I shall say I’ve had a mishap, lost my wallet, pension check not due for another week, postal strike delaying it even more . . . ”

“That won’t work. They’ll send you to the welfare. You should see how we hand out welfare around here.”

“I’m counting on seeing it,” I said.

“You can’t. It would look—” She narrowed her eyes and said, “If you’re trying to shame me, forget it. Someone comes and says, ‘That poor old blind bum says he’s your father,’ I’ll just answer, ‘Yes, what about it?’ ”

“My sight *is* failing, actually.”

“There’s welfare for that, too.”

“We’re at cross-purposes,” I said. “I’m not looking for money.”

“Then waja come here for?”

“Because Regan sent me on to Goneril, I suppose.”

“That’s a lie. Don’t try to make yourself big. Nothing’s ever happened to you.”

“Well, in my uneventful life,” I began, but my mind answered for me, “No, nothing.” There are substitutes for incest but none whatever for love. What I needed now was someone who knew nothing about me and would never measure me against a promise or a past. I blamed myself, not for anything I had said but for having remembered too late what Rhoda was like. She was positively savage as an infant, though her school tamed her later on. I remember sitting opposite her when she was nine—she in an unbecoming tartan coat—while she slowly and seriously ate a large plate of ice cream. She was in London on a holiday with her mother, and as I happened to be there with my new family I gave her a day.

“Every Monday we have Thinking Day,” she had said, of her school. “We think about the Brownies and the Baden-Powells and sometimes Jesus and all.”

“Do you, really?”

“I can’t *really*,” Rhoda had said. “I never met any of them.”

“Are you happy, at least?” I said, to justify my belief that no one was ever needed. But the savage little girl had become an extremely careful one.

That afternoon, at a matinée performance of “Peter Pan,” I went to sleep. The slaughter of the pirates woke me, and as I turned, confident, expecting her to be rapt, I encountered a face of refusal. She tucked her lips in, folded her hands, and shrugged away when I helped her into a taxi.

"I'm sorry, I should not have slept in your company," I said. "It was impolite."

"It wasn't that," she burst out. "It was 'Peter Pan.' I hated it. It wasn't what I expected. You could see the wires. Mrs. Darling didn't look right. She didn't have a lovely dress on—only an old pink thing like a nightgown. Nana wasn't a real dog, it was a lady. I couldn't understand anything they said. Peter Pan wasn't a boy, he had bosoms."

"I noticed that, too," I said. "There must be a sound traditional reason for it. Perhaps Peter is really a mother figure."

"No, he's a *boy*."

I intercepted, again, a glance of stony denial—of me? We had scarcely met.

"I couldn't understand. They all had English accents," she complained.

For some reason that irritated me. "What the hell did you expect them to have?" I said.

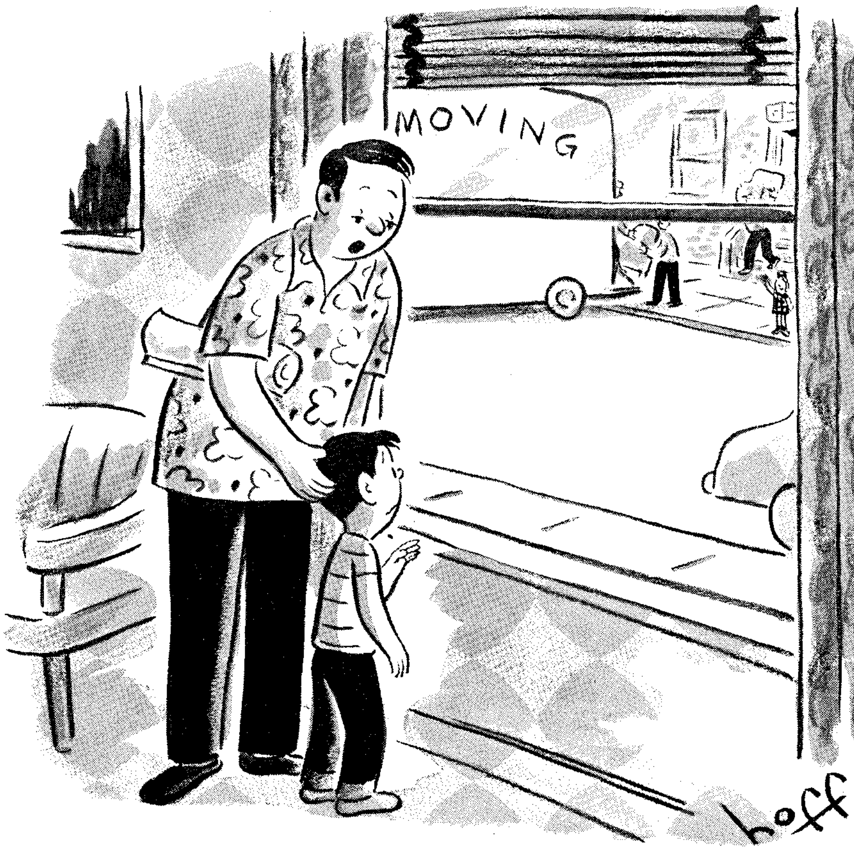
"When I was little," said the nine-year-old, close to tears now, "I thought they were all Canadian."

THE old car Joanne had given me was down on the beach, on the hard sand, with ribbons of tire tracks behind it as a sign of life, and my luggage locked inside. It had been there a few hours and already it looked abandoned—an old heap someone had left to rust among the lava rock. The sky was lighter than it had seemed from the porch. I picked up a sand dollar, chalky and white, with the tree of life on its underside, and as I slid it in my pocket, for luck, I felt between my fingers a rush of sand. I had spoken the truth, in part; the landscape through which I had recently travelled still shuddered before my eyes and I would not go back. I heard, then saw, Rhoda running down to where I stood. Her hair, which she wore gathered up in a bun, was half down, and she breathed, running, with her lips apart. For the first time I remembered something of the way she had seemed as a child, something more than an anecdote. She clutched my arm and said, "Why did you say I should ditch him? *Why?*"

I disengaged my arm, because she was hurting me, and said, "He can only give you bad habits."

"At my age?"

"Any age. Dissimulation. Voluntary barrenness—someone else has had his children. Playing house, a Peter-and-Wendy game, a life he would never dare try at home. There's the real meaning of Peter, by the way." But she had forgotten.



"There'll be other Miriams, Son. Lots and lots of them."

She clutched me again, to steady herself, and said, "I'm old enough to know everything. I'll soon be in my thirties. That's all I care to say."

It seemed to me I had only recently begun making grave mistakes. I had until now accepted all my children, regardless of who their mothers were. The immortality I had imagined had not been in them but on the faces of women in love. I saw, on the dark beach, Rhoda's mother, the soft hysterical girl whose fatal "I am pregnant" might have enmeshed me for life.

I said, "I wish they would find a substitute for immortality."

"I'm working on it," said Rhoda, grimly, seeming herself again. She let go my arm and watched me unlock the car door. "You'd have hated it here," she said, then, pleading, "You wouldn't want to live here like some charity case—have me support you?"

"I'd be enchanted," I said.

"No, no, you'd hate it," she said. "I couldn't look after you. I haven't got time. And you'd keep thinking I should do better than *him*, and the truth is I can't. You wouldn't want to end up like some old relation, fed in the kitchen and all."

"I don't know," I said. "It would be new."

"Oh," she cried, with what seemed unnecessary despair, "what did you come for? All right," she said. "I give up. You asked for it. You can stay. I mean, I'm inviting you. You can sit around and say, 'Oxbow was a Cheswick charmer,' all day and when someone says to me, 'Where jer father get his accent?' I'll say, 'It was a whole way of life.' But remember, you're not a prisoner or anything, around here. You can go whenever you don't like the food. I mean, if you don't like it, don't come to me and say, 'I don't like the food.' You're not my prisoner," she yelled, though her face was only a few inches from mine. "You're only my father. That's all you are."

—MAVIS GALLANT

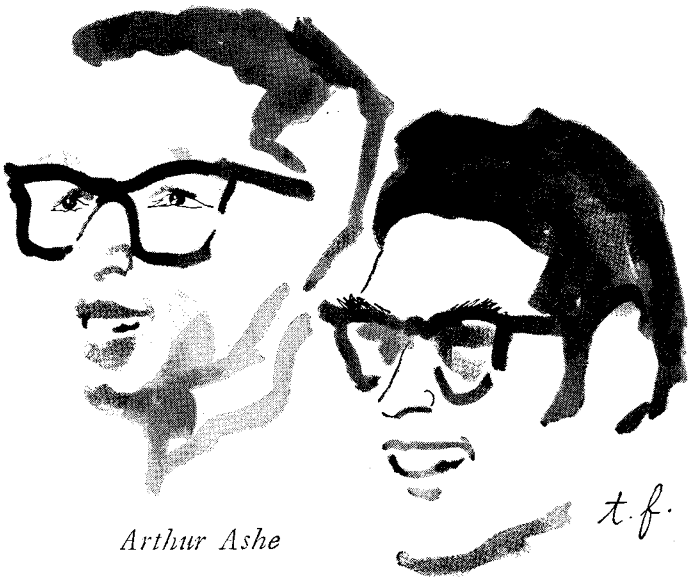
•

The amalgamation of these two actors meant more than the obvious publicity benefits. "Do you know I have three television sets now?" the giggling Stefanie asked. "Wait a minute. *Six* television sets! Gary has two. We have two houses, four automobiles, a motorcycle and a three-room Victorian flat in Hampstead [London], England. It's absolutely ridiculous. We are people of extremes."—*TV Guide.*

And yours is no amalgamation; it's a conglomerate.

PROFILES

LEVELS OF THE GAME—I



Arthur Ashe

Clark Graebner

Arthur Ashe, his feet apart, his knees slightly bent, lifts a tennis ball into the air. The toss is high and forward. If the ball were allowed to drop, it would, in Ashe's words, "make a parabola and fall to the grass three feet in front of the baseline." He has practiced tossing a tennis ball just so thousands of times. But he is going to hit this one. His feet draw together. His body straightens and tilts forward far beyond the point of balance. He is falling. The force of gravity and a muscular momentum from legs to arm compound as he whips his racquet up and over the ball. He weighs a hundred and fifty-five pounds; he is six feet tall, and right-handed. His build is barely full enough not to be describable as frail, but his coördination is so extraordinary that the ball comes off his racquet at furious speed. With a step forward that stops his fall, he moves to follow.

On the other side of the net, the serve hits the grass and, taking off in a fast skid, is intercepted by the backhand of Clark Graebner. Graebner has a plan for this match. He does not intend to "hit out" much. Even if he sees the moon, he may decide not to shoot it. He will, in his words, "play the ball in the court and make Arthur play it, because Arthur blows his percentages by always trying a difficult or acute shot. Arthur sometimes tends to miss easy shots more often than he makes hard shots. The only way to get his confidence down is to get every shot into the court and let him make mistakes." Graebner, standing straight up, pulls his racquet across and then away from the ball as if he had touched something hot, and with this gesture he blocks back Ashe's serve.

Ashe has crossed no man's land and is already astride the line between the service boxes, waiting to volley. Only an extraordinarily fast human being could make a move of that distance so quickly. Graebner's return is a good one. It comes low over the net and descends toward Ashe's backhand. Ashe will not be able to hit the ball with power from down there. Having no choice, he hits it up, and weakly—but deep—to Graebner's backhand.

Graebner is mindful of his strategy: Just hit the ball in the court, Clark. Just hit the ball in the court. But Graebner happens to be as powerful as anyone who plays tennis. He is six feet two inches tall; he weighs a hundred and seventy-five pounds. The firmly structured muscles of his legs stand out in symmetrical perfection. His frame is large, but his reactions are instant and there is nothing sluggish about him. He is right-handed, and his right forearm is more than a foot in circumference. His game is built on power. His backswing is short, his strokes are compact; nonetheless, the result is explosive. There have to be exceptions to any general strategy. Surely this particular shot is a setup, a sitter, hanging there soft and helpless in the air. With a vicious backhand drive, Graebner tries to blow the ball crosscourt, past Ashe. But it goes into the net. Fifteen-love.

Graebner is nervous. He looks down at his feet sombrely. This is Forest Hills, and this is one of the semifinal matches in the first United States Open Championships. Graebner and Ashe are both Americans. The other semifinalists are a Dutchman and an Australian. It has been thirteen years since an American won the men's-singles final at Forest Hills, and this match will determine whether Ashe or Graebner is to have a chance to be the first American since Tony Trabert to win it all. Ashe and Graebner are still amateurs, and it was imagined that in this tournament, playing against professionals, they wouldn't have much of a chance. But they are here, close to the finish, playing each other. For Graebner to look across a net and see Ashe—and the reverse—is not in itself unusual. They were both born in 1943, they have known each other since they were thirteen, and they have played tournaments and exhibitions and have practiced together in so many countries and seasons that details blur. They are members of the United States Davis Cup Team and, as such, travel together throughout the year, playing for the United States—and also entering general tournaments less as individuals than en bloc, with the team.

A person's tennis game begins with his nature and background and comes out through his motor mechanisms into shot patterns and characteristics of play. If he is deliberate, he is a deliberate tennis player; and if he is flamboyant, his game probably is, too. A tight, close match unmarred by error and representative of each player's game at its highest level will be primarily a psychological struggle, particularly when the players are so familiar with each other that there can be no technical surprises. There is nothing about Ashe's game that Graebner does not know, and Ashe says that he knows Graebner's game "like a favorite tune." Ashe feels that Graebner plays the way he does because he is a middle-class white conservative. Graebner feels that Ashe plays the way he does because he is black. Ashe, at this moment, is nervous. He is famous for what journalists have called his "majestic cool," his "towering calm," his "icy elegance." But he is scared stiff, and other tennis players who know him well can see this, because it is literally true. His legs are stiff. Now, like a mechanical soldier, he walks into position to serve again. He lifts the ball, and hits it down the middle.

Ashe's principal problem in tennis has been consistency. He has brilliance to squander, but steadiness has not been characteristic of him. He shows this, woodenly hitting three volleys into the net in this first game, letting Graebner almost break him, then shooting his way out of trouble with two serves hit so hard that Graebner cannot touch them. Ashe wins the first game. Graebner shrugs and tells himself, "He really snuck out of that one."

Ashe and Graebner walk to the umpire's chair to towel off and wipe their glasses before exchanging ends of the court. Both wear untinted, black-rimmed, shatterproof glasses, and neither uses any kind of strap to hold them on. "They just stay on," Ashe will say, shoving them with his forefinger back to the bridge of his nose. Graebner's glasses have extra-long temples that curl around his ears like ram's horns. The sun is really fierce. The temperature is in the eighties. Fourteen thousand people are in the stadium. Graebner is mumbling. One of Ashe's winning serves came as a result of confusion among the officials, who delayed the action while discussing some recondite point, and, because of the delay, awarded Ashe, in accordance with the rules of the game, an extra first serve. Ashe, who seldom says much to Graebner during visits to the umpire's chair, does use the occasion now to tell Graebner that he believes the officials' decision was fair and correct. Graebner glares but says nothing. Graebner's memory for lost points and adverse calls is nothing short of perfect, and months later he will still be talking about that extra serve that turned into an ace, for he can't help thinking what an advantage he might have had if he had been able to crack Ashe open in the very first game, as he almost did anyway. Ashe, for his part, believes that it is a law of sport that everything that happens affects everything that happens thereafter, and that Graebner can simply have no idea what patterns might have followed if he had won the debated point. Having so indicated, Ashe returns to the court. It is now Graebner's turn to serve.

To the question Who has a bigger serve than Arthur Ashe?, the answer is Clark Graebner. The word most frequently used by tennis players describing Graebner's serve is "crunch": "He just tosses the ball up and crunches it." Graebner's big frame rocks backward over his right leg, then rocks forward over his left as he lifts the ball for his first serve of the match. Crunch. Ace. Right down the middle at a hundred and thirty miles an hour. Ashe is ten feet from the ball when it crosses the baseline. His racquet is only about halfway back when the ball hits the wall behind him. His face showing no expression, Ashe marches to the opposite side of the court and turns to receive the next serve. At any given moment of action, some thoughts that cross the mind of an athlete are quite conscious and others are just there, beneath the surface. Ashe will remember later on that at this particular moment in this match he is thinking, "Jesus, Graebner really hits the hell out of that first serve. He starts fast. He served nine aces in the first set against Stolle at Wimbledon, and it was over in no time." Graebner serves again—

THE LOWERING (ARLINGTON CEMETERY, JUNE 8, 1968)

The
flag
is folded
lengthwise,
and lengthwise
again,

folding toward the
open edge,
so that the union of stars
on the blue
field remains outward in full view;

a triangular folding is then begun
at the striped end,
by bringing the corner of the folded edge
to the open edge;
the outer point, turned inward

along the open edge,
forms the next triangular fold;
the folding continued so, until the end is reached,
the final corner tucked between
the folds of the blue union,
the form of the folded flag

is found to resemble that
of a 3-cornered pouch, or thick cocked hat.
Take this flag, John Glenn, instead of a friend;

instead of a brother, Edward
Kennedy, take this flag;

instead of a father, Joe
Kennedy, take this flag;
this flag instead of a husband, Ethel
Kennedy, take this flag;

this 9-times-folded
red-white-striped, star-spotted-blue flag,
tucked and pocketed neatly, Nation,
instead of a leader, take

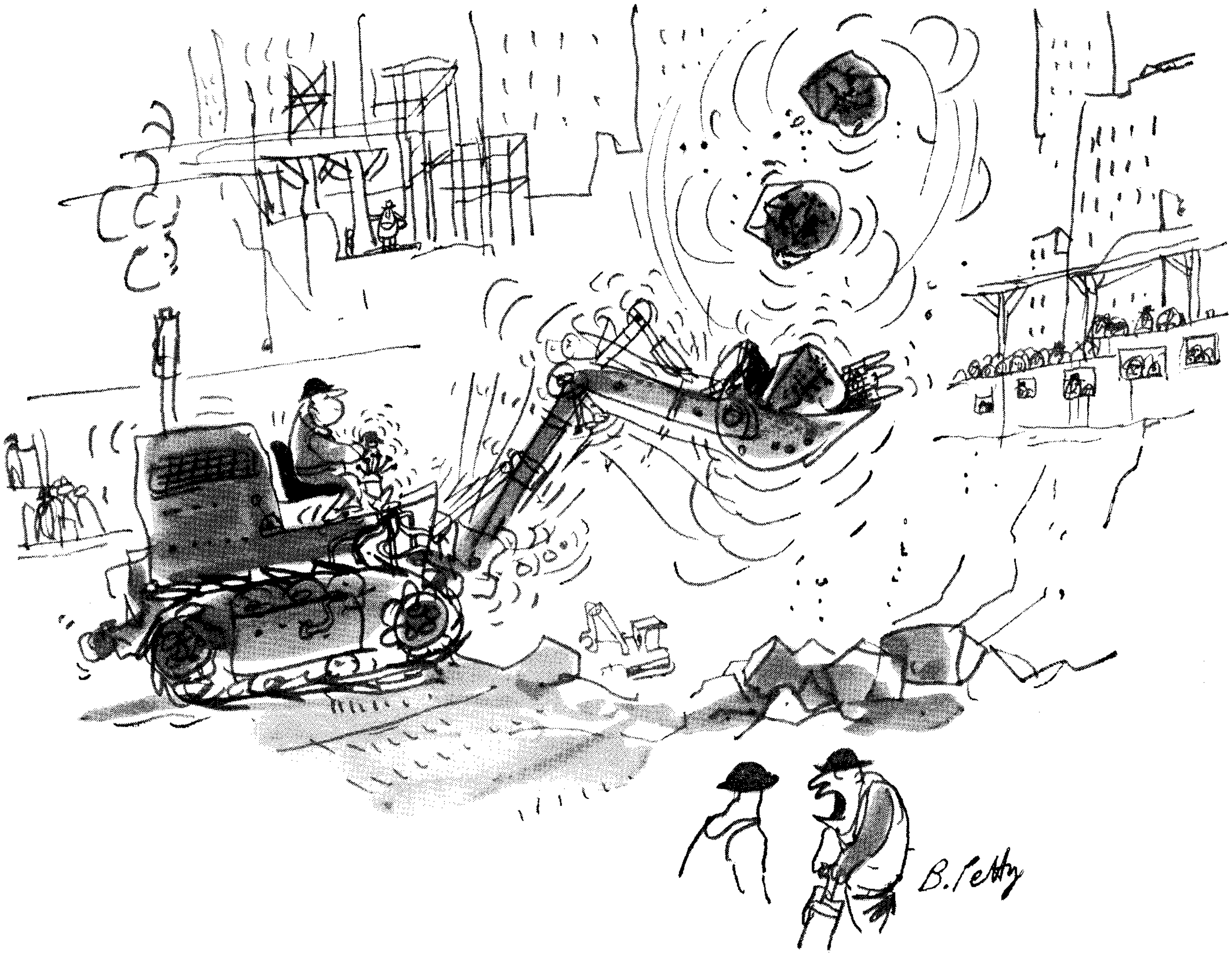
this folded flag. Robert
Kennedy, coffin without coverlet,

beside this hole in the grass,
beside your brother, John
Kennedy, in the grass,
take, instead of a country,
this folded flag;
Robert

Kennedy, take
this hole
in the
grass.

—May Swenson

• •

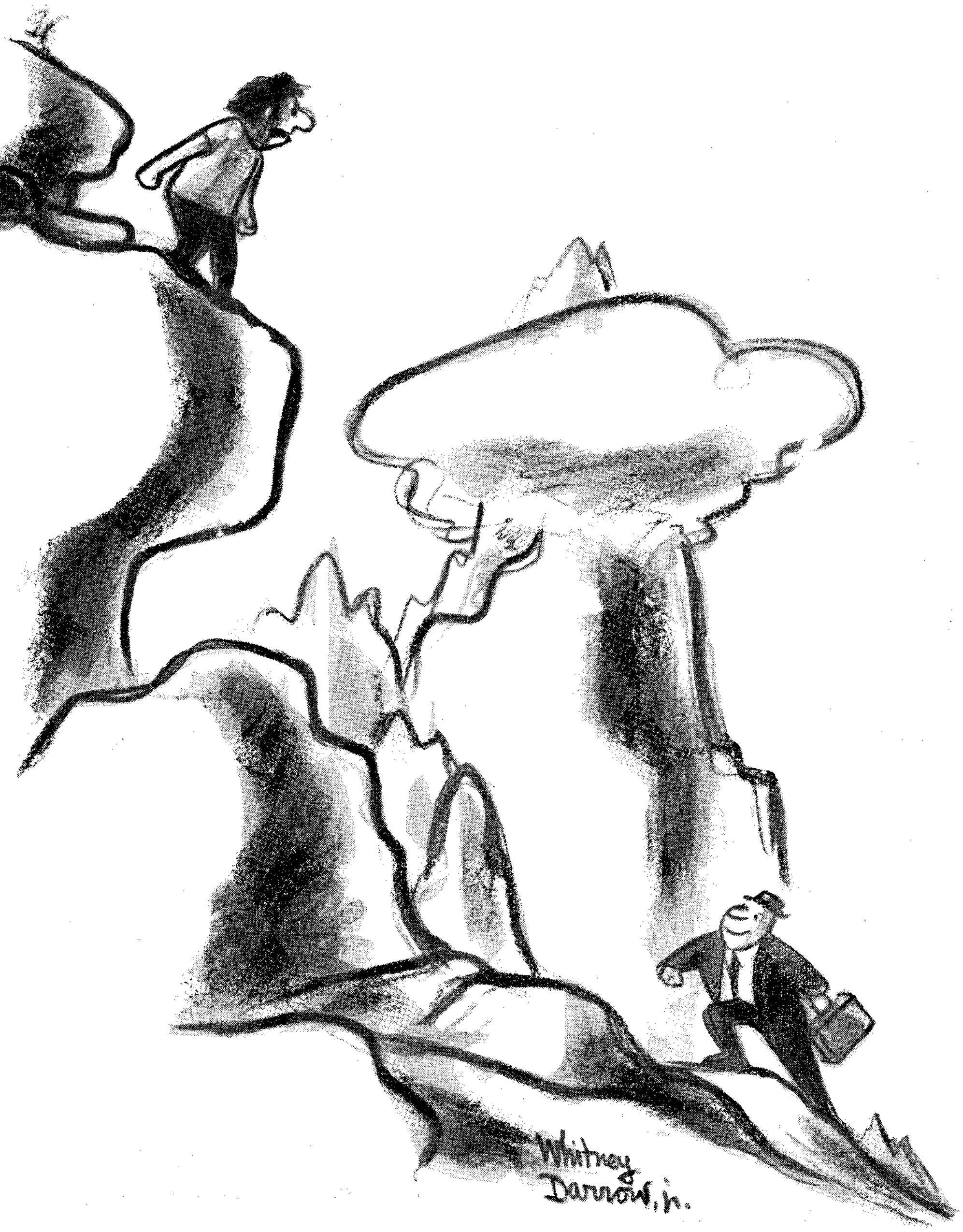


"I'm not saying he isn't good, I'm saying he's a showoff."

• •

crunch, ace, right down the middle. Graebner is buoyant with sudden confidence. Ashe marches stiff-legged back across the court. The second game is Graebner's quickly. Games are one—all, first set.

Ashe lifts the ball and leans in to serve. Graebner sways and crouches as he waits. It must have cost at least two hundred thousand dollars to produce this scene—to develop the two young men and to give them the equipment, the travel, and the experience necessary for a rise to this level. The expense has been shared by parents, sponsors, tournament committees, the Davis Cup Team, and the United States Lawn Tennis Association, and by resort hotels, sporting-goods companies, Coca-Cola, and other interested commercial supporters. The players themselves paid their way to Forest Hills for this match, though—twenty cents apiece, on the subway. Graebner lives in an apartment on East Eighty-sixth Street with his wife, Carole; their one-year-old daughter, Cameron; and their infant son, Clark. Graebner spends much of his time selling high-grade printing papers, as assistant to the president of the Hobson Miller division of Saxon Industries, and he is in love with his work. He knows the exact height and tensile strength of the corporate ladder. His boss likes tennis very much, so Graebner's present rung is the handle of a racquet. Ashe is an Army lieutenant, working in the office of the adjutant general at the United States Military Academy. He is a bachelor, and during tournament time at Forest Hills he stays at the Hotel Roosevelt. The Army is almost as tennis-minded as Graebner's boss, and Ashe has been given ample time for the game. But tennis is not, in any traditional sense, a game to him. "I get my kicks away from the tennis court," he will say. With accumulated leave time, he plans to go on safari in Kenya. It will be his first trip to Africa. In 1735, the Doddington, a square-rigger of eighty tons and Liverpool registry, sailed into the York River in Virginia carrying a cargo of a hundred and sixty-seven West African blacks. In or near Yorktown, the ship's captain, James Copland, traded the blacks for tobacco. One young woman, known only by a number, was acquired by Robert Blackwell, a tobacco grower from Lunenburg County. Blackwell gave her to his son as a wedding present—in the records of the county, she was listed only as "a Negur girl." According to custom, she took the name of her owner. She married a man who, having the same owner, was also named Blackwell, and they had a daughter, Lucy, whose value is given in her owner's will at fifty dollars. Lucy Blackwell married Moses Blackwell, and their daughter Peggy Blackwell had a daughter named Peggy Blackwell, who married her cousin Tony Blackwell. Their daughter Jinney married Mike, an otherwise nameless Indian of the Sauk tribe who was a blood relative of Chief Black Hawk. The preacher who married them told Mike to call himself Mike


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"The coupon expressly said no salesman would call."

Blackwell forevermore. Jinney and Mike had a son named Hammett, who, in this chain of beings, was the last slave. Hammett was born in 1839. In 1856, he married Julia Tucker. They had twenty-three children. When he became free, he should have been given forty acres and a mule, of course, but no one gave them to him, so he bought his forty acres, in Dundas, Virginia. On the Blackwell plantation, where Hammett had lived, the plantation house—white frame, with columns—still stands, vacant and moldering. The slave cabin is there, too, its roof half peeled away. Hammett's daughter Sadie married Willie Johnson, and their daughter Amelia married Pinkney Avery Ashe. His family line reached back, in analogous fashion, to the ownership of Samuel Ashe, an early governor of the State of North Carolina, whose name, until now, has been kept alive largely by the continuing existence of Asheville. Pinkney and Amelia had a son named Arthur, who, in 1938, married Mattie Cunningham, of Richmond. Their son Arthur Junior was born in 1943.

All these names are presented on separate leaves or limbs of an enormous family tree—six by seven feet, and painted on canvas—that is kept in the home of Thelma Doswell, a cousin of Arthur Ashe. Mrs. Doswell, who lives in the District of Columbia and is a teacher of children who have specific learning disabilities, did much of the research that produced the tree, using vacation time to travel to courthouses and libraries in southern Virginia. There are fifteen hundred leaves on the tree, and one leaf—Arthur Ashe, Jr.'s—is painted gold. Matrilineal in nature, the tree was made for display at annual reunions of the family, which have been held in various cities—Washington, Bridgeport, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh—and have drawn above three hundred people. The family has a crest, in crimson, black, and gold. A central chevron in this escutcheon bears a black chain with a broken link, symbolizing the broken bonds of slavery. Below the broken chain is a black well. And in the upper corners, where the crest of a Norman family might have fleurs-de-lis, this one has tobacco leaves, in trifoliate clusters. Graebner has no idea whatever when his forebears first came to this country.

Graebner has the sun behind him now, and he means to use it. He runs around Ashe's serve, takes it on his forehand, and drives the ball up the middle. Graebner's favorite stroke is his forehand, and Ashe thinks that Graebner sometimes hits his forehands about twice as hard as he needs to, for pure Teutonic pleasure. Ashe punches back a deep volley, and Graebner throws a lob into the sun. Ashe moves back lightly, looking for the ball. In a characteristic that is pretty much his own, he prepares for overheads by pointing at the ball as it arcs down from the sky. He is like an anti-aircraft installation. Left arm up, fist closed, index finger extended, he continues to point at the ball until he has all but caught it. His racquet meanwhile dangles behind his back. Then it whips upward in the same motion as for a serve. He picks the ball out of the sun this time, but not well enough, and his shot goes into the net. Graebner plays on according to plan, forcing Ashe into another error, then finding a chance to send another lob into the sun. Ashe drops back, points, smashes—into the net. The score is now fifteen-forty. All Graebner needs is one more point to break Ashe's serve. Ashe maintains his cool appearance, but he is thinking, "My God, what's happening? Here he goes. He's going to get the first

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set. And if he does, my confidence is going right down the tube. Graebner is a front-runner, very tough when he's ahead. Someday he's going to get the lead on me and he's not going to give it up." In this game, Ashe's first serve has not once been successful. Perhaps enlivened by his fears, the next one goes in, hard and wide, drawing Graebner off balance, but Graebner reaches the ball and sends it low over the net and down the line. Ashe picks it up with a half volley and tries to flick it crosscourt at an acute angle, far from Graebner's reach—a fantastic shot, unbelievable. Other tennis players wonder who in his right mind would attempt something like that, but this is the way Ashe plays the game—the all but impossible shot at the tensest moment. As it happens, the shot goes out. Graebner wins the game. His strategy pays off. Ashe's serve is broken. If this were a wrestling match, Graebner could be said to have thrown his man.

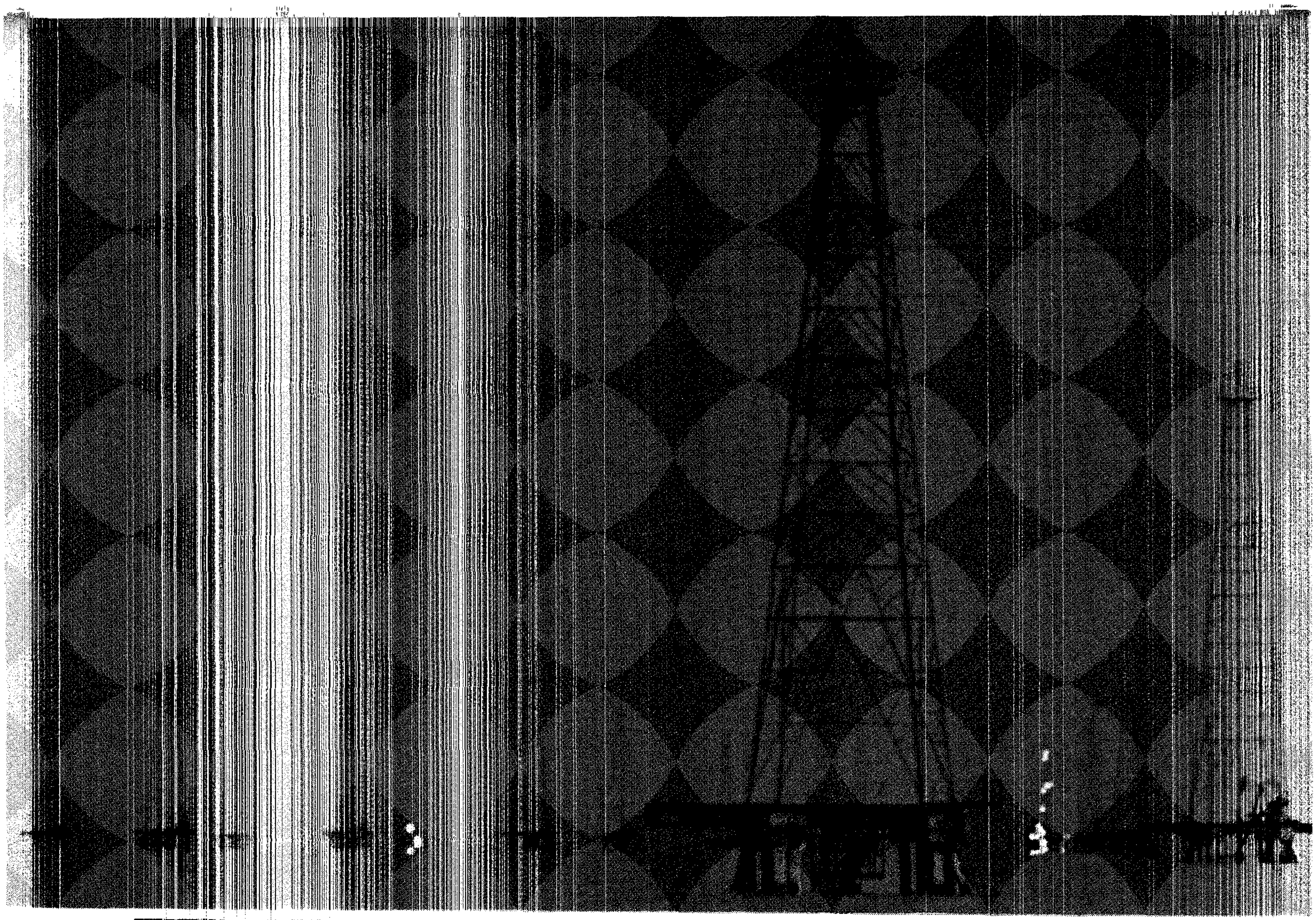
Behind every tennis player there is another tennis player, and in Graebner's case the other player is his father. Clark grew up in Lakewood, Ohio, and played tennis as a boy in Lakewood Park, at Lakewood High School, and at clubs in Cleveland and Shaker Heights. Paul Graebner, Clark's father, grew up in Lakewood, and played tennis as a boy in Lakewood Park, at Lakewood High School, and at clubs in Cleveland and Shaker Heights. He was the state high-school tennis champion—a title his son would win three times. He was on the tennis team at Kenyon College and played briefly on the tournament circuit in the Middle West. He went to dental school at Western Reserve University and then went into practice with his own father, Clark's grandfather. From then until now, the major diversion of Dr. Graebner's life has continued to be tennis. His week revolves around Wednesday-afternoon and Saturday doubles games. When Clark was a beginner, however, Dr. Graebner completely gave up his own tennis for five years, and every Wednesday and Saturday and at all other practicable times he took Clark to a tennis court and patiently taught him the game. Clark was an only child, as Dr. Graebner himself had been. Clark's mother, Janet Clark Graebner, was an only child, too. Clark was seven when the formal instruction began, but he had regularly hit ground strokes with a squash racquet against a basement wall when he was three years old. Within a short time, his absolutely favorite activity was smashing tennis balls, with a proper racquet, against the door of the family garage. His mother would say to friends, "My one great big weapon over his head is 'If you don't take a nap, you can't hit the tennis ball against the garage door.' " The door happened to have windows in it, and little Clark's already Wagnerian forehand had a tendency to penetrate the glass. That was all right. Dr. Graebner covered the windows with Masonite.

When Dr. Graebner first hit strokes back and forth with Clark, they did not use a net. Dr. Graebner wanted Clark to hit a good flat stroke with follow-through, and not to worry about its altitude. When the foundation was grooved, they began to hit across a net, and to build Clark's game, shot by shot, through sheer repetition—backhands crosscourt, forehands crosscourt, forehands down the line, backhands down the line, lobs. Gradually, he just grew up into his overhead. "Every shot I hit now is built on the rudiments of my father's strokes," Clark acknowledges. "He taught me everything. I don't think he wanted to make me a champion. He just wanted to make me as good as I wanted to be. He hit balls at me for hundreds of thousands of hours, as if he were a Ball-Boy machine."

There are in tennis any number of devices that are used as teaching aids, the Ball-Boy machine, a four-hundred-dollar mortar that belches tennis balls, being one. The Graebners used none. "I was the only device. I was the only device," Dr. Graebner says. "I wasn't trying to build a champion. I was trying to get him interested in something he could do all his life."

"We did not push Clark into tennis." (Mrs. Graebner is talking.) "It was Clark's idea. No one pushed him. He was good at baseball. He might have been a baseball player. When he was nine and ready for the Little League, his father pointed out to him that he really couldn't do both baseball and tennis, and said, 'It's your decision.' Clark said, 'There is no decision,' and he gave up baseball."

Dr. Graebner did step in unequivocally when Clark showed an interest in ice hockey. "You have too much at stake, with all that you enjoy so much, to have it stopped by someone with



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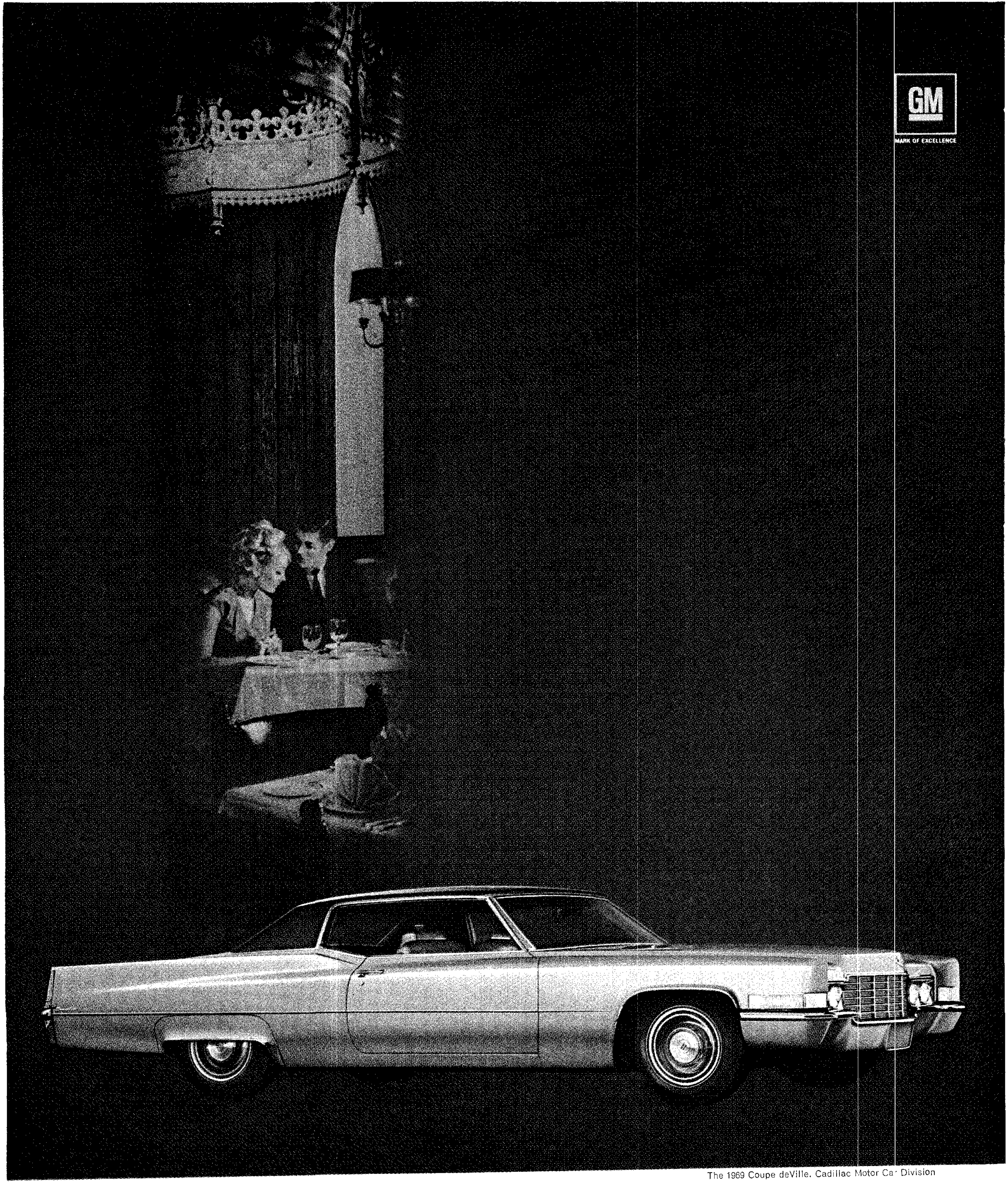

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one blow of a hockey stick," he said.

When Clark was first learning his tennis, Dr. Graebner in winter rented a junior-high-school gymnasium on Saturdays, and, later, took him to the indoor courts at the Cleveland Skating Club. "He hit and hit and hit," Dr. Graebner says. "He never got tired of it. You couldn't get him to stop." Dr. Graebner did what he could to keep Clark on the baseline and force him to learn ground strokes—"Get back! Get back! You're edging up again. Get back! Get your fanny around. You're not getting your hips into it"—but Clark showed considerable precocity in his desire to get to the net. Most junior players tap ground strokes at one another for four hours a match, but Graebner, even when he was ten, was playing the Big Game—going for the net, trying for the sudden kill. "From a little tyke on, he had a lot of coördination," his father says. "He had it. He was a natural."

When Dr. Graebner and Clark were not on a tennis court together, they hit badminton cocks in their back yard or played ping-pong in the basement—anything that would improve the relationship between hand and eye. Clark shot pool with his mother. Asked what the family did for vacations, Mrs. Graebner says, "Vacations? You're kidding. We went to Florida so Clark could play tennis." Lakewood is just west of Cleveland, and almost every summer afternoon in his early playing years Clark went to Lakewood Park—about eighteen acres under big elm and buckeye trees, with a bandstand, bowling greens, horseshoe pitches, and eight cement tennis courts. If his father was not with him, he played with older children, or firemen, policemen, doctors. When he was ten years old, he travelled across Cleveland to a tournament in Shaker Heights, and this was his first appearance on the East Side. A boy who lived there was Warren Danne, eleven years old at the time and so much in love with tennis that he had decided he wanted to be the best tennis player in the world. Danne would eventually be the captain of the Princeton tennis team, and in the years of early adolescence he would be the doubles partner and inseparable friend of Clark Graebner. But now, as a child, watching Clark for the first time, Warren quietly took in all the grace and power that Clark already had and decided at that moment that he was going to try to become the second-best tennis player in the world.

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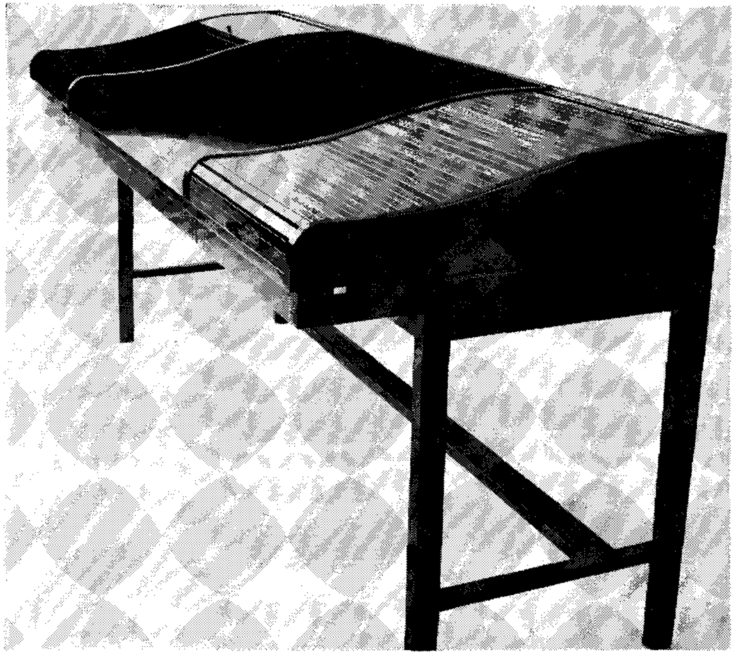

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through the balance of the first set, unstoppable. He hits the ball six times and wins another game. He steps aside and lets Ashe's service games go by him like fast-moving cars; then he bears down some more. Both players talk to themselves. Tennis players are forever talking to themselves, sometimes out loud, and not infrequently at a volume high enough to be heard in the upper stands.

"I should be trying something bold," Ashe says. "He's just booming his serves in there."

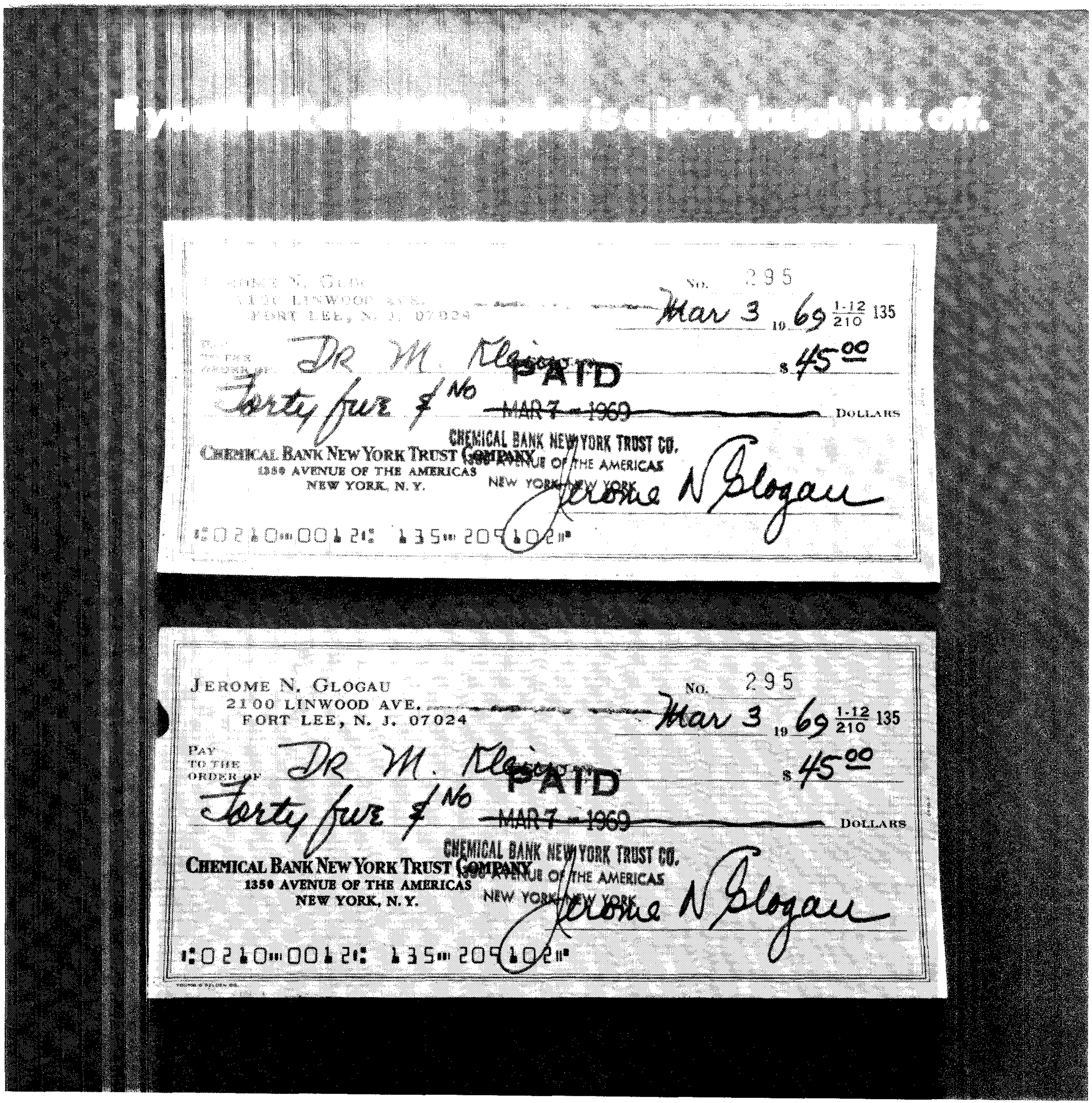
Graebner hits a forehand down the line. "*Get* in there," he says.

An Ashe backhand drops eight feet inside the baseline. "Don't be chicken. *Hit* the ball."

"Go *through* the ball. Don't come straight up."... "I don't believe it."... "I didn't move through that one. I was all arms on that shot."... "Turn your shoulder."... "Jesus, that was close."... "That's too tough."... "Graebner's saving himself for the next game."... "I've got that shot down pretty well now, that slicing backhand crosscourt."... "Unbelievable!"... "Too tough."... "Arthur hasn't hit a return in the court."

Graebner is almost correct. In the entire first set, Ashe returns only three of Graebner's big first serves. Points are over quickly. Only one game goes as far as deuce. The longest point played in the set consists of six shots. The average number of strokes per point is two and a half.

Ashe and Graebner play tennis with an efficiency that is thought by some to diminish tennis itself. Modern power tennis—the so-called Big Game (overwhelming serves followed by savage attacks at the net)—has now had many years in which to evolve, and Ashe and Graebner are among the ultimate refinements of it in the United States. Statistics of tennis published half a dozen years ago gave twenty-four hundred strokes as the expectable number that would be hit by two players playing serve-and-volley tennis in a match of average length (faulted serves excluded). If a spectator closes his eyes while Ashe and Graebner are playing, he is impressed by the cumulative silence. The stretches between points are long compared to the points themselves—sudden detonations quickly over, sporadic fire on a quiet front. This match between Ashe and Graebner will be of average length, and when it is over they will have hit the ball—all faulted serves *included*—eight hundred and twenty-one times. After matches with Ashe or Graeb-



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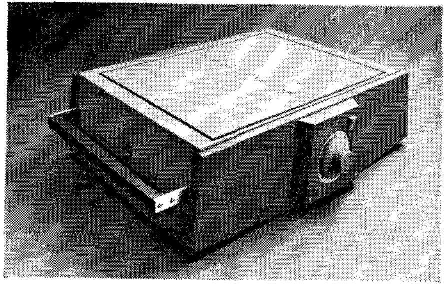

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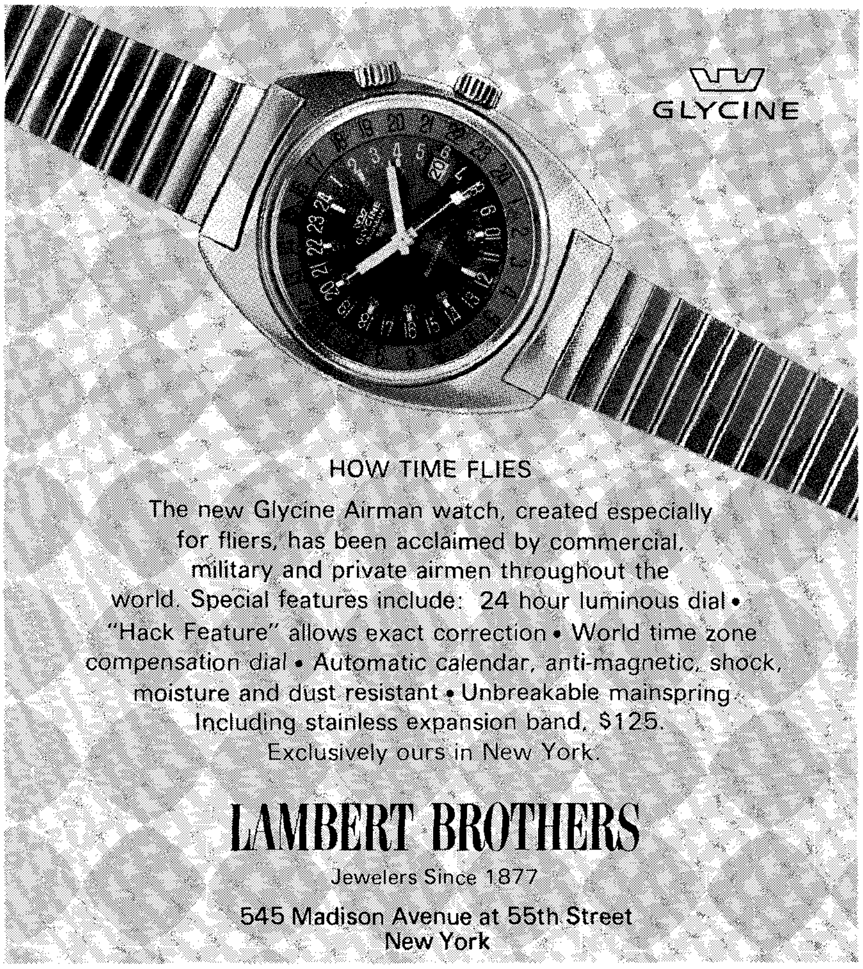

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ner, some players have complained that they "didn't get enough tennis."

Reformers who remember the Old Game and think something should be done about this one have suggested eliminating the first serve or making the server serve from several feet behind the baseline. Possibly the best suggestion is that the serve be left intact—for the sheer spectacle of it—but that the server not play his next shot without first letting the ball bounce. This would tend to keep the server back near the baseline and remove the homicide from his following shot. Breaking serve would not so routinely be tantamount to breaking open a set. However, there are plenty of people who like tennis the way Ashe and Graebner play it. It is the megagame. It has the spectral charm of a Joe Louis stalking a Billy Conn in silence and then dropping him with a few echoing thuds.

Both Ashe and Graebner have a great deal of finesse in reserve behind their uncomplicated power, but it surfaces once or twice a game rather than once or twice a point. Ashe is a master of drop shots, of drop half volleys, of miscellaneous dinks and chips. He is, in the idiom of tennis, very tough at cat-and-mouse—the texture of the game in which both players, near the net, exchange light, flippy shots, acutely angled and designed for inaccessibility. Graebner is a deft volleyer, reacting quickly and dangerously at the net, but in general—although the two players technically have the same sort of game—Graebner does not have the variety of shots or the versatility that Ashe has. Ashe says that Graebner "could use a little more junk in his game."

Junk is the last thing Graebner needs at this moment. He is hitting so hard and so accurately that there is very little Ashe can do. Graebner says to himself, "Look at him. He's just slapping at my serves." Graebner is closing out the set. He is serving, and he leads five games to four and forty-fifteen. He lifts the ball. Crunch. Ace. Right down the middle. Set to Graebner. He wins the first set, six games to four. For the second time in a quarter of an hour, Ashe feels his confidence going right down the tube.

FROM 1946 through 1961, the United States Lawn Tennis Association's national Interscholastic Championships were held on the courts of the University of Virginia, in Charlottesville. One June day in 1949, a doctor from Lynchburg happened to be driving through Charlottesville, and when

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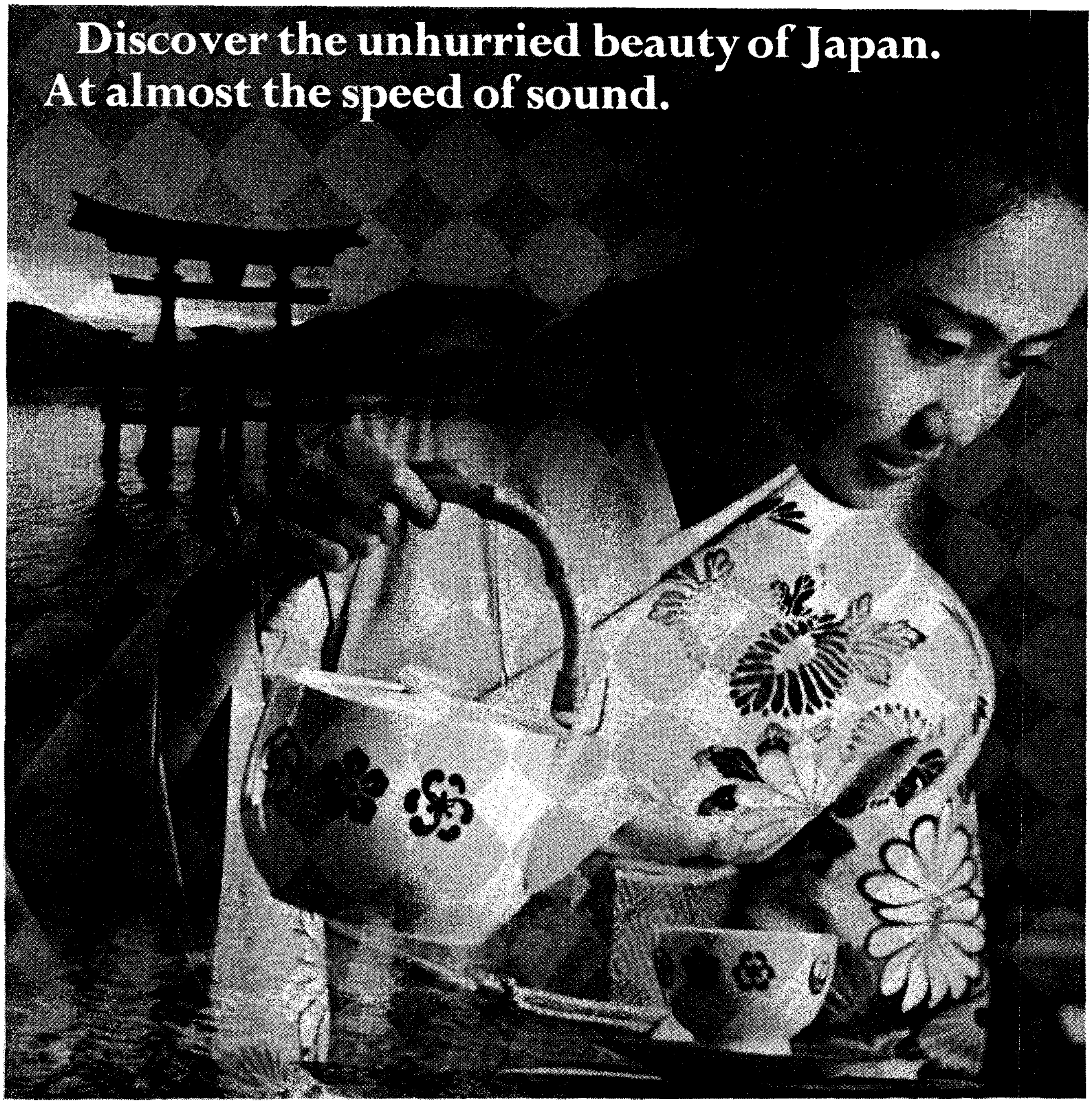
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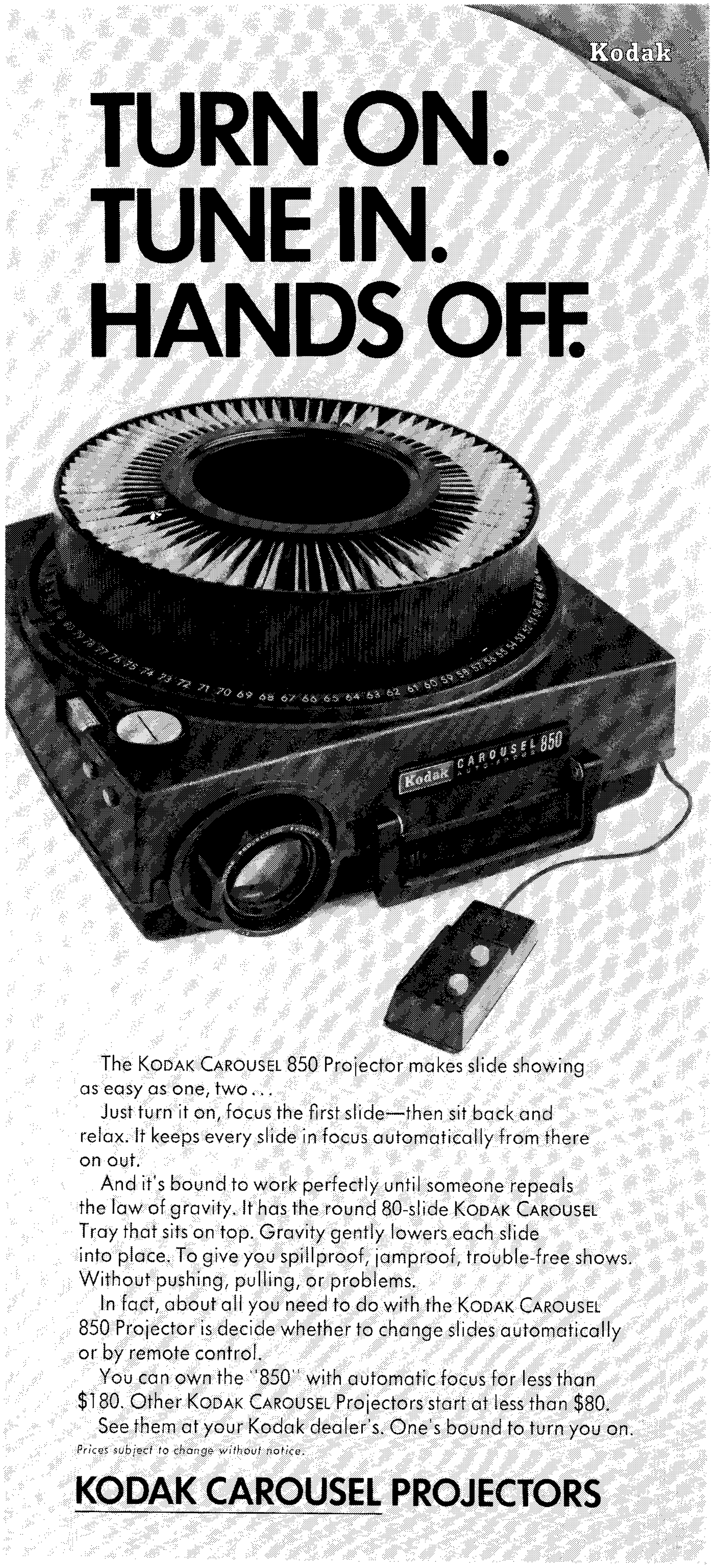
he saw all the tennis going on he stopped to watch. The high quality of the play—these were the best high-school and prep-school players in the United States—impressed him almost to the point of melancholy. Before he left, he went up to the referee of the matches and introduced himself—Robert Walter Johnson, M.D. He told the referee that he had a tennis court at home and was trying to develop some young players, and that if he could bring them over to Charlottesville sometime there would be no need to feed them or to provide rooms for them, because he would take them home after the matches each day, the distance being only sixty miles. Having said all that, Dr. Johnson asked the referee, E. T. Penzold, of Norfolk, what might be done to get the Lynchburg boys into the Charlottesville tournament.

"Fill out an application," said Penzold. "Just give me your address, and I'll send you one this winter."

Dr. Johnson had built his court in the mid-nineteen-thirties, when tennis had come to assume a priority in his mind second only to medicine. For him, this was the ultimate game in a lifetime accented with sports. He had grown up in Plymouth, North Carolina, and, as a kind of roving athlete, had gone to several universities, including Shaw, Virginia Union, and Lincoln. As a halfback at Lincoln and captain of the football team, he wore no helmet, no shoulder pads. He avoided serious injury by—in his words—"doing most of my tackling by arm." He was known as Whirlwind Johnson, and he became the highest-scoring player in the records of the Colored Intercollegiate Athletic Association. In one game, in which Lincoln was the supposed underdog, he scored forty-eight points. He took his training at Meharry Medical College. When he began his practice in Lynchburg, he was thirty-five. "I knew, from medicine, that I had built up big heart muscles and that they had to have exercise to avoid fatty infiltration. This is why athletes drop dead. I didn't want to die that way. I tried a little basketball. That didn't pan out. Then I went all out for tennis. I was self-taught. I learned by watching white players. Tennis was the hardest game to master that I had ever contacted. I was an All-American football player a couple of years, a star baseball player—but tennis I just couldn't master. I played almost every afternoon at the colored Y.M.C.A."

When the level of Dr. Johnson's game went up, he began to travel ex-



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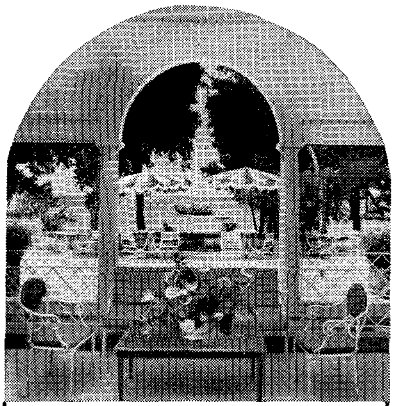

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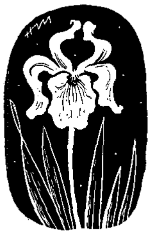
tensively to play in tournaments of the American Tennis Association, the black U.S.L.T.A. Dr. Johnson would become an important figure in the A.T.A., but in the thirties the organization was something less than cohesive and was in the hands of a group that Dr. Johnson describes as "powerful, vicious West Indians in New York." Tournaments were quite local, and Dr. Johnson and an entourage he annually assembled were among the few touring players. At times, he had two automobiles and as many as eight players in his group, and they hit all the major black tournaments—Orangeburg, Tuskegee, Charlotte, Fayetteville, Durham, Petersburg, Richmond, Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia, Plainfield, Elizabeth, Montclair, New York. Dr. Johnson invited stars like Jimmy Sides, of Chicago, to stay with him in Lynchburg and help improve his game—and to teach Robert Walter Johnson, Jr. Harmon Fitch, of Johnson C. Smith University, the 1935 A.T.A. intercollegiate champion, lived in Lynchburg with Dr. and Mrs. Johnson the summer he won his championship, and travelled with Dr. Johnson as his doubles partner. Dr. Johnson had come to tennis too late to be a singles champion—these were the years of Reginald Weir, Nathaniel Jackson, Franklin Jackson, Lloyd Scott, Jimmy McDaniel—but his name would eventually appear on the A.T.A. Championship Roll seven times as the mixed-doubles partner of Althea Gibson, for whose development as a tennis player he was in part responsible. The tennis court he had built on his property in Lynchburg was clay at first, and was converted to *en tout cas* in 1941 by a tennis-court-building firm with headquarters on Park Avenue, in New York. Dr. Johnson held annual invitation doubles tournaments on his court, bringing in players from near and far—the District of Columbia, North Carolina, New Jersey, Michigan. He paid all expenses, and he held these tournaments throughout the nineteen-forties, finally discontinuing them because they contributed nothing to young players' development, which by 1949 was what interested him most in the game.



In the first few moments as he watched the white schoolboys in Charlottesville that day, he realized that most of them were far better tennis players than the best of the players in the men's division of the A.T.A. This not only saddened him, it challenged him. From time to time over the years, he had read sports columns in which the idea was advanced that Negro athletes lacked finesse—that they might be good runners or jumpers but could never make it in a game like tennis. This idea greatly irritated Dr. Johnson, and while he was sitting there in Charlottesville that day he could not help remembering it. That winter, an application did arrive in the mail. Dr. Johnson filled it out, and two boys from Lynchburg were entered in the national interscholastics of 1950. Nothing was said about food or shelter, but Dr. Johnson imposed his own restriction. They would go home each night to Lynchburg. Dr. Johnson wanted the tennis, and he did not want to risk losing it for any reason. As it happened, those first two entrants were going home quickly anyway. They were beaten terribly—"just unmercifully," he says when he talks about it. "They were scared to death and they were slaughtered. We were humiliated." While Dr. Johnson watched this happening, he promised himself that if it took him the rest of his life he was going to develop a young black tennis player who would play at Charlottesville and go away as the national interscholastic champion.

Before leaving, Dr. Johnson apologized to Mr. Penzold for his players' poor showing. Penzold suggested that perhaps Dr. Johnson ought to look beyond Lynchburg. Maybe he should organize a Negro national interscholastic championship—say, in May—with the idea of bringing the two finalists to Charlottesville in June. Dr. Johnson did that, in May of 1951. The number of Negro high-school tennis players that could be seined out of American society was less than two dozen, but one of them, Willie Winn, of Wilmington, North Carolina, did achieve two early-round victories at Charlottesville before being knocked emphatically out of the tournament by Donald Dell. Dr. Johnson invited Winn and other young players to live in his house in the summer, so they could practice as a squad and travel to tournaments together. Dispassionately, he culled the unserious and the relatively unsuccessful. He engendered an *esprit* among the rest. He called them the Junior Development Team. In return for room, board, transportation, and instruction, he made them weed his garden, trim the boxwoods, clip the rosebushes, spray the apple trees. Above the techniques of the game itself, he held certain principles before them as abso-

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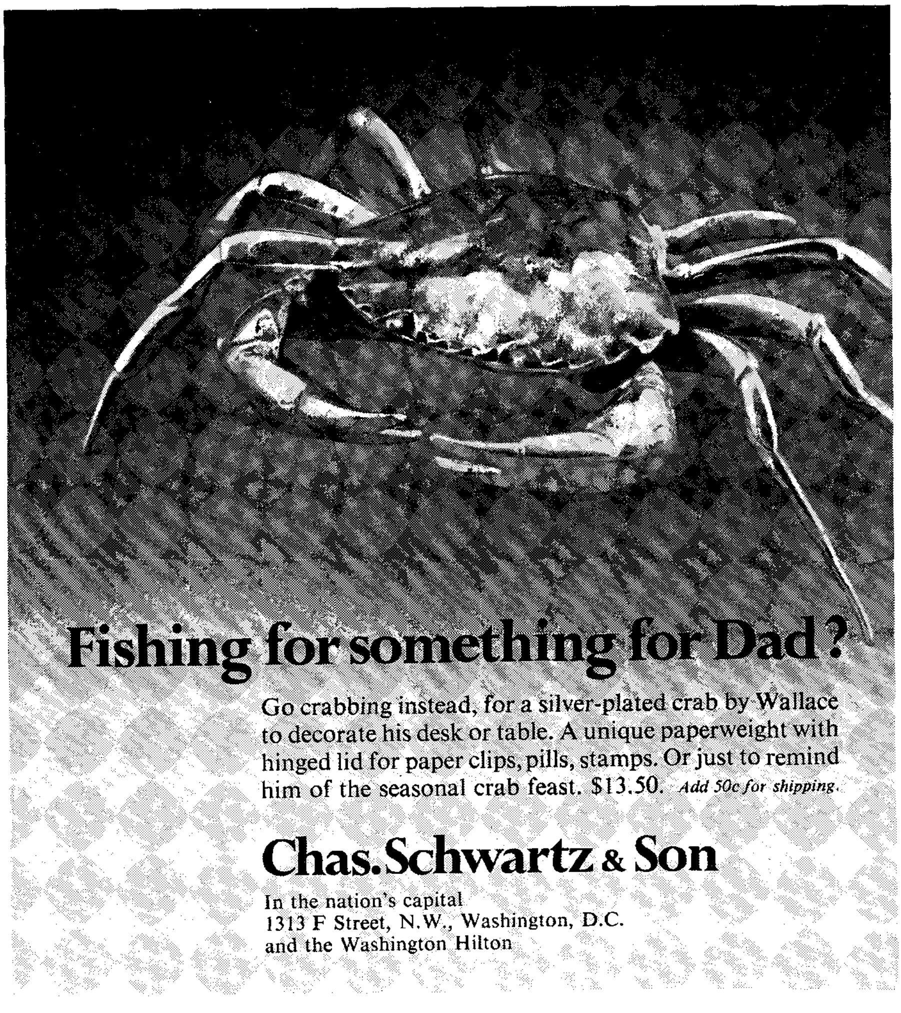

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lute requirements—in his view—for an assault on a sport as white as tennis. Supreme among these was self-control—"no racquet throwing, no hollering, no indication of discontent with officials' calls." Since players call their own lines in the early rounds of junior tournaments, he insisted that his boys play any opponents' shots that were out of bounds by two inches or less. "We are going into a new world," he told them. "We don't want anybody to be accused of cheating. There will *be* some cheating, but we aren't going to do it." Many years later, he would say reflectively, "I wanted them to be psychologically prepared for any adversity—not to blow their cool, as they call it now, when things didn't go right."

At the Johnson table, two or three meats were served at most meals, and three or four vegetables. Candy, peanuts, popcorn, and soft drinks were forbidden at all times. If the Junior Development Team had a motto, it was "No horseplay"—the Johnson code. They learned to make their beds properly. Without fail, they hung up their clothes. When a lady came into a room, they got up, or wished they had. They learned an advanced etiquette of knives, forks, and spoons. "I want you to be accepted without being a center of attraction," he said. "I want you to be able to take care of yourself in any situation where habits or manners are important, so that you don't stand out. We are going into a new world."

Year after year, two of them went to Charlottesville, and though "slaughtered" and "humiliated" were no longer the terms for what generally happened to them, none got particularly far. Meanwhile, Dr. Johnson got a call one day in 1953 from Ronald Charity, a recent graduate of Virginia Union, in Richmond, and a ranking player in the men's division of the A.T.A. Charity said he had been working part time teaching tennis in a public park, and for several seasons he had been hitting the ball with a small boy whose physique was not prepossessing but who hit the ball well and seemed to care a great deal about playing tennis. Charity hoped that although the boy was only ten years old the Doctor would let him come to Lynchburg. Dr. Johnson said, "All right, Ronald. I'll take him for a while, if you want to carry him up here." Charity drove to Lynchburg on a Sunday, and introduced Dr. Johnson to Arthur Ashe, Jr. The Doctor's eyes narrowed when he saw him, and he wondered if the child had been a victim of rickets, he was so bony

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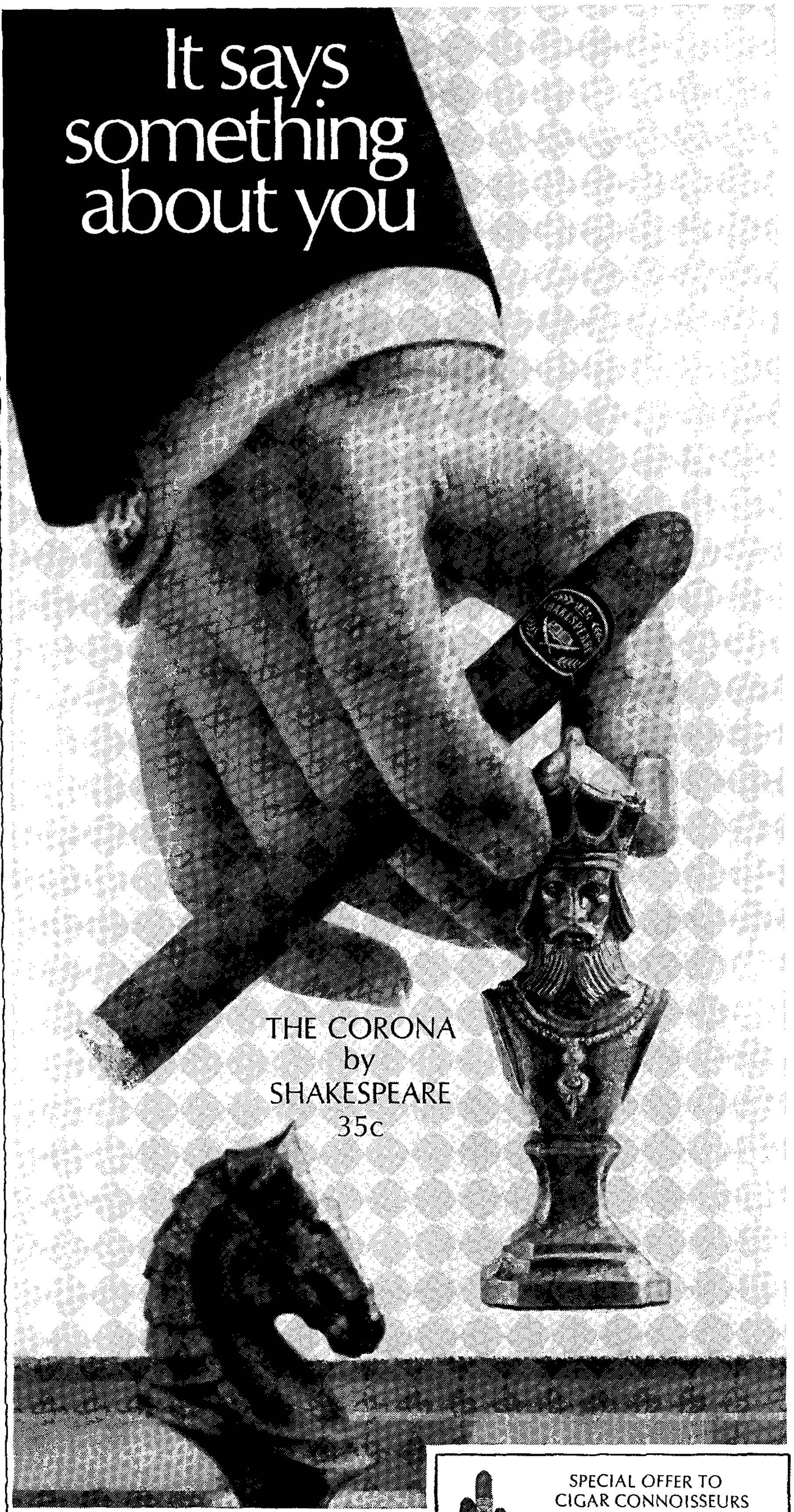
and frail. Arthur hit a few tennis balls, and Dr. Johnson, watching him run, was afraid he would pitch forward and fall.

Graebner waits for Ashe to hit the first serve of the second set. Ashe, in fifteen years, has filled out and has become a trim arrangement of sinews. He is lithe and springy, and his bearing is the bearing of a complete athlete—reactions twice as fast as the imagination, motions graceful and decisive, in balance, under control. Graebner is less believable. He could be a lifeguard, or an ad for a correspondence course in muscle development. Ashe has small ears, a narrow, foxlike face, short hair, and a nose so thin and straight that some Negroes say it is Ashe's nose that makes him acceptable to whites. His glasses make him look scholarly, which he is not, although he could be. He seems closer to it than most tennis players. His skin is light, but during the summer in the sun it gets darker and darker, and by the time of Forest Hills it is practically black. "I get very tan," he explains. His voice cracks with youthful throatiness. When he takes off his glasses, the rims of his eyes are light. When he takes off his wristwatch or his sweatbands, the skin that was beneath them is much lighter than that which surrounds it. Graebner, for his part, sincerely wishes that he could play with his shirt off. He is aggressively vain about his tan. "After we played in San Juan two years ago, I was as dark as Arthur," he says proudly. When he is sunbathing, he will snap at anyone who stands between him and direct sunlight for as much as three seconds. Discounting his natural advantage, Ashe tans better than Graebner does. Graebner has thick, dark hair and a facial bone structure that suggests heroic possibilities. He appears to have been cut out of a Sunday newspaper, for he looks exactly like—that is to say, he bears something far more precise than a striking resemblance to—Clark Kent, the mild-mannered reporter who has occasionally been mistaken for a bird before being positively identified as Superman. "Clark Graebner looks like Clark Kent and he knows it" is a sentence that has been uttered by more than one American tennis player now playing on the world-class, or Graebner, level. Graebner's nickname in tennis is Superboy. A few people refer to him as Herr Graebner, for he has the posture and the presence of a first lieutenant in the Wehrmacht—absolutely perpendicular when he walks, his arms swinging, a goose step suggested but not quite exe-



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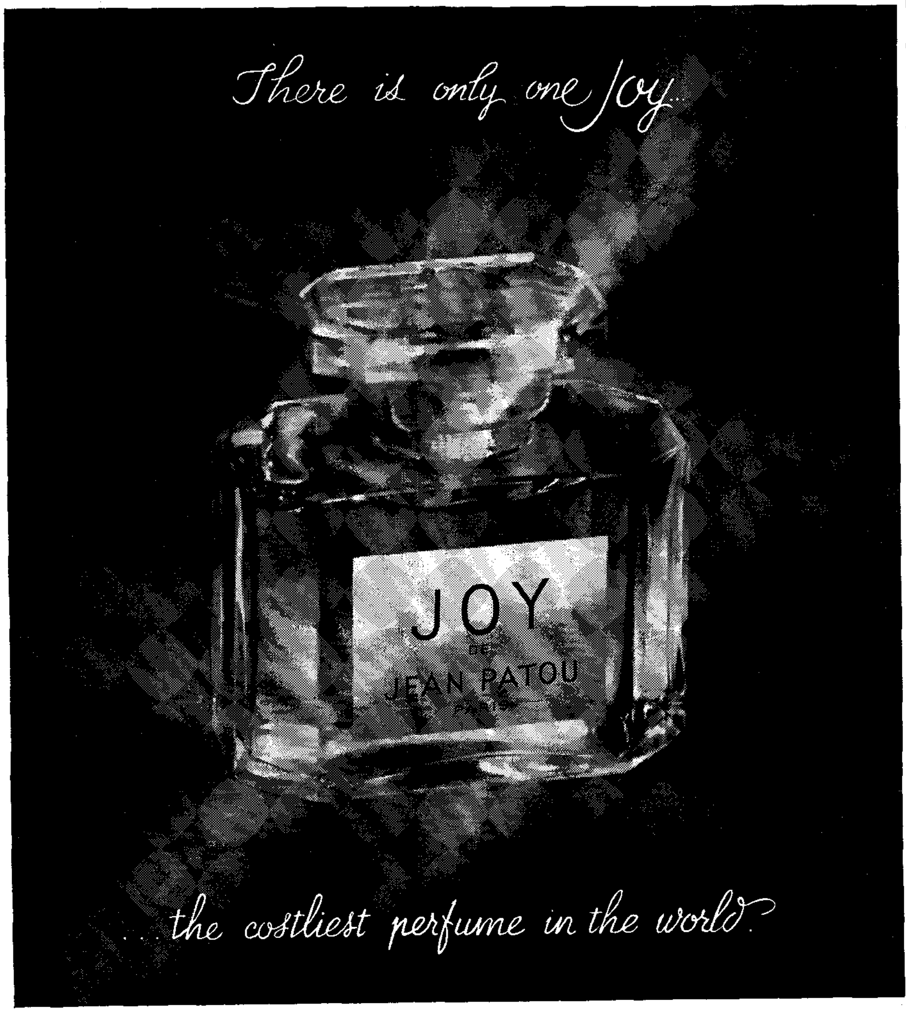

cuted. His general gait has been widely interpreted as a swagger, particularly at moments like this one, with the applause for his performance in the first set still sounding in the air.

Ashe is remembering one of the precepts of Dr. Johnson, who is watching all this from a preferred position—a seat high in the northeast corner of the stadium. Dr. Johnson is seventy now. His hairline has receded and the hair beyond it is swept back. His frame retains the form of a football halfback. Dr. Johnson always told the Junior Development Team that the first point played in any set was of considerable psychological importance. A perceptible edge can go to the winner of that point. As the case may be, that one point can restore, maintain, deflate, or destroy confidence. Confidence goes back and forth across a tennis net much like the ball itself, and only somewhat less frequently. If two players are on about the same level, no matter what that level is, the player who experiences more minutes of confidence will be the winner. Frequently enough, Graebner has heard Ashe quote Dr. Johnson on the importance of the first point in a set. Graebner knows that Ashe wants this one, and Graebner wants it, too. He wipes his right hand on a towel that always sticks out of his pocket. The towel is the sort that is clipped around the necks of his father's patients ("Open wide, please"). Graebner further dries his hand by blowing on it, and, finally, by rubbing it over the gut of his racquet. Ashe goes up to hit the ball. It is a big serve. Graebner blocks it back. Ashe, trying to pick the ball up with a running half volley, sends it into the net. Love-fifteen.

Ashe is consciously scared. In nervous situations in the past, he has been attacked by stomach cramps that doubled him over. In Davis Cup competition, while Graebner is playing singles, Ashe sometimes gets so nervous that he leaves the scene and listens to the match on the radio. Graebner strides into position. Ashe wins the next point, and the next. Graebner ties the game at thirty-all. Ashe hits a flat serve too deep. Then he spins a second one in. Graebner runs around it and smashes a forehand up the center. Ashe takes it at the service line and, without bending down, flips an underhand volley to Graebner at the baseline. Graebner, on his heels and off balance, hits a powerful backhand at Ashe, who punches a volley deep to the backhand corner. Graebner runs, sets, and hits the ball down the line. Ashe handles it

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badly, and the point—the longest so far—is over. The score is thirty-forty. This could be the match, right here. If Graebner wins the next point, breaking Ashe, Ashe may very well not recover.

Graebner dries his hand on the gut. Graebner's hand has two big calluses on it—one just below the little finger, and the other on the butt of the palm. These act more or less as an oarlock for his racquet handle as he shifts his grip for a forehand or a backhand. Graebner is thinking, "If I break him now, his morale has had it."

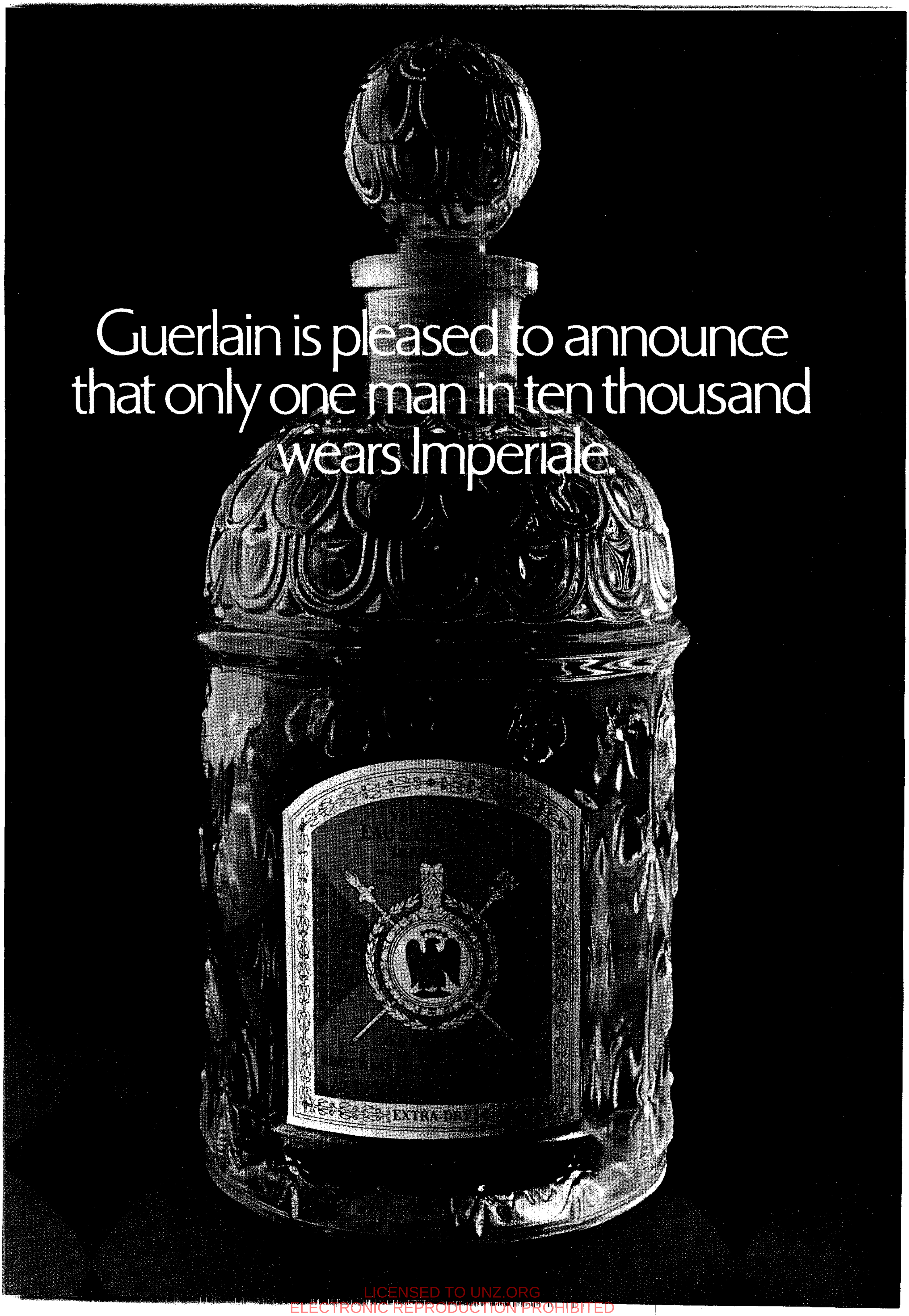
Ashe spins his racquet and looks inscrutable. Ashe has a single, enormous callus—a half inch thick—just below his index finger. No matter what stroke he may be hitting, he never changes his grip. He is saying to himself, "This could be serious, Arthur. What's *happening*? One little mistake here and it's curtains. You want to play chicken, but you have to fight it. *Hit* the ball." His serve goes down the middle, to Graebner's forehand side. Graebner swings late and slices the ball across the net at a sharp angle. If it drops in, Ashe cannot possibly get to it. The ball lands one inch out.

On a flood of relief, Ashe jerks Graebner around the court in two commanding points, hitting bullet volleys and a loose, almost mocking drop shot. He now leads, one game to love, second set.

Graebner serves, and Ashe pounds the ball back at him in a way that reminds Graebner that Ashe can not only put down a threat but make one as well. Graebner slugs the ball, and Ashe slugs it back. The reports are loud. Ashe and Graebner are really hitting. Each is advertising his power. Neither is aiming for the corners. They are shooting right at each other. Graebner creams another one, but Ashe's mood changes and he throws up a light, soft lob into the sun. Blinding rays hit Graebner just before Graebner hits the ball, into the net.

"People say that Arthur lacks the killer instinct." (Ronald Charity is commenting.) "And that is a lot of baloney. Arthur is quietly aggressive—more aggressive than people give him credit for being. You don't get to be that good without a will to win. He'll let you win the first two sets, then he'll blast you off the court." Ronald Charity, who taught Arthur Ashe to play tennis, was himself taught by no one. "I was my own protégé," he says. Charity is approaching forty and is the head of an advertising and public-relations firm in Danville, Virginia. Trim, lithe, in excellent condition, he is still nationally ranked as one of the top ten players in the A.T.A. In 1946, when he began to play tennis, as a seventeen-year-old in Richmond, there were—male and female, all ages—about twenty Negroes in the city who played the game, and none of them played it well. Charity, as a college freshman, thought tennis looked interesting, and when, in a bookstore, he saw Lloyd Budge's "Tennis Made Easy" he bought a copy and began to teach himself to play. When he had absorbed what Budge had to say, he bought Alice Marble's "The Road to Wimbledon," and, finally, William T. Tilden's "How to Play Better Tennis." "It just happened that I could pull off a page and project into my imagination how it should be done," he says. Blacks in Richmond could play tennis at the Negro Y.W.C.A., where Charity developed his game, and a little later courts were built at Brook Field, a Negro playground about two miles from the heart of the city, where there were four hard-surface courts. Arthur Ashe, a Special Police Officer in charge of discipline at several Negro playgrounds, lived in a frame house in the middle of Brook Field. When Arthur Ashe, Jr., was six years old, he spent a great deal of time watching Ronald Charity play tennis, and would never forget what he felt as he watched him: "I thought he was the best in the world. He had long, fluid, graceful strokes. I could see no kinks in his game."

"I guess by that time I was about the best in Richmond—you know, black tennis player," Charity continues. "One day, Arthur asked me if I would show him how to play. He had had no tennis experience. I put the racquet in his hand. I taught him the Continental grip. That's what I was playing with. At first, I would stand six feet away from him, on the same side of the net, and throw balls to him while he learned a stroke. The little guy caught on so quickly. When the stroke had been taught, I would cross the net and hit it with him. We practiced crosscourt forehands, forehands down the line, crosscourt backhands. We played every summer evening. There was a little backboard there. All day long, he would practice. We had a club—the Richmond Racquet Club, all grown men—and we let him join it. His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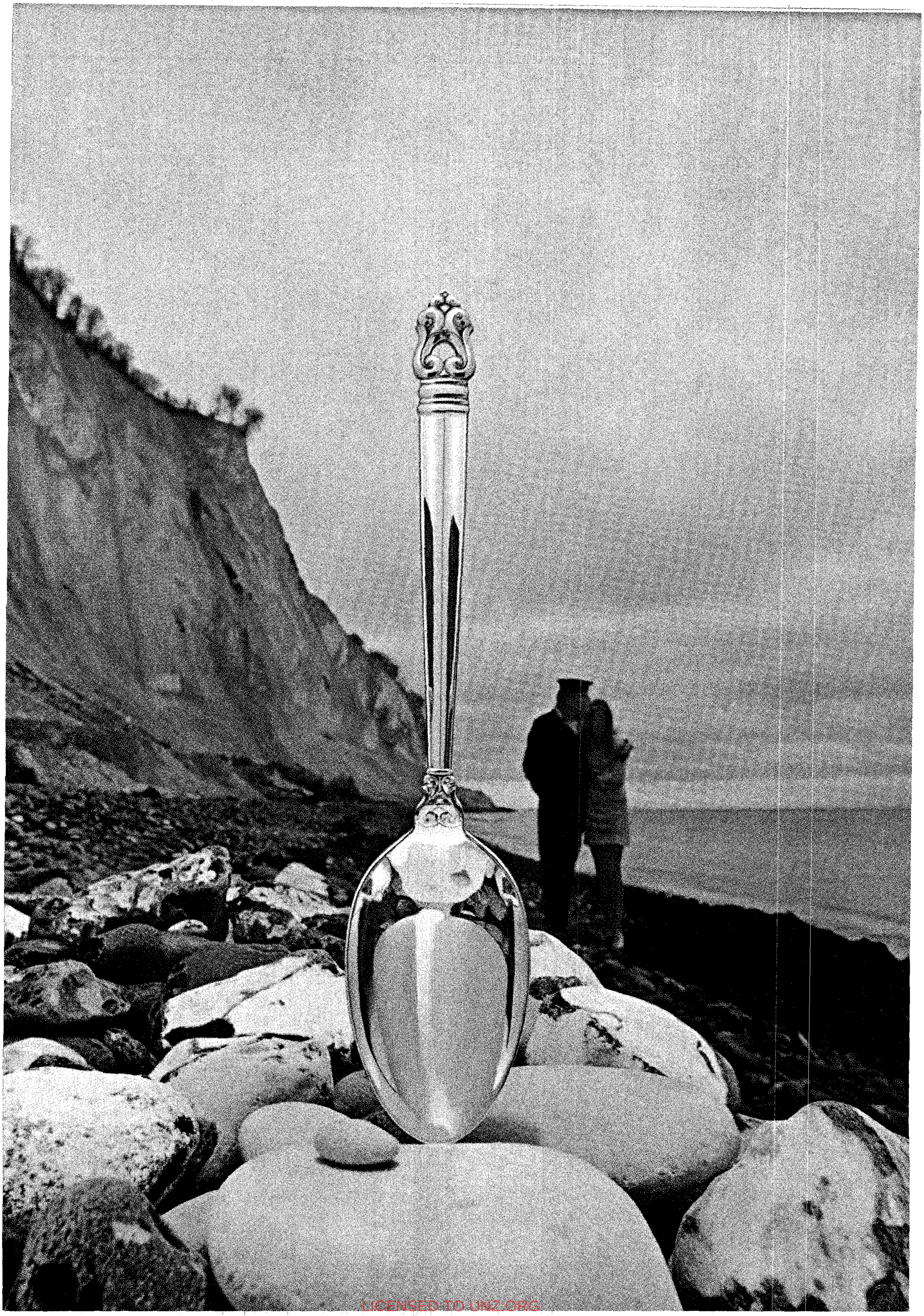

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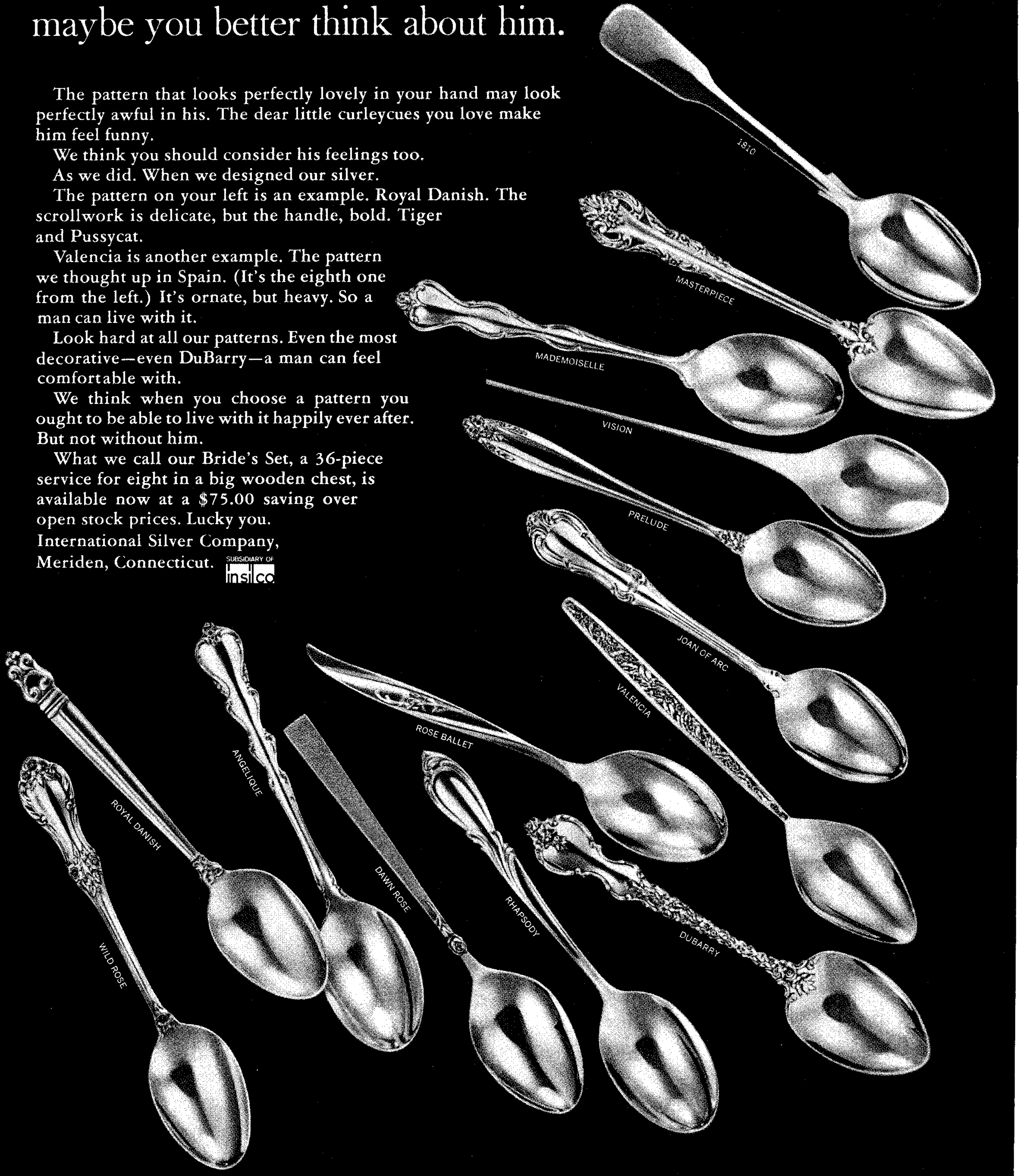
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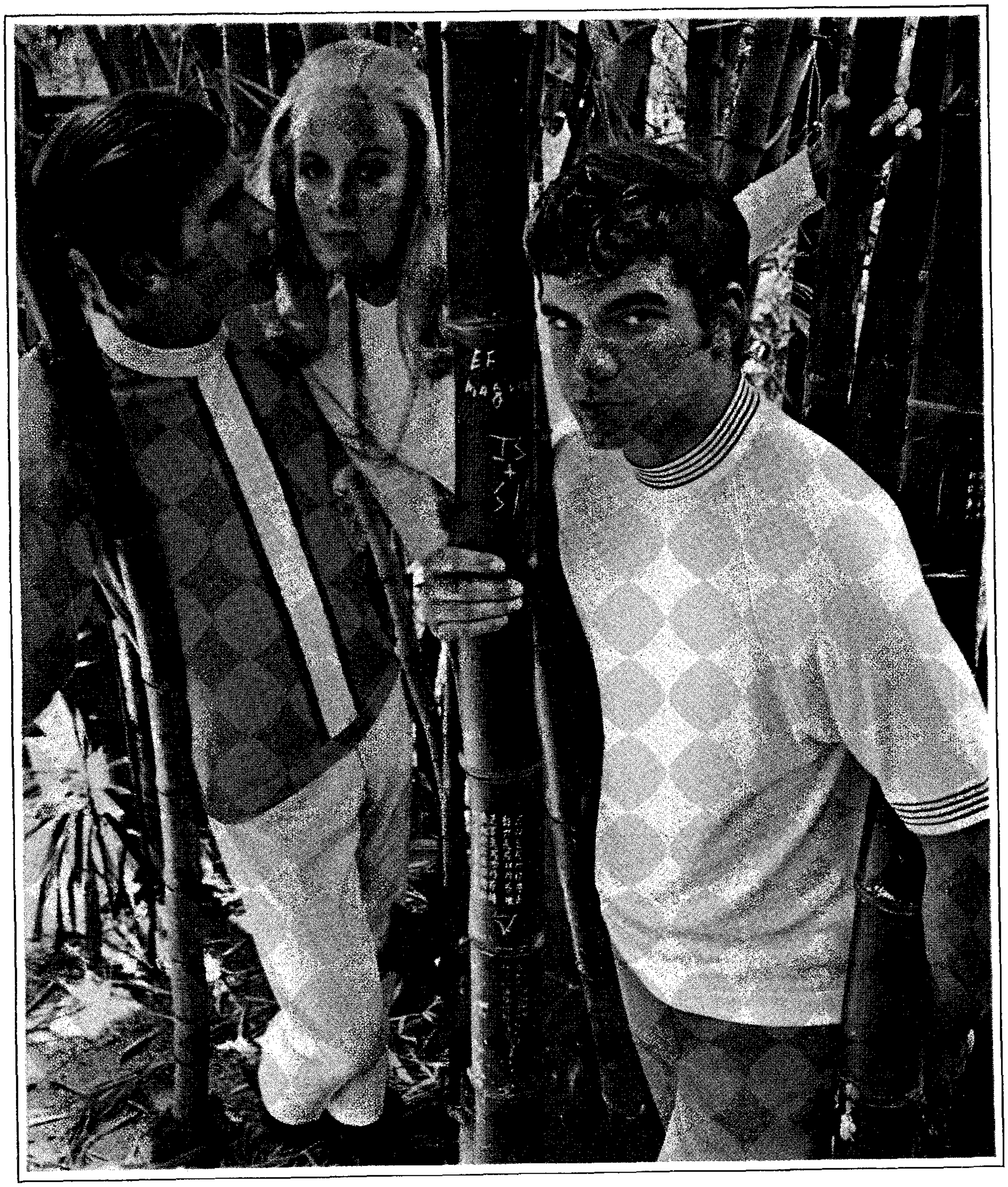

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game improved. One day, when he was playing someone his own age, he kept looking around after he hit good shots, to see who might have been watching. I bawled him out for it. I told him if he continued to do anything like that I wasn't going to be bothered with him anymore. He never did that anymore. He was a quiet child, observant. He took in everything, and read a lot. He was very disciplined. The level of his game kept going up. Finally, I called Dr. Johnson in Lynchburg. In fact, I carried Arthur up there. It was on a Sunday. He was ten years old."

Dr. Johnson's house, two stories, frame, painted brown and white, is about twice the size of any other house in the neighborhood. It has four upstairs bedrooms, one of which Arthur shared with another boy. The basement playroom appears to be a copy of a small night club on a busy highway. The columns that support the floor above are encased in blue mirrors. Red leatherette couches and lounge chairs are set about in groups. Glass doors, which are generally locked, close off a bar that is commercial in grandeur and is fully appointed and equipped. Tennis trophies shine from every shelf. There is a ping-pong table, for hand-eye coördination. Off the lounge is a shower room. A basement door and stairwell lead to a formal garden, and across the garden is the tennis court, surrounded by a rusting fence and high telephone poles that support floodlights. The tennis court abuts the sidewalk that runs in front of the Doctor's house, and is several feet above the sidewalk level, held there by a retaining wall of poured concrete. People walking by have a sneaker's-eye view of the action. On the other side of Pierce Street is a small general store, and next to the store are two narrow, vacant houses that have no doors and few windowpanes. Boards nailed on a slant across the doors carry boldly lettered but apparently ineffectual warnings against vandalism and trespass. Behind Dr. Johnson's house is a combined garage and tool shed that contains a curious device. From a bracket on the floor to a beam above runs a vertical elastic cord, drawn fairly taut. About two feet off the floor, the cord passes through the center of a tennis ball. The height of the ball is adjustable. The developing tennis players hit this ball with pieces of broom handle cut twenty-six inches long, the exact length of a tennis racquet. The device, known as the Tom Stow Stroke Developer, was invented by the teacher of Sarah Palfrey,

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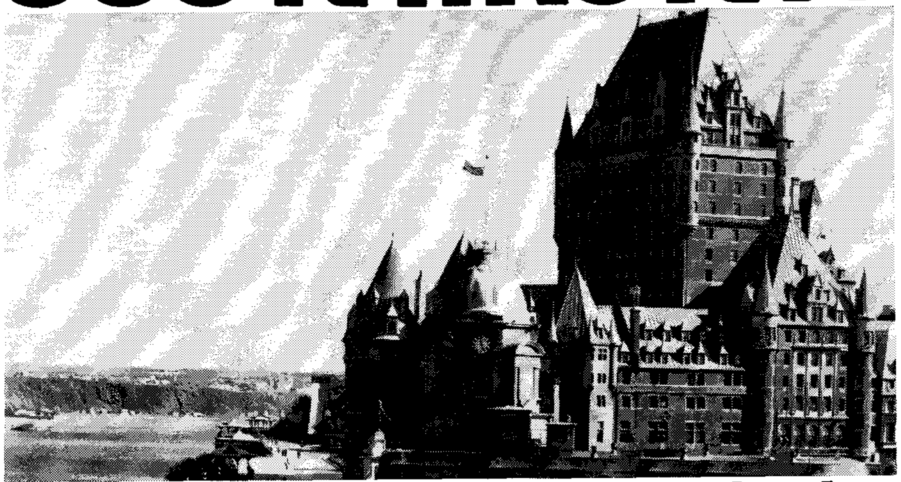

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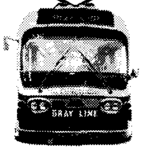

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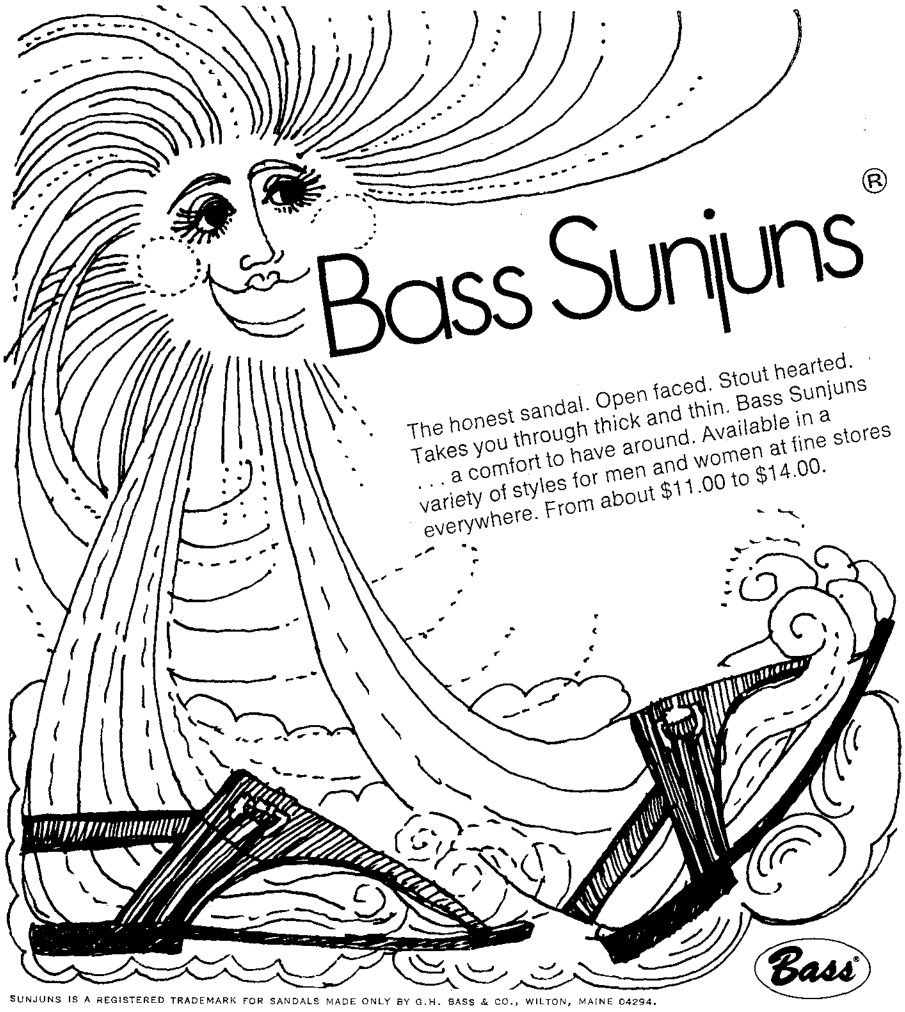

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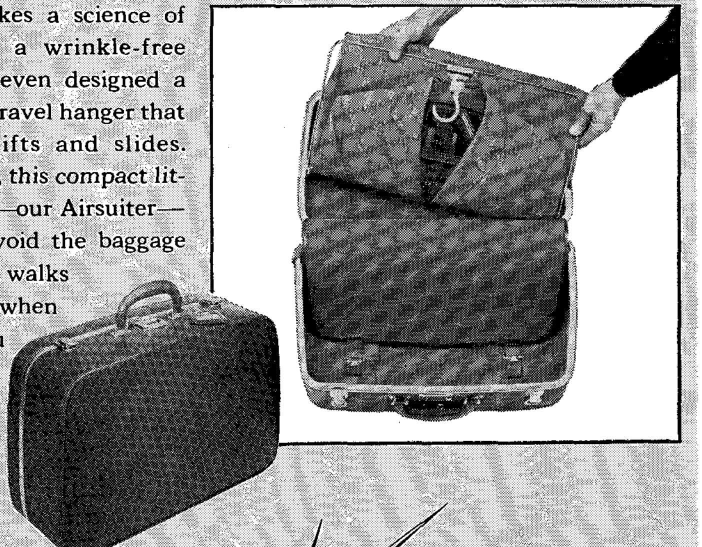

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Helen Jacobs, Margaret Osborne, and J. Donald Budge. Dr. Johnson has almost every teaching device known to the game. On the court are two Ball-Boy machines, a rebounding net, and a service stand, which holds a ball in perfect position overhead for practicing serves. Players who are new to the Junior Development Team swing broom handles at the Tom Stow Stroke Developer until they can connect consistently with the ball and not the cord. Then they take their broom handles to the court and use them instead of racquets. Dr. Johnson calls this "learning how to *see* the ball." When they can play proficiently with the broom handles, actually rallying, they are advanced to the use of strung frames. The Junior Development Team has generally had eight or ten members. In recent summers, white boys have applied for admission, and Dr. Johnson has let some in. Dr. Johnson's effect on his neighborhood has been analogous to his effect on the outside world. In the living room of his next-door neighbor's house, a small, one-story place on the far side of the tennis court, is a table on which are twenty-nine tennis trophies. Near the table is a television set. Two teen-age boys, the winners of the trophies, are watching Ashe and Graebner, at Forest Hills, on television. Graebner hits a serve that splits the court, landing on the line between the service boxes and almost instantly thereafter smashing into the stadium wall. Ashe does not even lift his racquet. He is not bothered by an ace that is perfect. "If the ball goes right on the line in the center, there is nothing you can do," he will say. "There is something in your mind that says you can't get there." The score is fifteen-all, second game, second set. One of the boys watching television sighs audibly through his teeth: "Shhhhh . . ."

When Arthur first saw Dr. Johnson's place, it looked much as it does now. The houses across the street were occupied then. The fence around the court was less rusty. There was no night lighting. But the training gadgets were there, and a group of high-school boys were intently learning not only how to play but, more important, how to win. "My ambition was to develop somebody who could win the U.S.L.T.A. Interscholastic Championship—that was it, pure and simple," Dr. Johnson says. "I had so many players right on the verge. Then they would fall off." When Arthur had been there less than three days, Dr. Johnson decided he was unteachable, and told him he was going to send him

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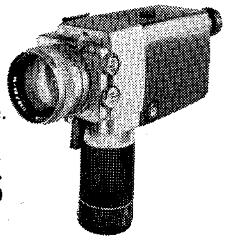

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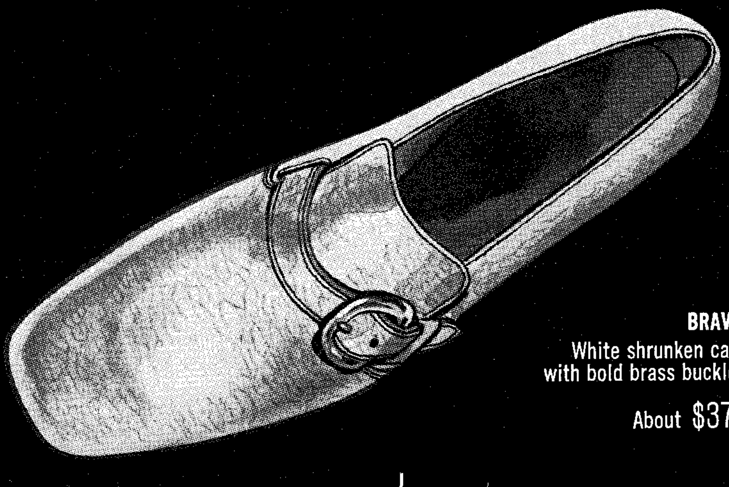

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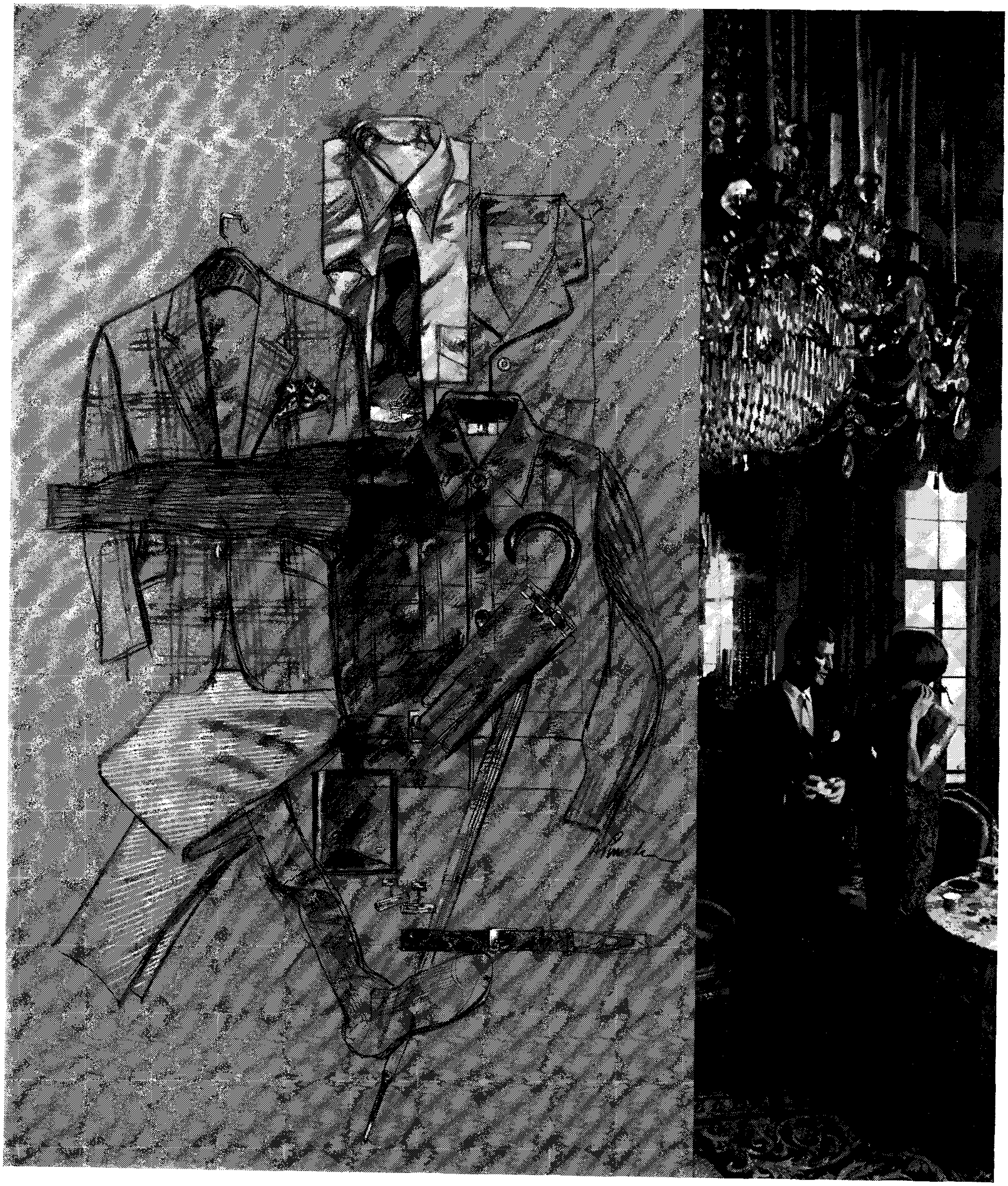
home. Arthur's trouble was that he responded to the Johnson method by telling Dr. Johnson—and Dr. Johnson's son Robert, who did a lot of the teaching—how Ronald Charity would have done things, with the implication that Ronald Charity knew more than they did. Dr. Johnson called Arthur Ashe, in Richmond, and suggested that he come and get his son. Among the talents of Arthur Senior, the discipline of children was not the least. Once, at Brook Field, when Arthur Junior threw his racquet in exasperation, he heard the screen door of his house slam before the racquet hit the ground. His father was on the tennis court three seconds later, and Arthur Ashe, Jr., has not to this day flung a racquet in anger again. Now Arthur Senior drove straightaway to Lynchburg, stepped onto Dr. Johnson's tennis court, and asked his son if he wanted to stay with Dr. Johnson. When Arthur Junior said he did, his father said, "Then you do everything he says, no matter what he tells you." Assuring Dr. Johnson that the problem no longer existed, Arthur Senior left Lynchburg. Dr. Johnson would always thereafter praise Arthur Ashe as the most unquestioningly obedient tennis player he had ever coached. If Dr. Johnson told Arthur to hit to an opponent's backhand and nowhere else, Arthur would hit to the backhand even if the other player edged over so far that ninety per cent of the court was on his forehand side. "Whatever strategy you gave him to play, he wouldn't change to save his life," Dr. Johnson says. "He did what you told him, even if he lost at it."

Training time was divided among the players, and Arthur, lowest in age and seniority, had to spend a lot of time standing around watching the older boys play, much as Rodney Laver, a few years earlier, had spent a lot of time standing around the tennis court on his family's farm in tropical Australia waiting for his older brothers to finish playing. The boys in Lynchburg would take turns hitting against a Ball-Boy until they missed, or until they had hit a hundred times—always concentrating on one stroke until they had it under control. They rarely played points. "I believe in practice," Dr. Johnson told them. "You can learn more." There was one boy there near Arthur's age level. His name was Horace Cunningham. He lived just across the street from Dr. Johnson, and, as the Doctor continues the story, "He could beat Arthur's socks off. Arthur was the worst player. He



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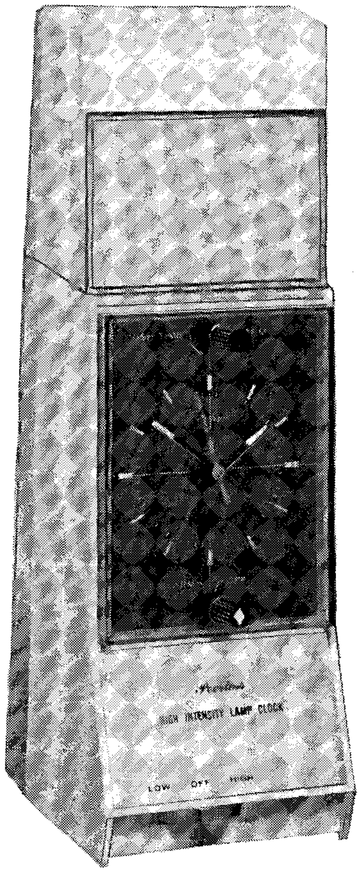

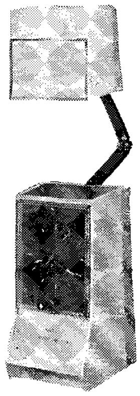

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was always the last one to leave the court—that was one thing in his favor. But everybody could beat him."

In Arthur's eyes, the Doctor was an imperial figure—"an immensely rich Negro, with his tennis court and his Buick, and his seemingly endless supply of money. At ten and eleven years old, I was always rather awed by the guy. The world is very small then. To tell you the truth, I hated everything about Dr. Johnson's at that time, except playing tennis. *I hated weeding the gardens*, cleaning the doghouse. I was the youngest, and I had to clean the doghouse every day."

Dr. Johnson to this day takes visitors out back, shows them the concrete-floored pen where he keeps his hunting dogs, and demonstrates how easy the enclosure is to clean. "All he had to do was use a water hose," he says. "Some kids are lazy. The least they can do is to weed the garden, roll the court, clean the doghouse—when I am paying for their room and board. Arthur's trying to have some fun, griping about that." Standing there with the hose in his hand, Dr. Johnson looks away toward the tennis court and forgets all about the dog pen. "Even when Arthur started going off to play in the tournaments, Horace could beat him—on this court. But Horace could *not* beat Arthur in the tournaments. That was a different situation." They travelled in the Buick—Baltimore, Washington, Durham—and when Arthur was a little older and began to go to some tournaments on his own, Dr. Johnson called him, wherever he might be, to talk over his matches. Arthur was based in Lynchburg every summer until he was eighteen, the fixed element in a squad whose personnel changed frequently, as Dr. Johnson did his own kind of weeding. The Junior Development Team functioned in part on contributions from interested people in the A.T.A., but Dr. Johnson put thousands of dollars of his own specifically into Arthur's career. Three white businessmen in Richmond—an insurance broker, a department-store executive, and a legitimate-theatre executive—contributed significant amounts, and Arthur's father gave more than he could afford. Arthur once overheard him saying that he was a little sorry his son had chosen a sport as expensive as tennis. The cost of equipment alone was more than a thousand dollars a year.

When Arthur was fifteen, Dr. Johnson tried to enter him in the junior tournament of the Middle Atlantic Lawn Tennis Association, at the Country Club of Virginia, in Rich-

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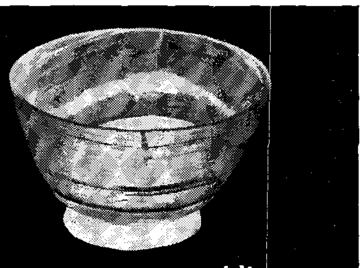

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mond. The Middle Atlantic L.T.A., a semi-autonomous subdivision of the U.S.L.T.A., refused to process the application. So Arthur could earn no ranking among boys in his home section of the country, although by now he was ranked fifth among boys in the United States. The following summer, 1959, the Middle Atlantic Championships were held at the Congressional Country Club in Bethesda, Maryland, and Arthur's application arrived "too late." In 1960, Arthur won the junior championship of the A.T.A. *and* the A.T.A. men's-singles championship. He was seventeen. He has sometimes been compared, in his sport, to Jackie Robinson in baseball, but the analogy is weak and foreshortens the story. Jackie Robinson was part of a pool of many hundreds of first-rate baseball players, and was chosen from among them to cross the color line. Arthur, at the age of seventeen, had beaten and far outdistanced all the Ronald Charitys there were. Already he stood, as he has remained, alone. Even at that time there was not one Negro in the United States who could effectively play tennis with him, and there is none now. In June, 1961, he went to Charlottesville in the Buick with Dr. Johnson, and he won the U.S.L.T.A. national Interscholastic Championship without losing a set. He remembers what he thought at that moment in his life: "I saw that it was conceivable that I might win someday at Forest Hills."

In 1962, the Interscholastic Championships, which had been held in Charlottesville for sixteen consecutive years, were moved to Williamstown, Massachusetts.

ASHE wants to level things. He is uncomfortable looking uphill at Graebner, who hits another serve of almost unplayable force but just close enough to be reached. Ashe dives for it and stops it with his racquet. His return floats across the net and drops near the sideline. Graebner has difficulty believing that the ball has come back. He is not reacting. "Unbelievable," he says to himself. "Too tough." After this momentary lapse, he sprints for the ball, and is completely off the court when he gets to it. Despite Graebner's hesitation, and despite the inconvenient location of Ashe's shot, Graebner has reached the ball in time not only to hit it but to drive it. Many players think Graebner is slow, for somehow, to an athlete's eye, he looks slow, and they will say something like "From the waist up, Graebner is the fastest in the world, but his feet are

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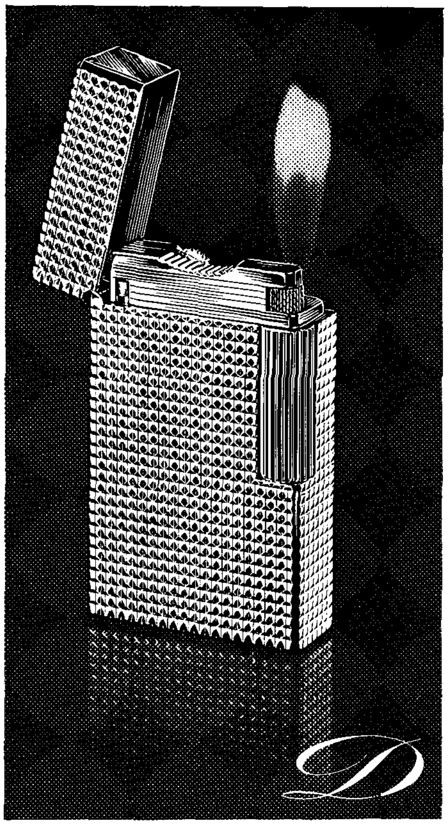

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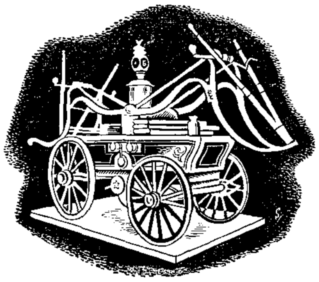
in his way." Ashe does not wholly agree. "Graebner is mechanically fast," he will say. "He's not that agile. He can't reverse directions well, but once he gets rolling in one direction he is fast. You've got to finesse Graebner. He's as strong as an ox. Get the ball anywhere within a two-step radius of his body and you're dead. You can't go through him. You've got to go around him or over him." Graebner says, "I don't look fast, but I get to the ball."

Graebner's drive is deep to Ashe's backhand corner, and Ashe intercepts it with a beautiful, fluid crosscourt stroke. In the follow-through, he is up on his toes, arms flaring. Ashe's backhand is one of the touchstones of modern tennis. Graebner is disturbed. He is thinking, "There it is. There Arthur goes, swinging freely." Arthur swinging freely is something that scares players of all nations. When he is behind, or otherwise in trouble, he reacts by hitting all the harder, going for a winner on every ball. Graebner moves to cover the shot. Graebner may not be technically agile, but he is moving like a cat right now. Ashe is a little surprised, and thinks, "Good God! Clark is covering that net like a blanket." Graebner gets the ball with a lunging backhand volley, his shoes slip on the grass, and he breaks his fall with his left arm. The volley is deep. Ashe detonates another splendid backhand, down the line. But Graebner recovers his balance and stops the ball at the net, dinking a shot that Ashe, sprinting, cannot reach. "What a greasy shot!" Ashe says to himself. "He just greased it. I hit two great shots, then he greased one. It barely got over the net, and it died in the grass."



Now, for the first time in the match, Graebner double-faults. He scowls angrily toward the Marquee, the sheltered stands at the eastern end of the stadium, where his wife, Carole, is sitting with Ashe's father and Robert J. Kelleher, president of the U.S.L.T.A. Carole is the trim in Graebner's racquet—the extra bit of nylon stringing that determines rough or smooth. Graebner's angry look seems to say that he believes it was Carole who served the double fault. She absorbs this, by grace and by agreement. "I tell him to look over at me when he gets mad, because I would rather have him get mad at me than at anyone else—or at himself," she explains. For one reason or another—not always anger—Graebner looks at Carole about a hundred times a match. "I try to give him an opportunity to meet my eyes after each point, if he wants to," she goes on. "If he needs a little pick-me-up, I am there." If she is not there, he may fall apart. Once, in Australia, in a tight moment, he looked for Carole and she had gone off momentarily for refreshments. "Where's Carole? Where's Carole?" he said, and he ran around behind the grandstand looking for her. Now, at Forest Hills, she raises one hand and makes a patting motion, as if she were soothing an invisible horse. This signal means "Calm down." If she raises two clenched fists, it means "Come on, now. Get your second wind. This is a big point." If she puts one hand on top of her head and shakes her head, it means "Unbelievable!"—or, in translation, "Good shot." Graebner responds to these messages in part because his wife, whose maiden name was Carole Caldwell, is a world-class tennis player. She is ranked sixth among women players in the United States. She plays very little now, but she has been ranked as high as fourth in the world, and might be there still if she did not have two children under two years of age. "I think these are the only times that Clark publicly acknowledges me as a knowing player," she says. "Off the court, he does not acknowledge that I know much about the game. I live my tennis through Clark now, so I don't miss it so much. During matches, I'm perfectly frank with him. If he's not playing well, I'll let him know. I think he could be the best there is. Up to now, I don't think he has really worked at it. He is a natural player, not a made player. I think he sometimes thinks, 'Oh, what the hell. If God didn't give it to me, why go after it?' He sometimes loses faith in himself. As soon as he starts to lose, or get depressed, his shoulders drop. I don't think Clark would admit this, but in some respects I am his self-confidence. He will not admit that he is the biggest baby in the world, and he is by far. You wouldn't exactly call him docile. If he makes a great point, I clap hard. He'll turn and smile sometimes." At Forest Hills in 1965, Carole and Clark won the national husband-and-wife doubles championship, and she says she will never enter it again, because they fought constantly and Clark com-

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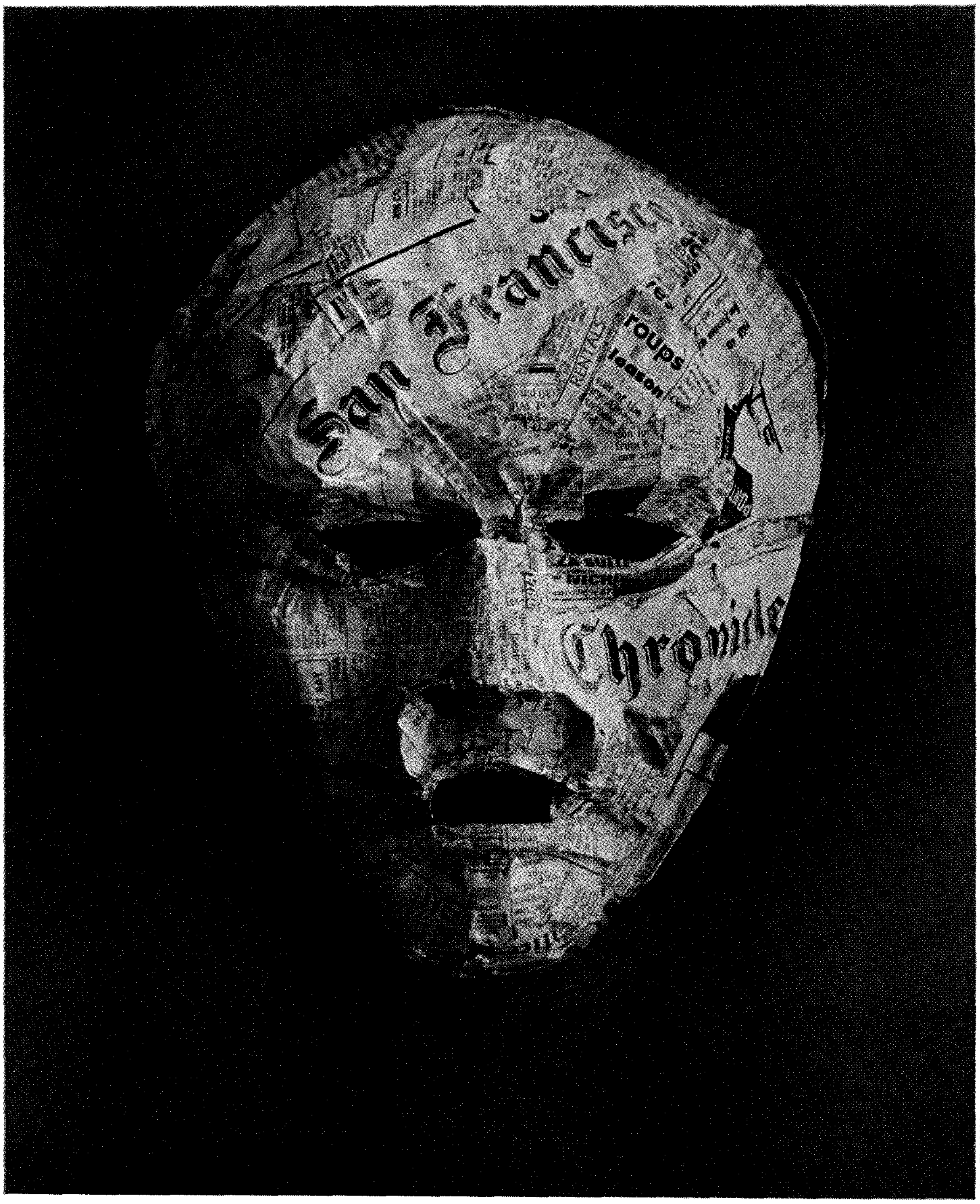
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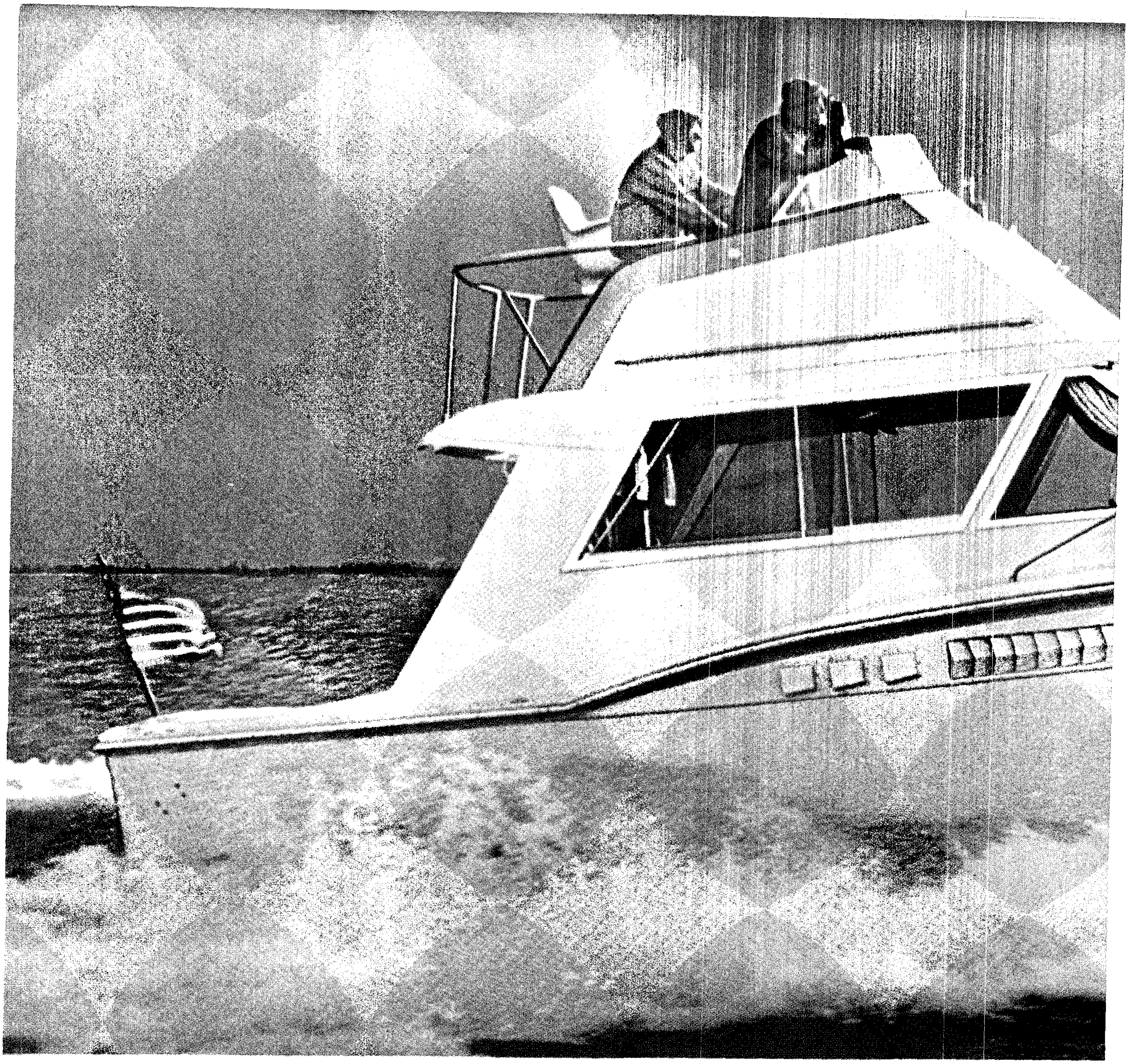

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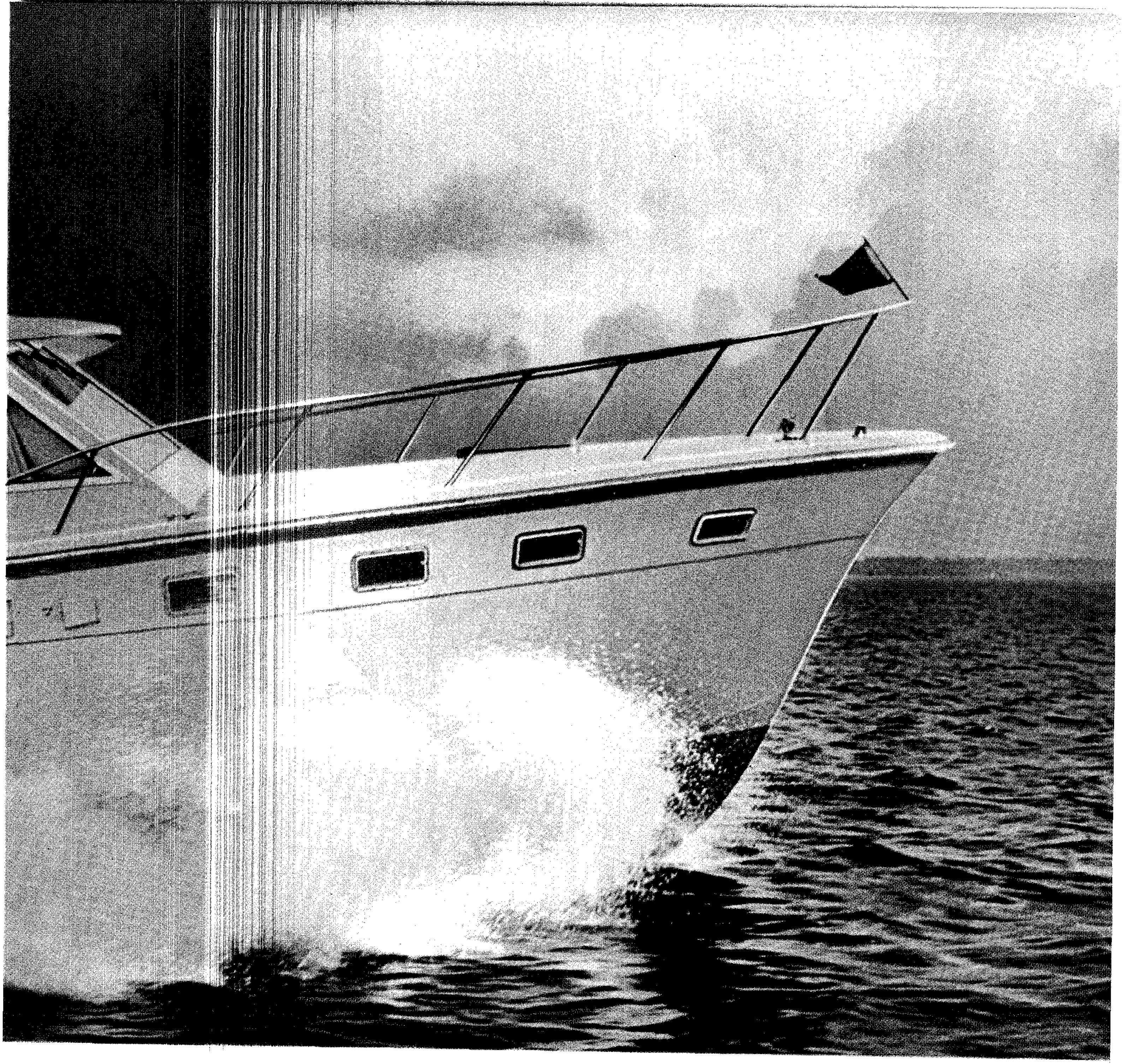

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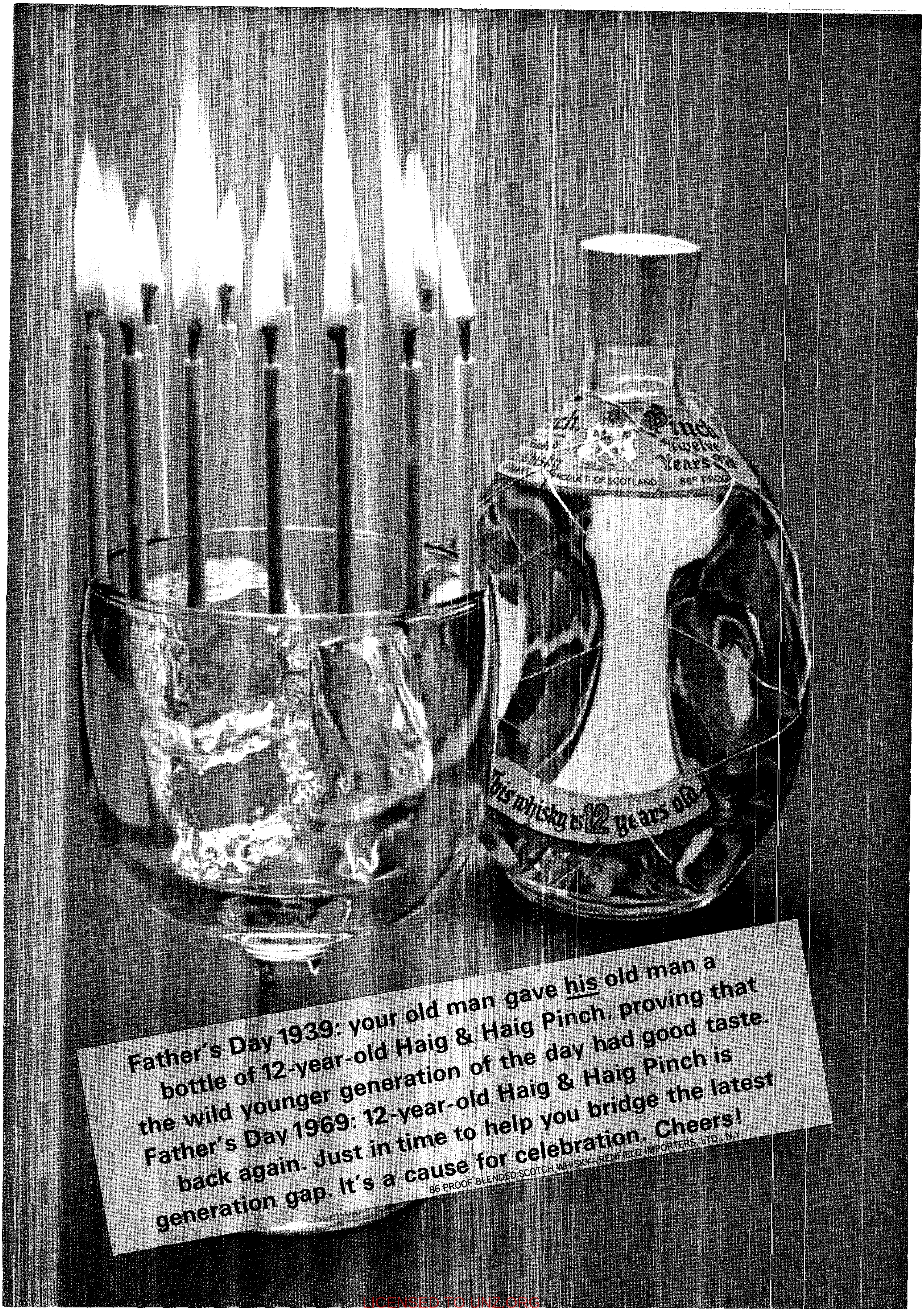
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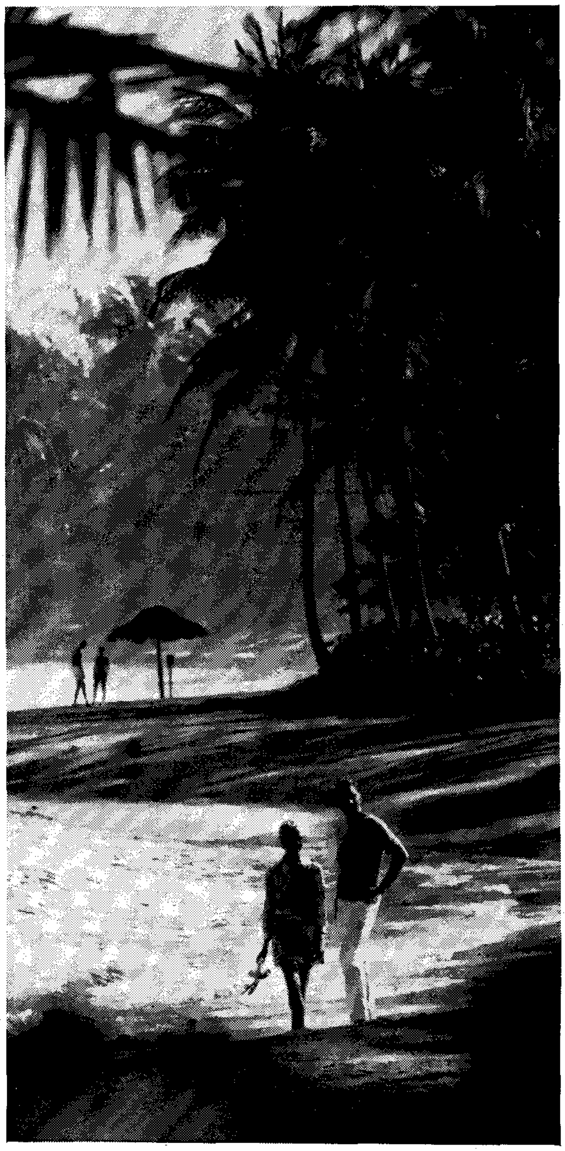
plained that she wouldn't do what he told her to do. "I've won a lot of tournaments. Let me play my own game," she said to him. A few minutes later, Clark told her to lob, so she hit the ball down the line. Even recreationally, they almost never play together now, except when Clark has not played for a long time and wants to regroove. Men frequently hit with women to regroove their strokes. Carole is a good-looking blue-eyed brunette, attractively selfless, gifted with discipline, constantly starving herself to control the figure that gave her the big tennis game that made her fourth in the world. She grew up in Santa Monica. She has girlish animation, and, blushing through it, she discloses that she was named "for Carole Lombard, who was married to Clark Gable."

Ashe is thinking, "Graebner just looked at his wife." And behind Arthur's impassive face—behind the enigmatic glasses, the lifted chin, the first-mate-on-the-bridge look—there seems to be a smile. Progress against Graebner in any given match, many players believe, can be measured directly by the number of times Graebner has looked at his wife.

Ashe tries to pass Graebner, and hits the ball into the net a foot and a half below the tape. Graebner has him forty-thirty. Ashe looks within himself angrily, thinking, "You choked on that one, boy."

As Graebner gets ready to serve for the game, Ashe tells himself, "You . . . better . . . be . . . tough . . . now."

Crunch. Ashe flails and misses. "Fault!" cries Frank Hammond, who is the service linesman on the side of the court where Ashe is at the moment playing. There are thirteen officials around the court, and Ashe and Graebner know them all. Frank Hammond's job is particularly sensitive—watching the service line in a match between two players whose styles revolve around their ballistic serves. Both Ashe and Graebner specifically asked for Hammond today, in part because they like him, and in part because they consider him the best service linesman at Forest Hills. Unconsciously, they may also feel drawn to Hammond because he is—literally—Santa Claus on a grand scale. He is a large, jolly man of national reputation, who, purely for his own amusement, is an itinerant Santa Claus, appearing in a different city each Christmas season. This year, he plans to be at Lord & Taylor, in New York. Ashe mumbles, "Good call, Frank." Ashe is still alive in this game, thanks



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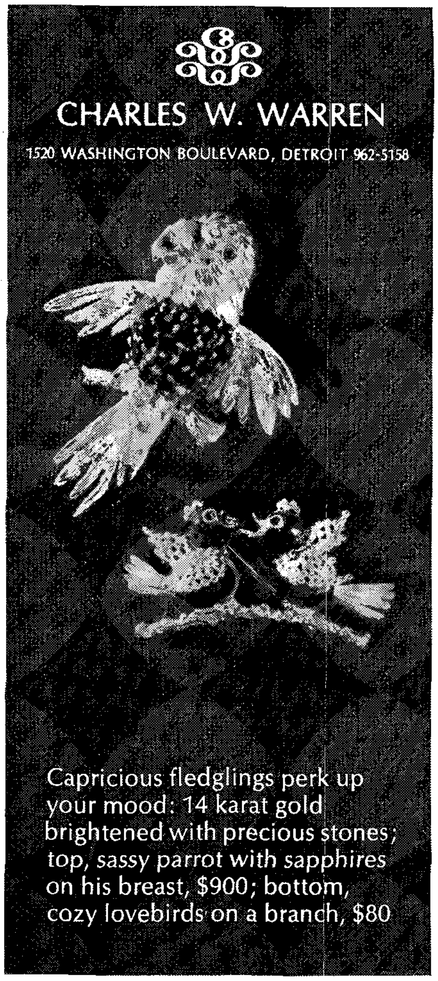
to Santa Claus's photoelectric eyes. The serve was a half inch long.

Graebner's second serve curves in. Ashe meets it with a graceful, under-*spinning backhand. Graebner leans* forward to volley from his shoetops. The ball is floating before Ashe now. Graebner is at the net, astride the center line, perfectly balanced and ready, but he has given Ashe too much time. Ashe hits another backhand—a hard, rolling, top-spin backhand, with unimprovable placement. It slants past Graebner so fast he can take only one step in its direction, and it skips through the chalk of the sideline—a duster, as players call a shot that stirs the chalk. For the first time in the match, Ashe has forced Graebner, serving, to deuce. "Oh, God! His play will pick up from here," thinks Graebner, who has read this sort of tea leaf before. Ashe's great shot does not necessarily mean that others will immediately follow, but it reminds Graebner of what can emerge, suddenly, from beneath the general surface of play. Moments later, Graebner, moving with extraordinary anticipation, picks off a forehand drive and, with an adroit, slicing drop shot off his steel racquet, puts the ball away. "I actually have more touch with the steel than anyone else," Graebner will say. "Graebner grips the racquet so tight he can *feel* the ball," Ashe observes. "He must get writer's cramp."

Advantage Graebner. Crunch. The serve is too much—unplayable. Game to Graebner. Games are one–all, second set.

The match, for a time, becomes a simple exhibition of the service stroke. Ashe may not have quite Graebner's power, but his serves—in the vernacular of the game—move better than Graebner's do. They follow less predictable patterns, and they come off the grass in less expectable ways. "I can feel my serve from my toes to my fingertips," he will say. "I don't have to look. It just flows." In two games against Ashe's service, the only point Graebner wins is given to him in the form of a double fault. This, to Arthur Ashe, Sr., is a sign of impatience on the part of his son. He says, "When Arthur Junior rushes himself, he gets into trouble." Mr. Ashe is an axiomatic man. When he says things like that, he does not seem to be making a comment so much as he seems to be promulgating a law of the universe. Somewhat darker than Arthur Junior, he is just under six feet tall and has a small mustache and a full, round face. He wears bifocal glasses with black metal rims. He is a disciplinarian by



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profession, and he has a kind of stern, forthright self-assurance that is not put on for the job. In several ways, he differs notably from his son. Arthur Junior is particularly articulate, and Mr. Ashe is not particularly articulate. His education stopped when he was eleven years old. Arthur Junior's personality is contained, controlled, withheld. In Arthur Senior there is no studied cool. His smile is quick. He jokes a lot. He is easy to know.

For some years now, he has lived in the country near Gum Spring, thirty-five miles northwest of Richmond. He gets up at five-thirty in the morning. He drives into Richmond in a white Ford pickup that has an aluminum enclosure behind the cab and contains a chain saw and dozens of other tools, which equip him for his three jobs and his various categories of responsibility. He wears, typically, a red shirt, gray cotton trousers, a gray cap. A bunch of keys hangs from one hip. He has his own landscaping business and his own janitorial business, and he seems to specialize in medical centers, banks, and office buildings in the new industrial parks of Richmond's west end. "You've got to scramble," he says. "You've got to give from one hand to gain on the other." He has eight employees. Some of them irritate him by following customs that run counter to his axioms—for example, when he gives them eighty dollars' pay on a Friday and they borrow two dollars from him on Monday. From 2 P.M. until 10 P.M. each day, he works for the city. In the Department of Recreation and Parks, he is not only a Special Police Officer but also a pool engineer and the supervisor of tennis courts. He carries a nightstick, handcuffs, and a gun, but he wears no uniform. His primary duty is to maintain order, and he doesn't seem to mind that his work has made him from time to time unpopular. Humor spills out of him wherever he goes. He goes into a hardware store during the hunting season and asks for a three-gun rack for his car. The salesman says, "Why do you need a *three*-gun rack, Arthur?" and the answer is "You always need a third gun so you can shoot your wife."

Mr. Ashe has five houses—four in Richmond and the one in Gum Spring—and he says that he maintains all these dwellings less for the rents than as a form of self-protection. "I'm like a groundhog. Shoot at him and he has another home to scurry off to." He built his house in Gum Spring with his own hands, using materials that he salvaged from houses and other buildings

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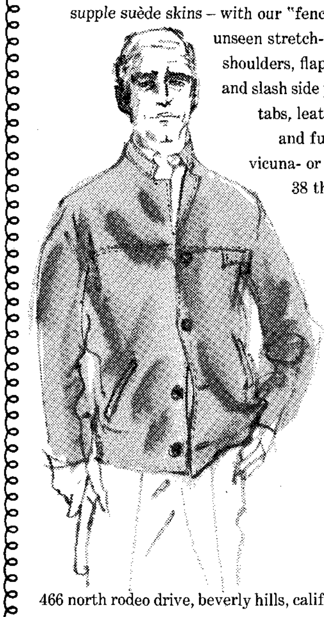

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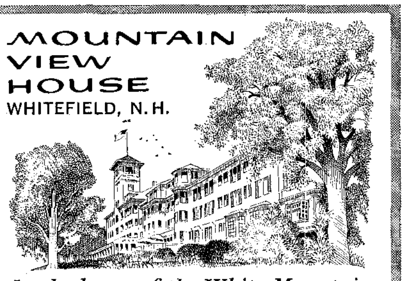

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that were razed when Interstate 95 cleaved Richmond some years ago. His property is isolated among cornfields and woods of oak and pine on a narrow asphalt road. The house is one-story, thirty-six by forty-six feet, with walls of cement block painted aquamarine. Mr. Ashe is an adept carpenter, plumber, electrician, and mason, and for a number of years he regularly took Arthur Junior to Gum Spring to work on the new house.

"Arthur Junior toted boards, mixed mortar, pulled nails, helped set the block. He did any damned thing I told him to do."

"Daddy is a Jack-of-all-trades, but that's not my bag. I hated it, but I never let him know. We went out every weekend. I had no choice."

"You give from one hand to gain on the other."

The living room at Gum Spring is full of tennis plaques and trophies, won by Arthur and his brother John, who is five years younger. On one wall hang a copy of the Twenty-third Psalm stamped in brass and a portrait of Christ painted on a china plate. Above the psalm and the plate is the head of an eight-point stag. "The first time Arthur Junior went deer hunting was in King William County." (His father gets inordinate pleasure from telling this story.) "He was just a boy. I put him on a stump and told him to wait for deer. He was nervous, just like his mother. He's got over it now, but he was nervous. And *seven* deer came toward him, and he shouted, 'Daddy! Daddy! Daddy!' I shouted, 'Shoot that damn gun.' He killed two." The house is heated with wood fires, and the stove in the kitchen is also fuelled with wood. In every room is the scent of burning oak. As Mr. Ashe drives around the countryside near Gum Spring, he turns into a fanatic for neatness and tidiness, and gets visibly angry at the sight of houses surrounded by automobile parts, miscellaneous cordwood, old oil drums, piles of scrap lumber. He says that people have no right to mess up the landscape that way. Then he drives into his own property, which is bestrewn with automobile parts, miscellaneous cordwood, oil drums, scrap lumber, and gravel, and he explains that things are different here, because he knows exactly what and where everything is and the use to which he intends to put it.

There are six in the family. Arthur Junior and John have a stepsister, Loretta, and a stepbrother, Robert. Soon after John was born, his mother (and Arthur's) died. Several years later, Mr. Ashe married Lorraine Kim-

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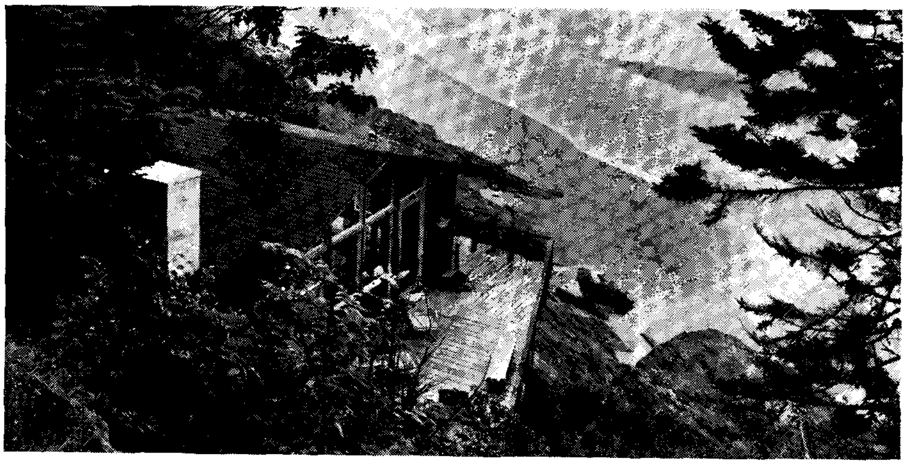

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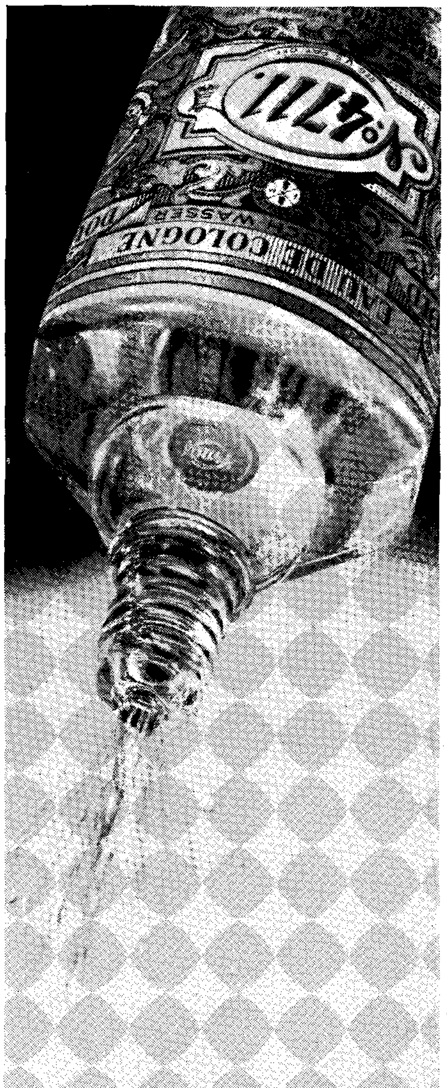

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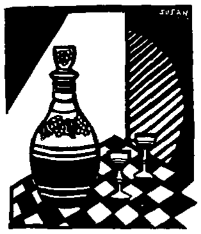
brugh, a practical, witty, conversational woman, who frequently keeps Arthur up until two or three in the morning talking about his travels and the worlds he plays in. Robert and Loretta are in high school. John is a Marine sergeant, recently home from Vietnam. More solid in build than his older brother, he is an excellent general athlete, but not a specialist. In high school in Richmond, he won letters in football, basketball, baseball, track, and tennis. Nonetheless, in finding his own way he is inevitably encountering the inconvenience of being so closely related to Arthur Ashe. A football scholarship is open to him at Duke, but he is thinking of staying in the Marine Corps.

Some people have criticized Mr. Ashe for "hustling" lumber to build the Gum Spring house. "It's against their pride," he explains. "But they have notes on their houses, and I don't." He still makes regular calls at the Richmond city dump to look for scrap lumber and other materials. He has built a large combined garage and tool shed using heavy-gauge tin highway signs—"Fredericksburg 25," "Williamsburg 90"—as siding. In this building is a twenty-one-foot aluminum-hulled power boat with a 100-horsepower engine. With his family, he cruises and fishes the rivers and tidewaters of Virginia. Arthur Junior is never reluctant to go on these trips, for fishing is his bag, too.

Graebner serves the fourth game of the second set, and in the entire game there are eight shots. Two are misfired serves. Two are aces. Ashe gets his racquet on the ball only twice. Dr. Graebner, on the edge of his chair, is pleased. "He's taking his time. He's reading Arthur nicely. He's hitting well." As it happens, Dr. Graebner is not at Forest Hills but at his home, on Wimbledon Road, in Beachwood, Ohio, where, with Clark's mother, he is watching the match on a television screen that seems almost as large as the huge picture window behind it. Through the window is an awning-shaded terrace, and beyond that a compact lawn. "I just wish he'd learn to smile on the court, because he looks so grim, and he just isn't," Mrs. Graebner says. When Clark moves with correct anticipation to cover a shot, Dr. Graebner says, "He read that well." The houses of Wimbledon Road appear to be in the fifty-to-seventy-thousand-dollar class and almost too big for the parcels of land allotted to them. They are faced with stratified rock, lightened with big windows, surrounded with shrubbery, and lined up in propinquous ranks like yachts at a pier. Arthur Ashe has visited the Graebners' house several times, and he remembers it in blueprint detail. "You walk in the front door. You face steps. The dining room is on the left-hand side. The living room is on the right, and beyond it a den. Beyond the dining room, the kitchen. Big back yard. Four bedrooms." The Graebners' living-room shelves are filled with tennis trophies, in place of books. The room has big furniture—big couches, big easy chairs, big lamps, big coffee tables. Mrs. Graebner is a large woman with a strikingly attractive face, curiously like Carole's, and she, too, is a dieter of fearful discipline. Dr. Graebner is extremely dental. He has bright-white, flawless teeth—a kind of self-portrait—in an open face that smiles readily. He speaks quickly and nervously, often in an engaging monologue. Tennis players who visit his home uniformly like him, and find him amusing because he asks them questions ("How are you? How was your trip? How is your game?") and, not waiting for replies, answers all the questions himself ("It's nice to see you so well. There's nothing like a good, smooth flight. You're having your best year"). Attentively, he worries over his guests. "That's all right. We'll get a towel. It will be O.K. All right. There will be no difficulty," he says, and he all but concludes by saying, "Relax, now. It won't hurt a bit." After thirty years of close contact with temporarily muted people, he has mastered the histrionisms of his craft. He winks, interviews himself, speaks always reassuringly, and couples his skeins of language with "but"s and "and"s, never stopping. Crunch. Ace. Right down the middle. "He's taking his time. He's hitting well." Dr. Graebner is almost completely absorbed in Clark—in everything from the mechanical functioning of his game to the general politics of tennis, which can take on cinquecento overtones when powers meet to set up a tournament draw—and many of Dr. Graebner's long-standing, old-Clevelander patients have learned that the last thing they want to say as they sit down in the chair is "How's Clark?"



Dr. Graebner's hair, crew cut, is speckled salt-and-pepper gray, but he looks so much like Clark that the two

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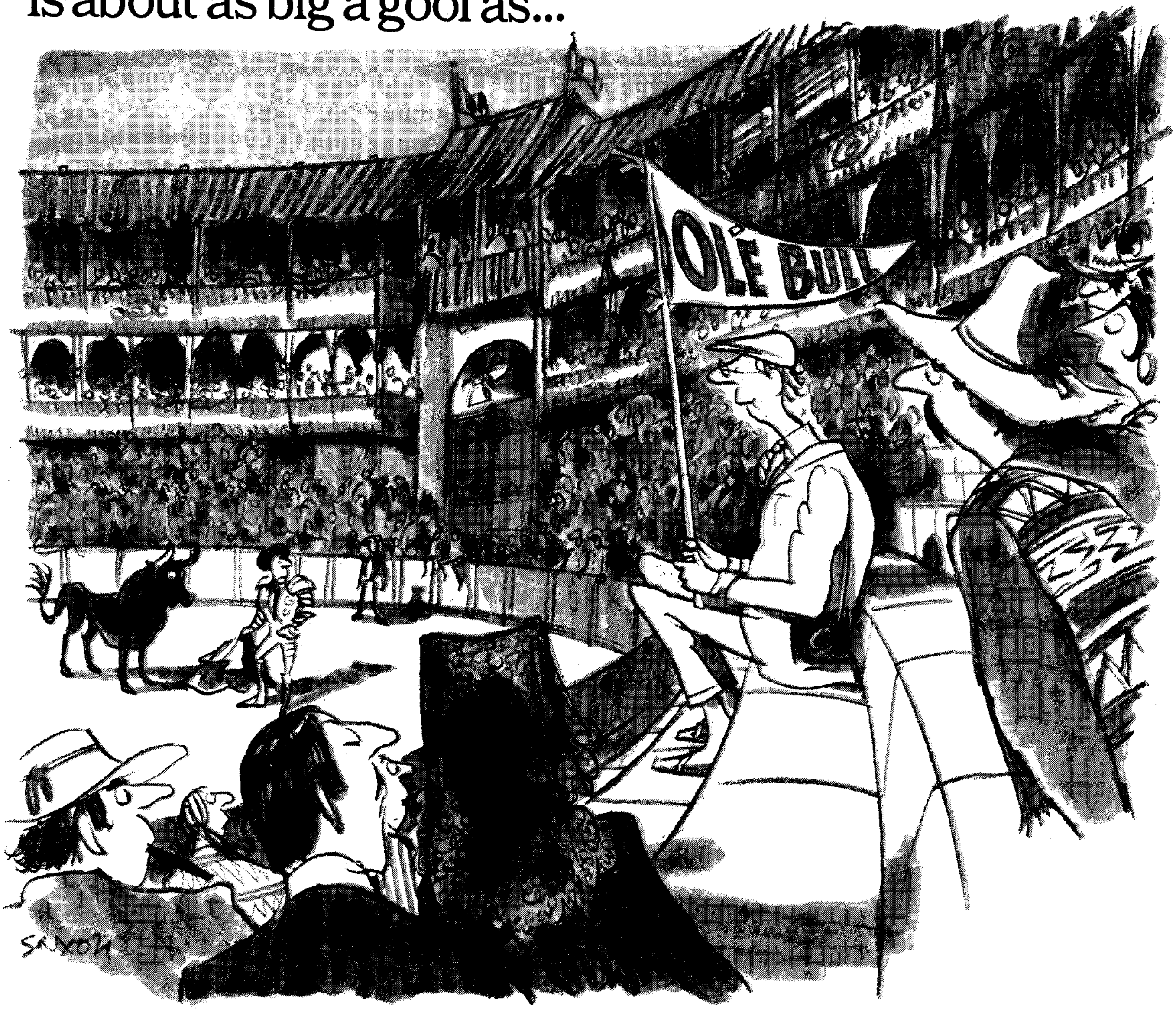

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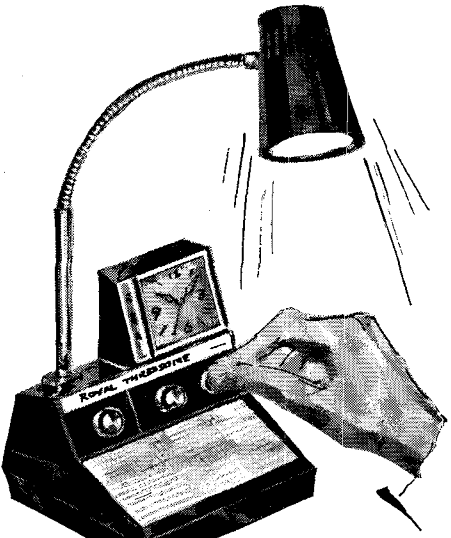
could be mistaken for brothers. He is just over six feet tall. Like Clark, Dr. Graebner has a quick, hot temper. "He and I are very similar. He is tight, keyed up, a perfectionist, a hard worker. He does orthodonture—everything but surgery. He's a nervous person, I guess. So am I. We keep a lot inside ourselves. He doesn't drink, smoke, or swear. I don't do anything to an extreme, but I am not a puritanical soul."

"My father can barely read and write. In his own simple way, though, he is very broadminded. He is receptive to new ideas. He shows little concern for social conventions. He is a benevolent man. He gives money and clothes to the poor. He was always strict, but fair. He doesn't drink. So far as I know, he has never bought a bottle of liquor. We do have homemade wine—peach wine, blackberry wine. If my father had a million dollars, he wouldn't change. He is not by any means a social climber. I'm convinced of that." Mr. Ashe was born on a farm in South Hill, Virginia. He had eight brothers and sisters. His father, Pink Ashe, was a carpenter-bricklayer-farmer who grew tobacco and corn. When Arthur Senior was twelve, he went to Richmond to make his living, but he had been working part time almost all his life—cleaning yards, carrying wood, cleaning chicken houses. In Richmond, he became a butler-chauffeur. He was thirteen when he got his driver's license. For five years, he worked for Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gregory, of 2 River Road, driving them around the city, or answering the door as butler or waiting at table in a white coat. He describes Gregory as "a wealthy dude." Mrs. Gregory paid him two dollars and fifty cents a week, of which he unfailingly sent all but the fifty cents to his mother in South Hill. He was still in his teens when he went to work for the city.

At a program one evening at the Westwood Baptist Church, Arthur Senior met a tall, good-looking girl with long, soft hair and a face that was gentle and thin. Her name was Mattie Cunningham. People called her Baby. He soon married her. "She was just like Arthur Junior. She never argued. She was quiet, easygoing, kindhearted. She had a very strict mother, too, brother. She worked at Miller & Rhoads' department store." Asked if she sold things behind a counter, he asks back, "Are you kidding? In those days, that was impossible. . . . She read a lot. She was serious—a very serious-minded person, especially with that boy when he was first born." Arthur Junior



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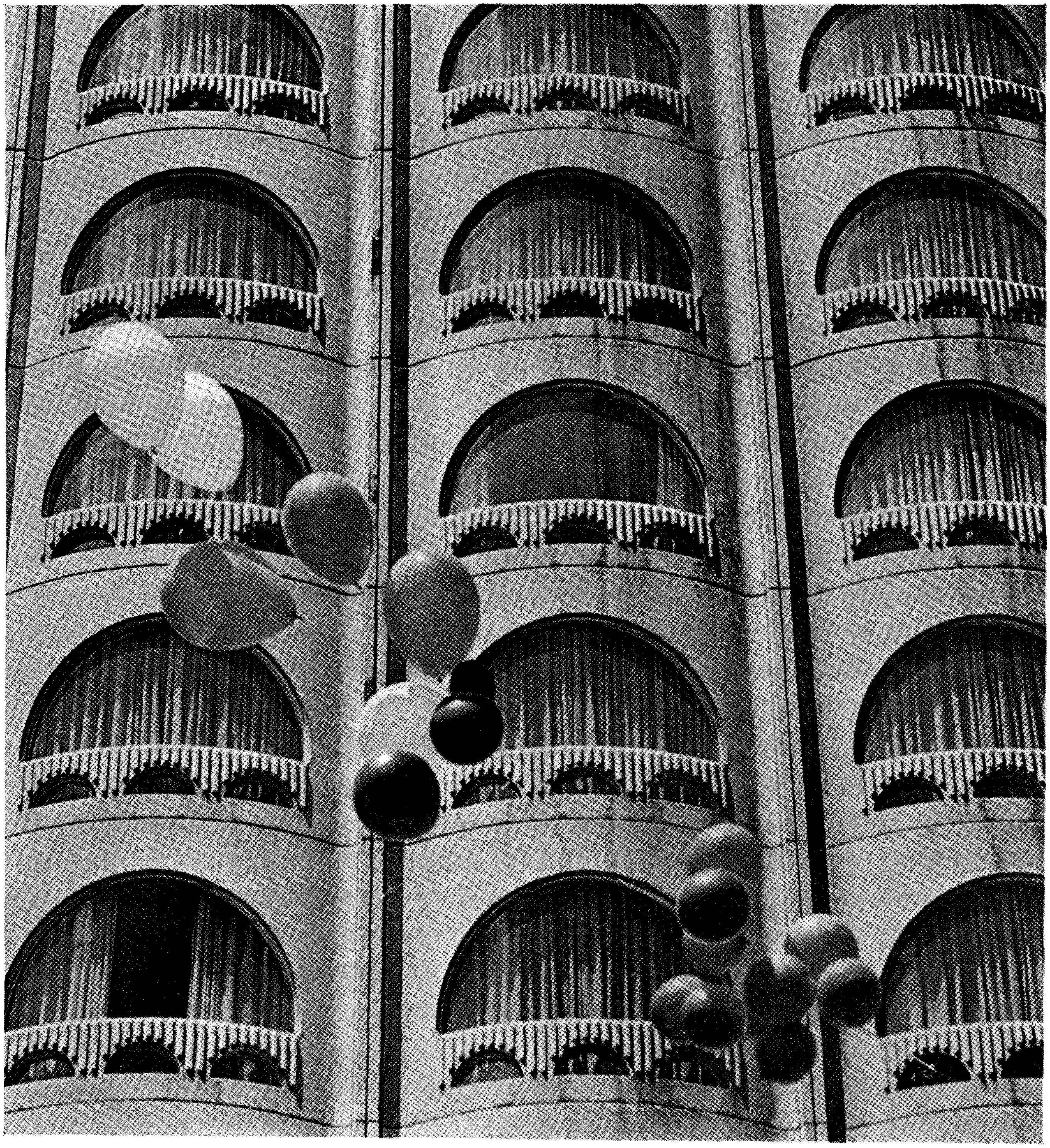

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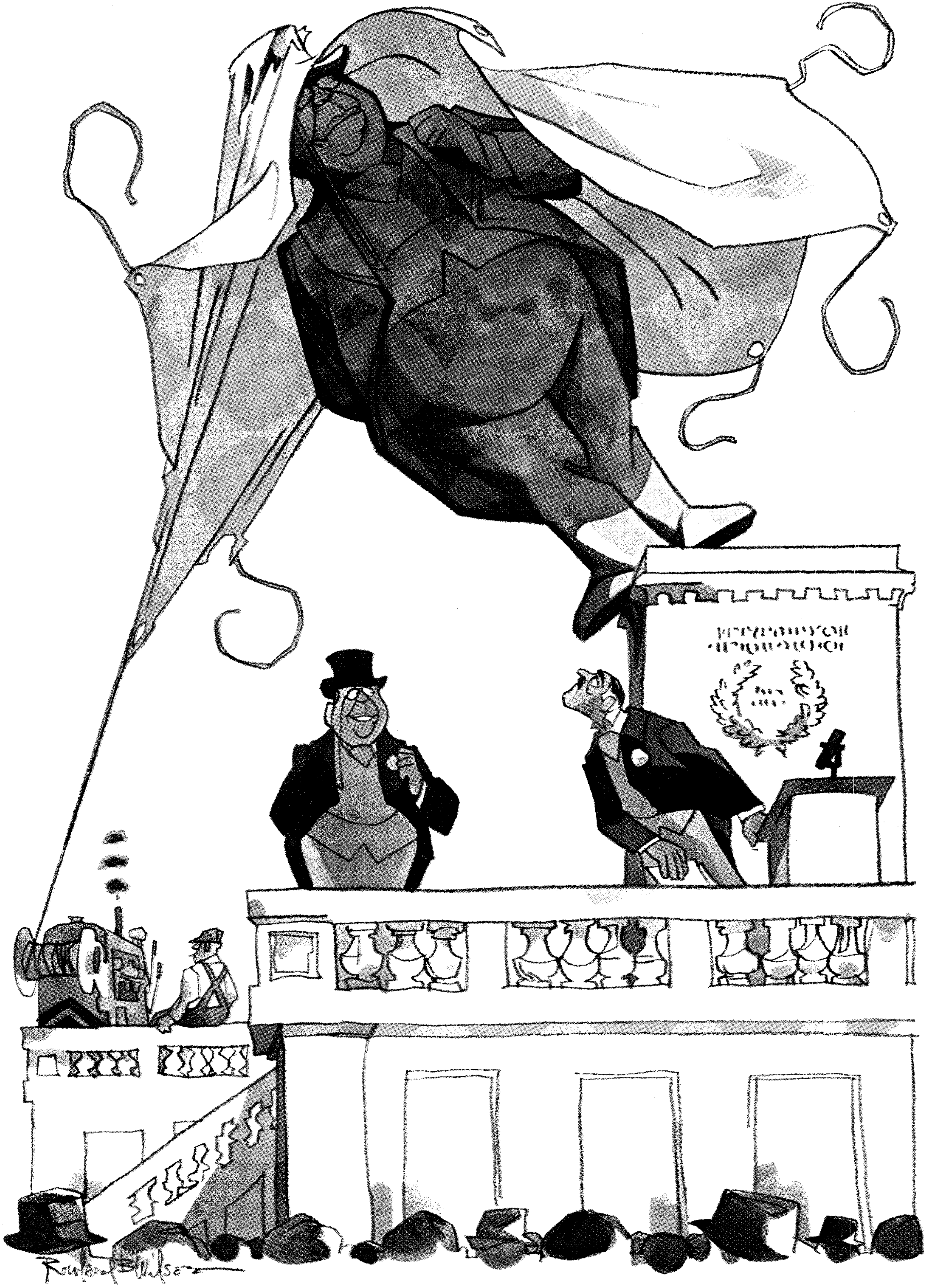
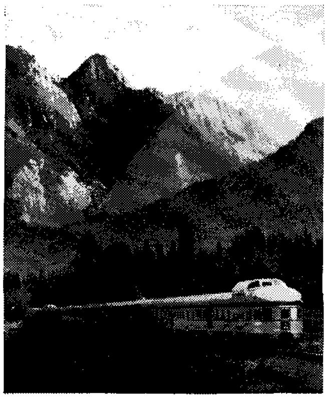

Rowland B. Wilson

"My insurance company? New England Life, of course. Why?"

carries his birth certificate in his wallet—July 10, 1943, "born alive at 12:55 P.M." All he remembers of his mother is an image of her standing by a door of the house in Brook Field, in a blue corduroy bathrobe, on a day when she was taken to a hospital. His father tells a story surrounding the events that followed: "In one of the oak trees outside the house, there was a bluejay bird singing up a storm. I carried Arthur Junior's mother to the hospital that morning. The bird sang for a week. I threw rocks at it. I shot at it with a .38, but not to kill it. The bird sang for a week and would not stop. A call came at five-twenty one morning from the hospital, and the bird stopped singing." His wife had been twenty-seven.

Becoming a lone parent seemed to increase in Arthur's father his already rigorous sense of discipline. When Arthur entered first grade, at the Baker Street School, near Brook Field, Mr. Ashe walked with him at the boy's pace and timed the journey. Arthur had exactly that many minutes to get home from school each day or he was in trouble. If he was late, his father took it for granted that something was wrong. In time, when Arthur wanted to work a paper route, his father would not let him do it. He thought it was too dangerous. "I kept the children home pretty close," he says. "My children never roamed the streets. A regular schedule was very important. A parent has got to hurt his own child, discipline him, hold him back from things you know aren't good for him. I don't believe in arguing and fussing. I can't stand it and never could. I don't believe in speaking two or three times, neither." He set maxims before his son like stepping stones. "You don't get nowhere by making enemies," he said. "You gain by helping others." And "Things that you need come first. Foolishness is last." "I told Arthur these things for his future, for his own good," Mr. Ashe goes on. "I told him I wanted him to get an education and get himself qualified so people could respect him as a human being. I wanted him to be a gentleman that everybody could recognize, and that's what he is right now."

It was a five-minute walk from the house in Brook Field to the house of the nearest neighbor, and to see his boyhood friends Arthur Junior would walk around the tennis courts, around the pool, through the parking yards of the Manhattan For Hire Car Company, and into the neighborhood beyond. Brook Field was encircled with light



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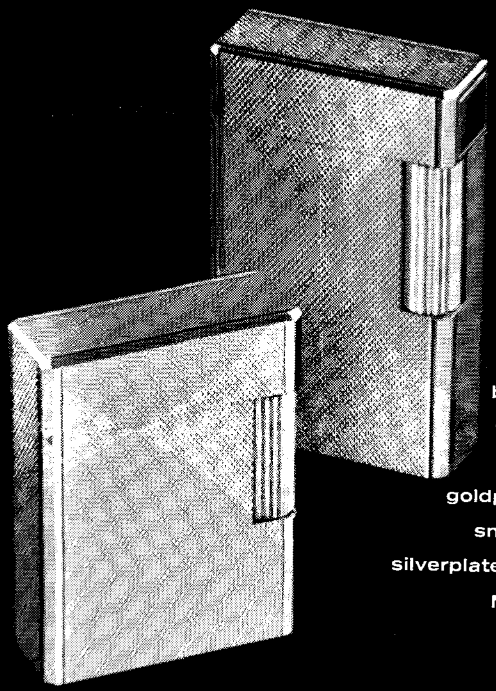

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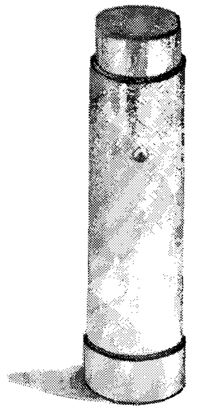

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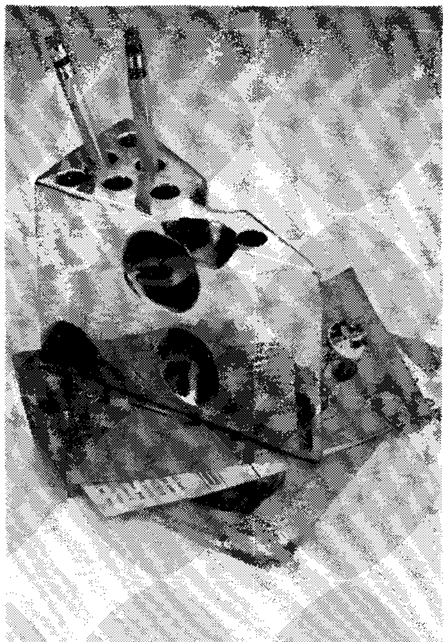

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industry—the Bottled Gas Corporation of Virginia, the Valentine Meat Juice Company. "I didn't live in a so-called ghetto situation. I never saw rat-infested houses, never hung out on corners, never saw anyone knifed. I wasn't made aware of it all until I went to college. We were never poor. Not even close. Things weren't that tough for me. I've never had a job in my life. In a way, I envy people who have had. The field behind my house was like a huge back yard. I thought it was mine. Brook Field was just an athletic paradise, a dream world for a kid who likes to play sports. Tennis, baseball, horseshoes, basketball, football, swimming—you name it. The pool was so full of kids in the summer you couldn't see the water. I had no problems at all. There was really no reason in the world for me to leave the place. Everybody came to me. The athletic equipment was kept in a box in my house." Mr. Ashe spent half his time encouraging athletic games and the other half breaking up crap games. Brook Field, which has since been bulldozed and turned into the site of Richmond's new general post office, was lined and interspersed with oak trees, and Arthur, lying in bed at night during summer thunderstorms, kept waiting for lightning to shiver the big limbs, but it never did. And there was some latent fear, which surfaced now and again in remarks of Arthur Senior's, that the bottled-gas company might blow up, and that if it did the family would go with it. One night, something leaked at the gas company and two-hundred-foot flames raced into the sky. The big tanks, however, did not explode. "And that might have been the best thing that ever didn't happen to me."

Arthur's mother had taught him to read when he was four. He was an A student all through school. He never read detective stories, Westerns, or comic books. "I didn't want to waste a dime on comic books. Ridiculous. The dime would be gone in five minutes." For the most part, he read biographies and general factual writing, and he went through the World Book Encyclopedia. He read books beside the tennis courts when he wasn't playing, and he would continue this habit during tournaments in later years. In high school, he played the trumpet in a combo called the Royal Knights, but he actually mixed very little with his classmates, for his tennis increasingly took him out of their milieu. He was a good pitcher and a good second baseman, but his high-school principal, impressed by his development in ten-

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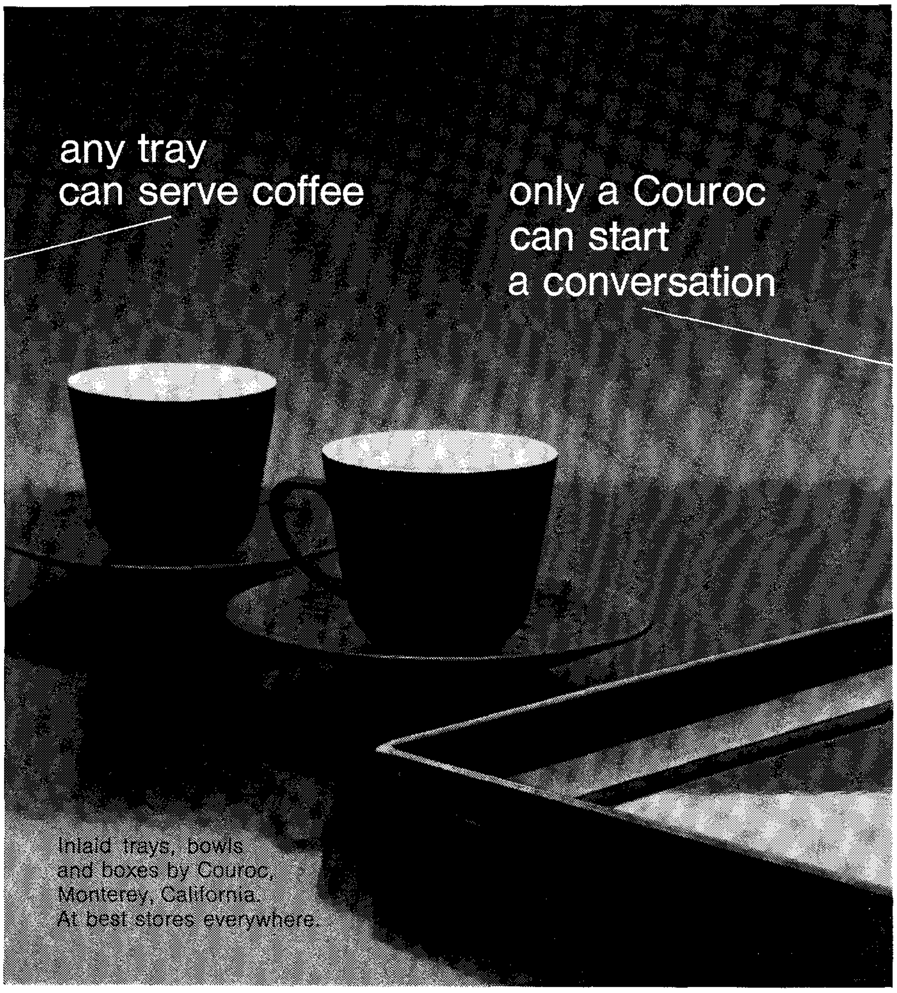
nis under Dr. Johnson, kept him from playing on the high-school baseball team. Black high schools in Richmond, in his era, had no tennis teams. Before long, and because of him, they would all have tennis teams.

Mr. Ashe's curfew during those years was 11 P.M. "Arthur, when Daddy says eleven o'clock, I mean *in* the house at eleven o'clock. See that car out that window? You're going to be driving that soon. You're going to wreck it trying to get home by eleven. You had better show me what you can do on foot before I let you drive that car." Arthur's father pondered all invitations that came Arthur's way, and screened out most of them. ("If I let him go to all the parties he was invited to, he wouldn't be where he is today.") Once, Arthur was invited to a party by a young lady whose father was a school principal and whose mother was a teacher. Arthur Senior approved of that one, and Arthur went. He was not home by eleven. His father went after him. When Mr. Ashe appeared in the doorway, the girl called out, "Hey, Art. Here is your antique father." Mr. Ashe tells this story without a smile.

Every Sunday, Arthur had to go to the Westwood Baptist Church. He refers to the experience as "a chore." "It's very tough to tell a young black kid that the Christian religion is for him," he says. "He just doesn't believe it. When you start going to church and you look up at this picture of Christ with blond hair and blue eyes, you wonder if he's on your side. When I got to college, I quit going to church. I go every once in a while now, out of curiosity." The ceramic Christ on the wall at Gum Spring has blond hair and brown eyes.

Dr. and Mrs. Graebner go to services every Sunday and to prayer meeting every Wednesday at the Cedar Hill Baptist Church, and they think that Clark is not as religious as he should be. They try to do whatever they can to bring Clark closer to God, and they always have tried to. He was a malleable child—in his mother's words, "a real nice boy, not difficult to handle, active but not mischievous." He fished for crawdads in the Rocky River, and he roller-skated around and around the blocks of Lakewood with a little neighbor named Nancy Gallo. There were no boys for him to play with, but he didn't seem to mind. He would always be more at ease with women than with men. In his teens, he began to dress with what he took to be suavity; he affected a camel's-hair coat and



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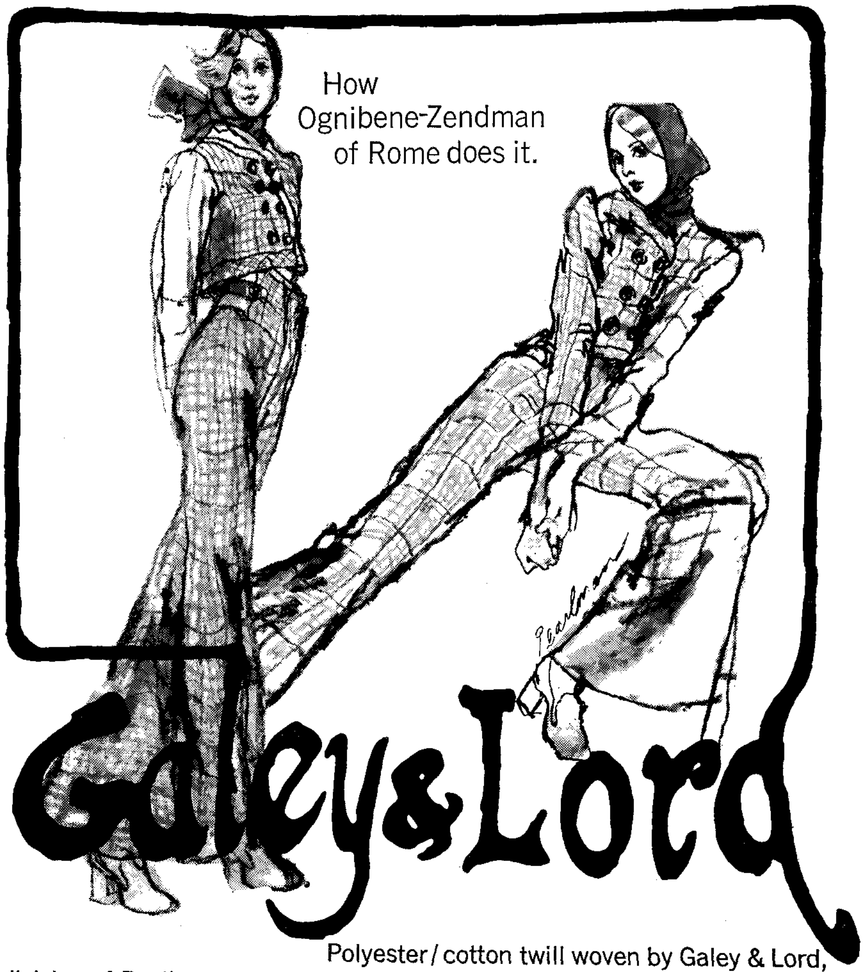

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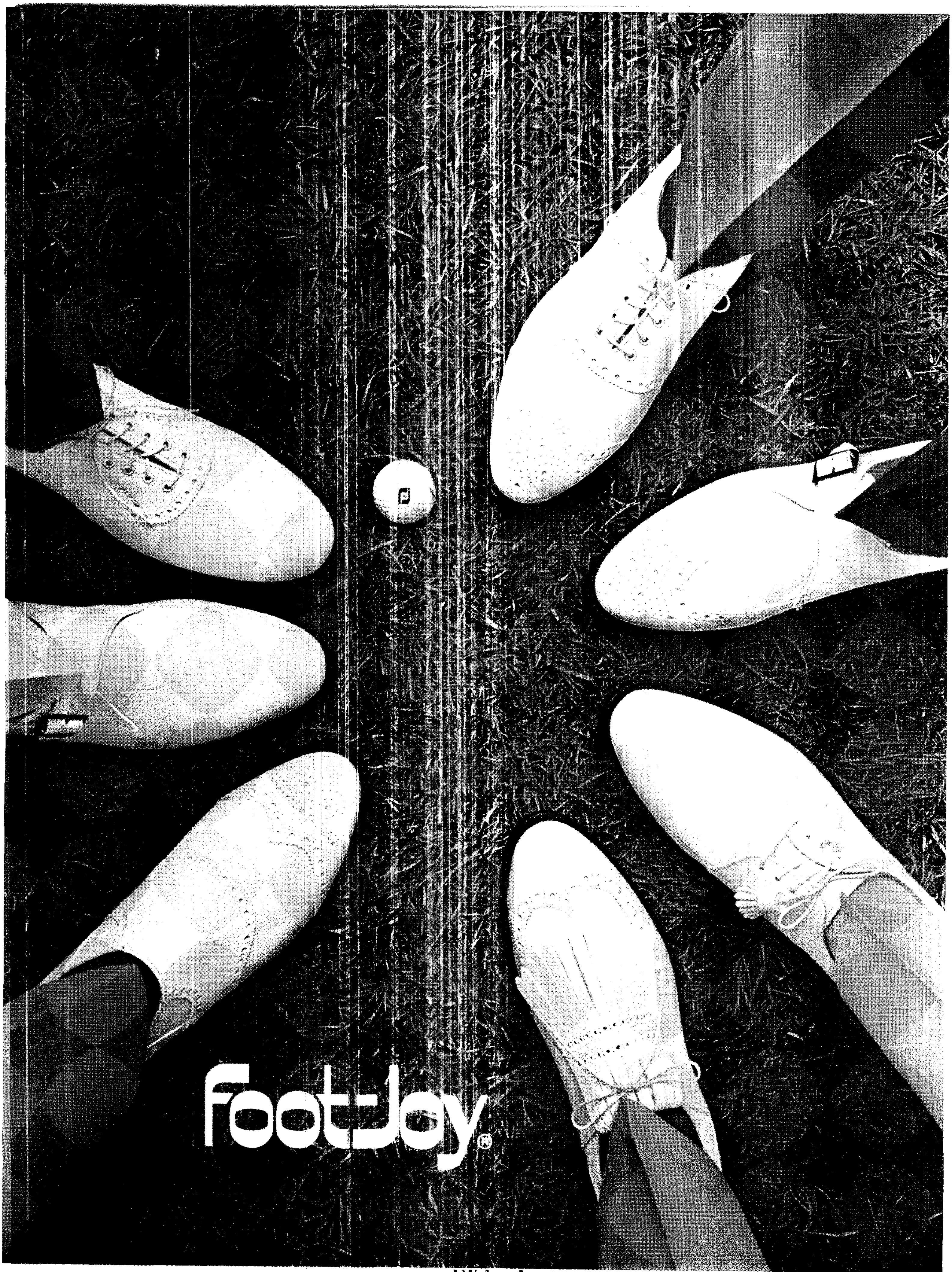
looked like a mannequin from Rogers Peet. He and his doubles partner Warren Danne chased girls together, and Warren was as impressed with Clark in this form as he was with Clark the tennis player. "Girls really liked him. He was *very much* at home with them," Warren says. When Clark was sixteen and going steady with a girl called Bubbles Keyes, he had "total use" of the family Imperial—in effect, his own car. When he needed money, he just asked for it, and if the purpose was reasonable he got it. "I was probably spoiled to some degree, as are most only children. Now that I have mine, I can see how easy it is to spoil a child. You love them so much." Clark's intense concentration on tennis worried his mother a little. She felt that he should have another outlet, and the one she chose to encourage was figure skating. Clark was trained at the Cleveland Skating Club by the best available professionals, and, with his natural sense of rhythm and his gyroscopic balance, he became an outstanding performer. But he could leave skating alone. He eventually had enough of "judges dumping all over you if you were off by one-tenth of a second—I couldn't stand that."

The Cleveland Skating Club had four cement indoor tennis courts and ten *en-tout-cas* outdoor courts, so Clark spent a high proportion of his formative years there, making the trip every afternoon on "the rapid," and going home, after office hours, with his father. (The tennis facilities are now called the Cavalry Tennis Club and are a separate, integrated organization, because "a citizen do-gooder," as Mrs. Graebner describes him, noted some years ago that the courts were on public land rented from the city, and therefore membership should be open to all. The solution was to create the Cavalry Club. Skating Club members could join Cavalry or not, as they chose, and the Graebners immediately signed up.) In his early teens, Clark became good enough to play with his father and his father's friends—"people I would consider hackers now"—and Dr. Graebner and Clark became a doubles team, competing in father-and-son tournaments. In the Western Championships, in Cleveland, they played several times against Dr. Robert Walter Johnson, of Lynchburg, and his son Robert. Clark was so young the first time that the Johnsons felt sorry for him, according to Dr. Johnson, so they eased up and gave him one game. That gave Clark the lift he needed, and the Graebners beat the Johnsons. Meeting in the same tournament in another year, the Johnsons beat the Graebners. Twice, the Graebners were national finalists in the U.S.L.T.A. father-and-son tournament. Tennis players remember how solicitous Dr. Graebner was toward Clark, and how he tried artfully to coax Clark along when he made an error. "Don't worry, honey. Don't worry, honey," Dr. Graebner would say. "Forget it. Concentrate on the next one." In later seasons, when Clark had become much the stronger player of the two, it was he who carried his father in these tournaments, and other tennis players remember that Clark used to get irked and impatient when his father missed shots, and he would grit his teeth and say to his father, "Just get me *one* point, will you?"

Clark's companion on the rest of the circuit was his mother, for Dr. Graebner had his practice and generally had to stay home. In a Chrysler New Yorker and, later, Imperials, singing along on snow tires all summer, because she felt they were safer in rain, she drove Clark and Warren Danne from Cleveland to St. Louis to Springfield to Louisville to Champaign—the cities of the tennis big-little league, where boy tennis players of the highest levels compete with one another as the season advances toward Kalamazoo. In the mind of a new American tennis player, Kalamazoo is Wimbledon. The national championships for the very young are held in August in Kalamazoo. Clark, when he was twelve, met Arthur Ashe at Kalamazoo, but, in the patterns of the draw, did not play against him. "I thought I was pretty good at twelve," Clark says. "Then I went to Kalamazoo and lost love and love in the first round. Actually, I played well. All the games went to deuce. I just didn't win them. Ray Senkowski, a six-footer who was shaving—a big Polack guy, you know—he just annihilated me, scorewise."

Clark won at Kalamazoo two years later, but meanwhile something of tangential but considerable importance would happen to him there, and to Arthur as well. Kalamazoo is often the scene of what in the career of a



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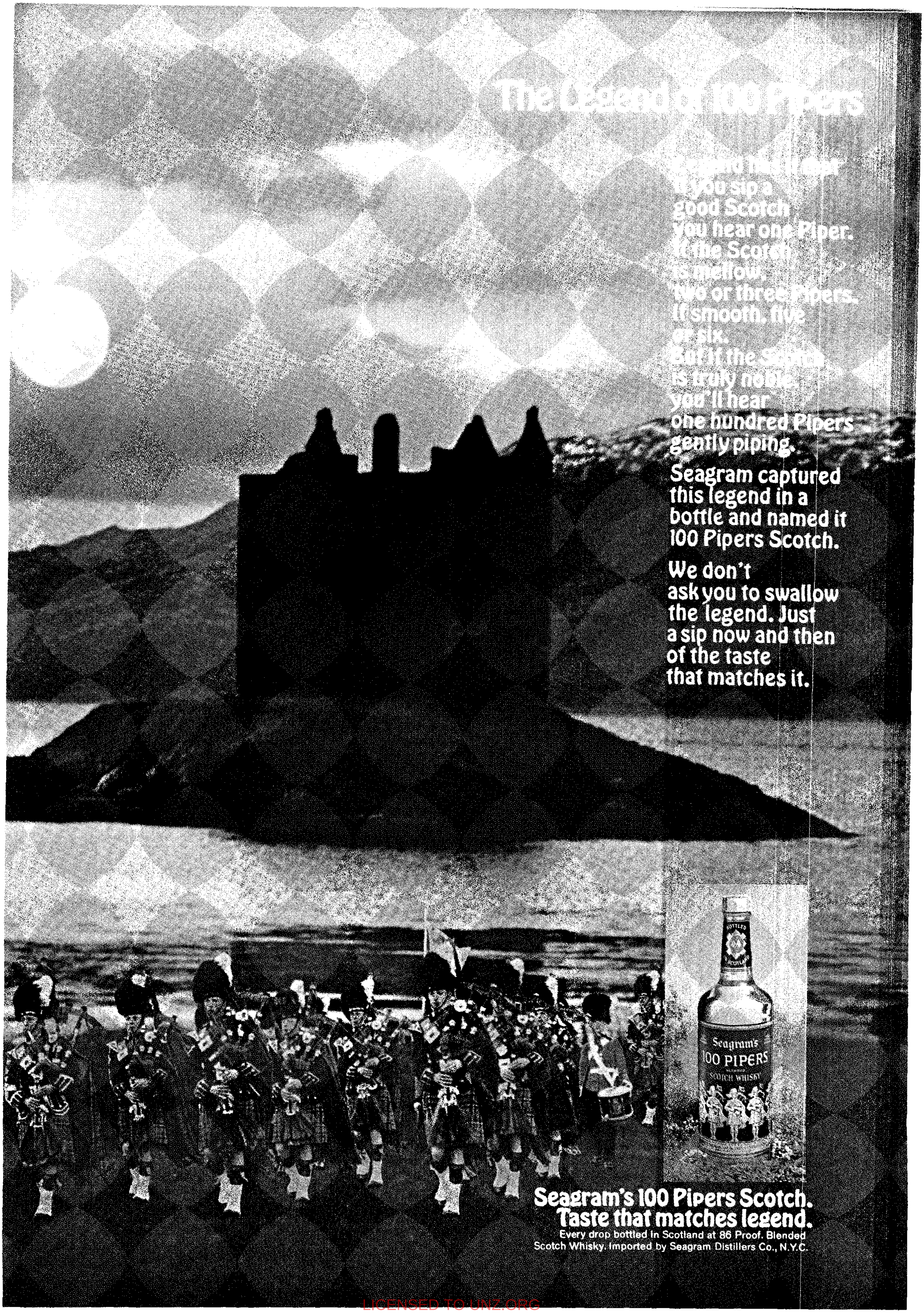

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young tennis player is the equivalent of the day of the *alternativa* in the life of a young bullfighter—the day of his doctorate, his confirmation, his *bar mitzvah*. If a boy tennis player is good enough to show the slightest signs of world-class potential, a man inevitably approaches him at some moment at Kalamazoo and says, "Son, I'm from the Wilson Sporting Goods Company, and I'd like to give you a couple of racquets."

It could be Dunlop, Bancroft, Spalding. They're all there. It was Wilson that knighted Arthur Ashe. He was fifteen when Wilson gave him, in his words, "two racquets and a couple of covers that first time, no shoes, no strings." Since then, he has never used another kind of racquet. When he is in Chicago, he goes to the Wilson factory and picks out several dozen frames, which are put aside and sent to him, usually in lots of four, as he requests them. His Tony Trabert model used to be the Barry MacKay model, and before that the Alex Olmedo, and before that the Don Budge. It has always been the same racquet, and Ashe has used it in its various incarnations because he thinks it is the stiffest racquet that Wilson makes. "I'm a flippy player anyway. Any racquet that gives me more flip gives me trouble." He picks them out at the factory because he wants the stiffest of the stiff. He seldom breaks one, but after he has used one for a while the head gets floppy—the racquet becomes something like a riding whip—and he throws it away. He has his racquets strung at sixty pounds of tension, but no two stringing jobs are alike, so he hits with several racquets and picks out favorites. When he comes onto the court for a match, he brings two incumbent favorites, spins them, and picks one, mystically. He plays through the match with one racquet. So does Graebner. Both Ashe and Graebner say that only Pancho Gonzales and a few others change racquets frequently during a match, and they both say that Pancho is "psycho" about it. Both Ashe and Graebner use four-and-five-eighths-inch handles. Ashe is not sure what his racquet weighs. "I don't know. I don't care. Some players worry about their racquets to the quarter ounce. And they have to be strung just so. Christ, in my opinion if you worry about that crap you go out there and you can't play. You'll seldom find me with more than four racquets. I run through them, and that's it."

Graebner was anointed by Wilson, too. He was only thirteen when, at

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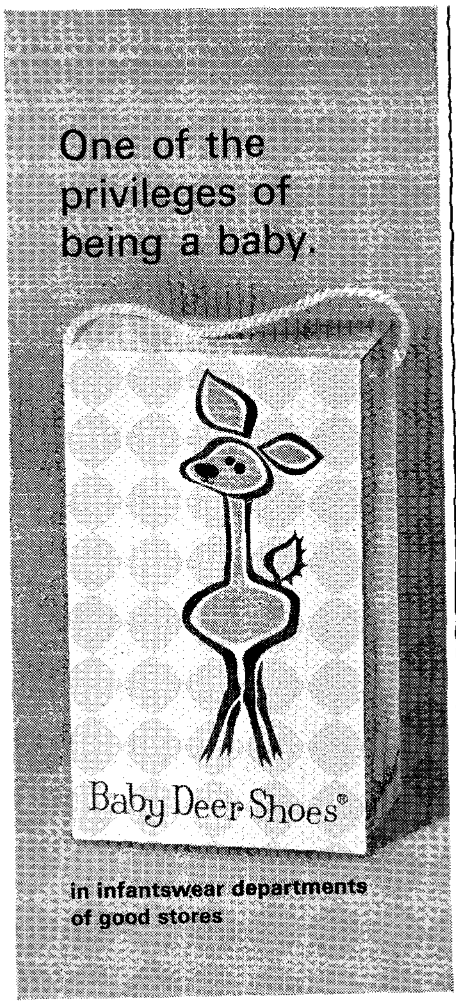
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Kalamazoo, the Wilson man hit a few balls with him, then gave him two racquets and two covers. The following year, he reached the five-racquet category, and after that he went into the unlimited class. Graebner, too, has been loyal to Wilson, but Dunlop once nearly achieved him. He tried the Dunlop Maxply Fort, the racquet Rod Laver uses, and its touch impressed him. He told Wilson all about it and suggested that Wilson custom-make for him a racquet exactly like the Dunlop and paint "WILSON" on it. Wilson craftsmen built mock Dunlops for Graebner for years—until he changed to steel. This happened when Graebner, pounding away with his wooden racquet in the 1967 National Clay Court Championships, in Milwaukee, had such a bad case of tennis elbow that his elbow at the time included everything from his wrist to his shoulder. His arm felt as if it were about to fall off. He lost in singles, but he had a particular desire to hang on in the doubles, because he and his partner, Marty Riessen, had won the National Clay Court doubles twice before and could keep the trophy permanently if they won again. Graebner called Wilson in Chicago and had steel racquets rushed to Milwaukee. The steel racquet, invented by René Lacoste, was something new and unproved, but it was easy to swing, less resistant to air. It was as if a scalpel had been designed to replace a hunting knife. For Graebner, though, it was more like the sword in the stone. He and Riessen won in Milwaukee and retired the trophy; then Graebner's arm stopped hurting, and Graebner, totally committed to steel, went on to be a finalist that season at Merion, Orange, and Forest Hills—his best year ever. The tennis circuit began to glitter with steel racquets. Billie Jean King gave up wood, and to Pancho Gonzales the new racquet meant that his playing life might be extended by a couple of hundred years. The steel racquet bends like a whip when it hits, and that was just the complement Graebner needed for his firm, wrist-locked strokes. "It made me serve harder. The ball comes off the racquet so much more quickly. The stringing is different. The gut is suspended inside the frame, like a trampoline. It is a little harder to control a volley, but I shortened my backswing, because the ball climbs off the racquet so much more quickly, and now I seldom miss a return of serve. The steel racquet is the greatest thing since candy." Multitudes of hacks are now hacking with steel, but the boom

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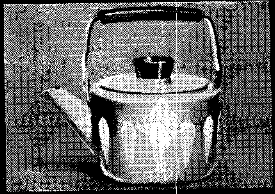

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that Graebner prominently helped to begin has not reached everywhere. Steel seems to have been used therapeutically where therapy was needed, but Laver still hits with his Dunlop, Ken Rosewall uses wood, and so does Arthur Ashe, who says, "Most people don't know what they're talking about when they talk about steel racquets. I'm doing fine with the wood racquet. Why should I change?"

Kalamazoo was also the probable place for initial contact between young players and the haberdashers of tennis. Ashe has been styled in free Fred Perry shirts and shorts since he was a schoolboy, and for at least as many years Graebner's *couturier* has been the versatile René Lacoste. Mrs. Graebner observed all this, and everything else at Kalamazoo, with some detachment. It occurred to her that there might be reasons that eleven- and twelve-year-olds ought not to be assembled to play for national championships. She noticed that many of the young players wept when they lost. "I thought they were a terribly intense, very emotional bunch of little boys. Arthur never showed it. He had been trained not to. But the others complained about everything. They complained about what courts they were assigned to play on. I wondered if Kalamazoo was good for them, and I still wonder. Now that I look at Clark, I think the weighing was in his favor. But if he had not got this far, I wonder if he would have been hurt." Meanwhile, she made many friends among the tennis mothers and, from sheer exposure, learned a lot about the game. She did not play it then, but she began to coach Clark with some effectiveness, because she could watch him play and tell him accurately what he was doing wrong. "You're not tossing the ball high enough. You're breaking your wrist on your forehand. On your backhand, you're swinging late."

Clark was sixteen when, at Kalamazoo, he suddenly felt such pain in his back that he could hardly hit the ball. He refused to default, and he lost, hitting a kind of crippled half stroke. His mother drove him home, and when they arrived his difficulty was so severe that he had trouble getting out of the car. He had osteochondrosis. Two of his lower vertebrae were not calcifying rapidly enough and had become, in Mrs. Graebner's words, squashed flat. Osteochondrosis characteristically attacks the upper vertebrae of prodigious young piano players, whose spinal columns bend like canes toward the keyboard. In Clark's case, the vertebrae in the small of his back were affect-

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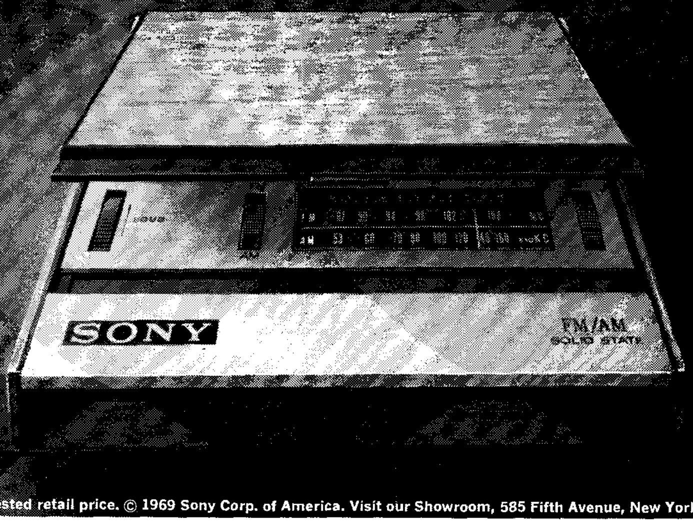

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ed. Reaching high for serves had probably made the situation acute. For nearly two weeks, he had to lie flat on his back while a device was made that would surround his body like a steel birdcage from armpits to hips, held in place by a tight leather-and-canvas corset. The physician said that in the brace Clark could do anything, but when he did not wear it he would have to lie still, in bed. The day the brace came, Clark put it on and played tennis, but he could make only pathetic moves. The next day, he lost, love and love, to one of the worst players at his club. For some time after that, he played against women, and the fatigue produced by the strain of fighting the brace put circles under his eyes. Time and again he crashed to the ground, but he kept playing, and five weeks after he acquired the brace he played a match against a fairly good male opponent and—despite numerous falls—won. "That's it. I can do anything," he said to his mother. When he eventually returned to the circuit, she massaged him regularly with salve or alcohol. Other tennis players rather unsympathetically began to classify him as a "mama's boy." He wore the brace every day for fourteen months. In it, on a debilitatingly hot day—105°—in Midland, Texas, he won the National Jaycee junior-singles championship. Because he was an adolescent just coming into his full growth, the brace would influence his bearing for the rest of his life. It forced and fixed his posture. In it, he could not bend at the waist. He still doesn't. When he brushes his teeth in the morning, he places his feet apart and leans like an A-frame against the mirror. He is capable of bending at the waist, but he is out of the habit. He rarely bends to volley. He walked in the brace, as he still does, like an Etruscan warrior—his spine in absolute plumb, his chin tucked in, his implied plume flying. Graebner's walk, famous in tennis, has been almost universally interpreted as a strut.

"Look at him. He thinks he's Superman."

"Look at the way he walks."

"*Look* at the cocky bastard."

Certain aspects of Graebner's personality that occasionally surface tend to support these views, but his physical silhouette, the distinctive figure he cuts, is more relevant mechanically than psychologically. It is the signature of the osteochondrosis.

Arthur Ashe, who seems to like Graebner well enough but would not ordinarily put himself out to defend him, rises quickly when he hears unfair

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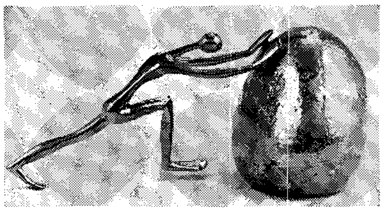

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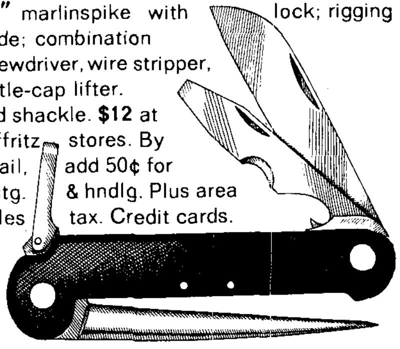

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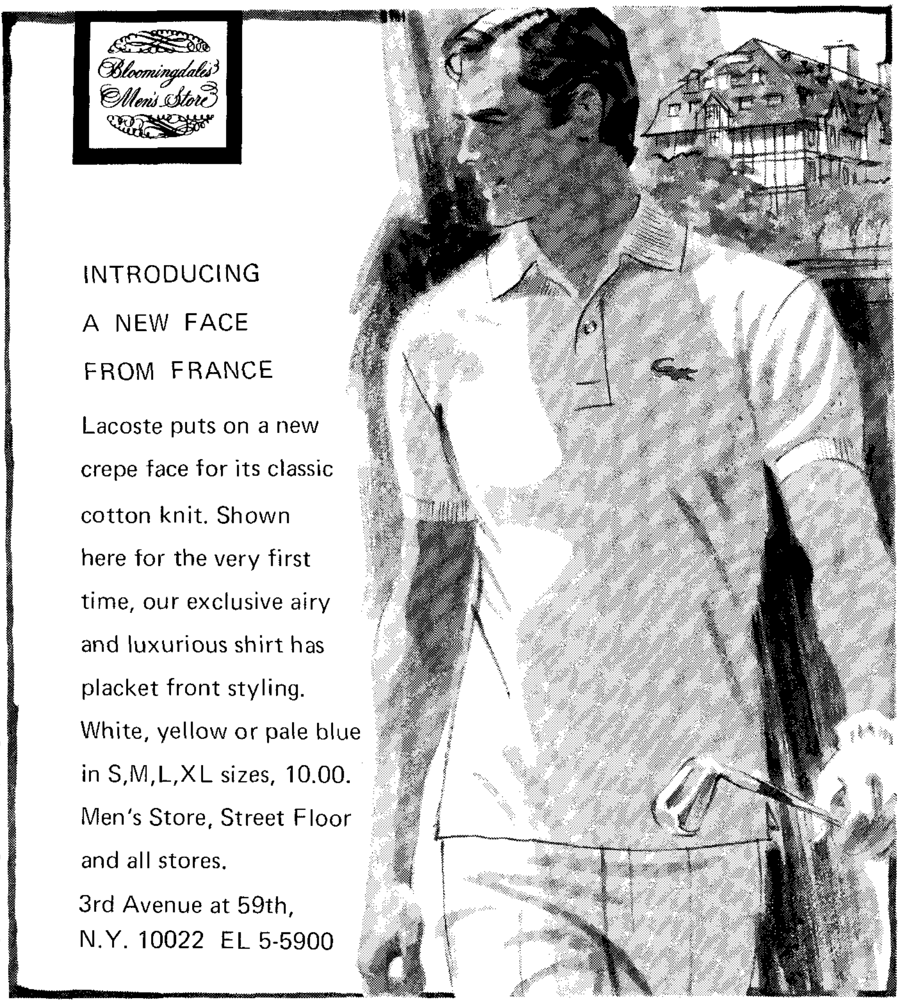
remarks to the effect that Graebner's success has gone to his head and then into his imperial bearing. "He appears to strut," Ashe will point out, "but he can't walk any other way."

"People have their jealousy streaks in them," Arthur's father will say. The effects upon him of his son's fame have been considerable. He says that a number of people in Richmond have become cold toward him. They never mention Arthur's success; in fact, they seem to resent it. "Some whites don't recognize Arthur Junior, and the colored are still worser. It's getting tougher and tougher all the time, in a way of speaking. I think I've lost a lot of friends. But I think I've gained some. About fifty-fifty. Some people think Arthur Junior is getting his daddy a lot of money. They say, 'That tennis player you got has really set you up, hasn't he?' " Mr. Ashe regards this as jokeworthy. His summation of the whole of Arthur's development as a tennis player is "It hung me for some money." His present landscaping and janitorial businesses grew out of odd jobs he took to help pay for Arthur's tennis. He cut grass, scrubbed floors, washed windows, and when he still didn't have enough he borrowed from the Southern Bank & Trust Co., whose branch banks he now keeps clean. Asked why he bothered to do all that, he gives an uncomplicated answer: "*Why?* Because Arthur was out there doing good." He told Arthur, "Do what you want to do, as long as you do it right. But the day you slack up is the day Daddy is going to slack up with his money."

Mr. Ashe says what he thinks, and he shouts when he talks about human relationships. "You respect everybody whether they respect you or not!" he bellows. "Never carry a grudge! I've seen Negroes wreck their lives through hatred of whites!" He believes out loud in law and order. "There's a certain class of people—there's a certain class of people you've got to handle by judge." For tennis tournaments in Richmond involving Arthur Junior and other high-level players, Mr. Ashe, as supervisor of tennis courts for the Department of Parks and Recreation, has set up the nets. Certain Negroes—by no means a small number—have offered him all sorts of abuse for that. They say that he is a V.I.P. and should be prominently displayed in a box seat, and should not degrade himself by working as a flunky. Driving through northside Richmond in his pickup truck past solid-looking brick houses close together on compact lots, he says that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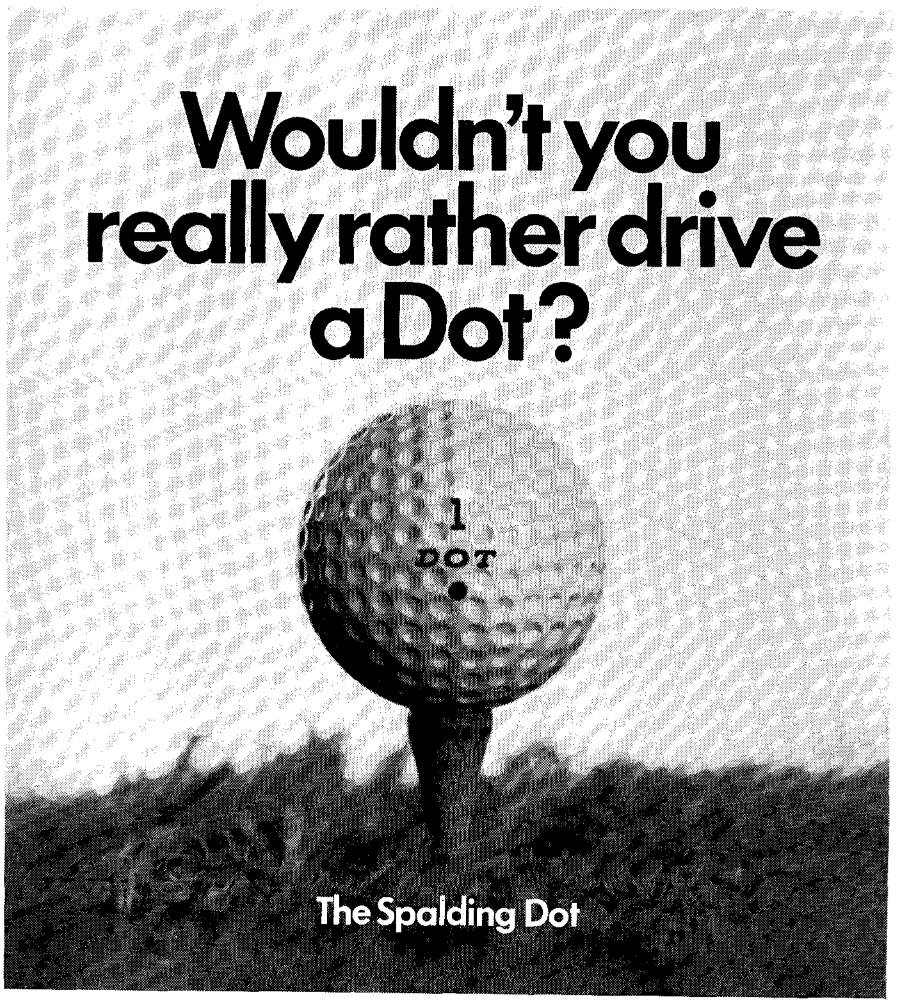
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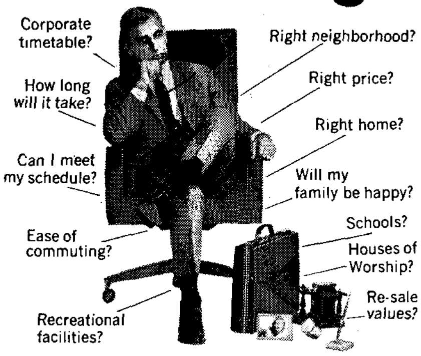
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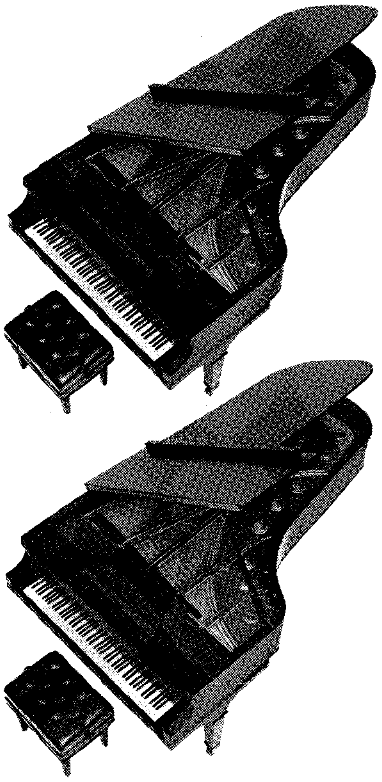
David Bar-Illan's Accompanist

The New Baldwin

this is where the "hank-to-do," or upper-class, Negroes live, and he says that he himself is a "crooked-knees" Negro, which he defines as someone who has no class at all. "I don't have any picks and pets," he will say. "I make everybody come by me, rich or poor. If you school it out and then think back on it, you can figure that out. I respect you the same way I respect the President of the United States. If he came to my house, I'd give him the same bed you slept in. If he didn't like it, he could get the hell out. I just want people to treat me as a human being. I'm sure my son is the same."

Ashe returns serve with a solid forehand, down the line. Graebner, lunging, picks it up with a backhand half volley. The ball floats back to Ashe. He takes a three-hundred-degree roundhouse swing and drives the ball crosscourt so fast that Graebner, who is within close reach of it, cannot react quickly enough to get his racquet on it. Hopefully, Graebner whips his head around to see where the ball lands. It lands on the line—a liner, in the language of the game. "There's Ashe getting lucky again."

Ashe does a deep knee bend to remind himself to stay low. Graebner hits a big serve wide, and a second serve that ticks the cord and skips away. Double fault. Carole pats the air. Calm down, Clark. Graebner can consider himself half broken. The score is love-thirty. Ashe thinks, "You're in trouble, Clark. Deep trouble."

"I'll bet a hundred to one I pull out of it," Graebner tells himself. Crunch. His serve is blocked back, and he punches a volley to Ashe's backhand. Ashe now has two principal alternatives: to return the ball conservatively and safely, adding to the pressure that is already heavy on Graebner, or to cut loose the one-in-ten shot, going for the overwhelming advantage of a love-forty score by the method of the fast kill. Ashe seems to have no difficulty making the choice. He blasts. He misses. Fifteen-thirty.

Graebner serves, attacks the net, volleys, rises high for an overhead—he goes up like a basketball player for a rebound—and smashes the ball away. Thirty-all.

Now the thought crosses Graebner's mind that Ashe has not missed a service return in this game. The thought unnerves him a little. He hits a big one four feet too deep, then bloops his second serve with terrible placement right into the center of the service court. He now becomes the mouse, Ashe the cat.

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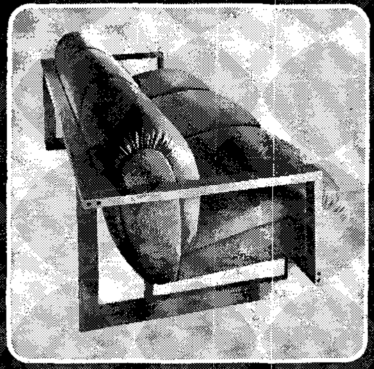
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With soft, perfectly placed shots, Ashe jerks him around the forecourt, then closes off the point with a shot to remember. It is a forehand, with top spin, sent crosscourt so lightly that the ball appears to be flung rather than hit. Its angle to the net is less than ten degrees—a difficult, brilliant stroke, and Ashe hit it with such nonchalance that he appeared to be thinking of something else. Graebner feels the implications of this. Ashe is now obviously loose. Loose equals dangerous. When a player is loose, he serves and volleys at his best level. His general shotmaking ability is optimum. He will try anything. "Look at the way he hit that ball, gave it the casual play," Graebner says to himself. "Instead of trying a silly shot and missing it, he tries a silly shot and makes it." If Ashe wins the next point, he will have broken Graebner, and the match will be, in effect, even.

Again Graebner misses his first serve. Ashe, waiting for the second, says to himself, "Come on. Move in. Move in. I should get it now." When Ashe really feels he has a chance for a break, the index of his desire is that he moves in a couple of steps on second serves. He takes his usual position, about a foot behind the baseline, until Graebner lifts the ball. Then he moves quickly about a yard forward and stops, motionless, as if he were participating in a game of kick-the-can and Graebner were It. Graebner's second serve spins in, and bounces high to Ashe's backhand. Ashe strokes it with underspin. Graebner hits a deep approach shot to Ashe's backhand. Ashe hits a deft, appropriate lob. Graebner wants this point just as much as Ashe does. Scrambling backward, he reaches up and behind him and picks out of the sun an overhead that becomes an almost perfect drop shot, surprising Ashe and drawing him toward the net. At a dead run, Ashe reaches for the ball and more or less shovels it over the net. Graebner has been moving forward, too, and he has stopped for half a second, legs apart, poised, to see what will happen. The ball moves toward his backhand. He moves to the ball and drives it past Ashe, down the line. Graebner is still unbroken. But the game is at deuce. It is only the second time Ashe has extended him that far.

After this game, new balls will be coming in—all the more reason for Ashe to try to break Graebner now. Tennis balls are used for nine games (warmup counts for two), and over that span they get fluffier and fluffier. When they are new and the nap is flat, wind resistance is minimal and

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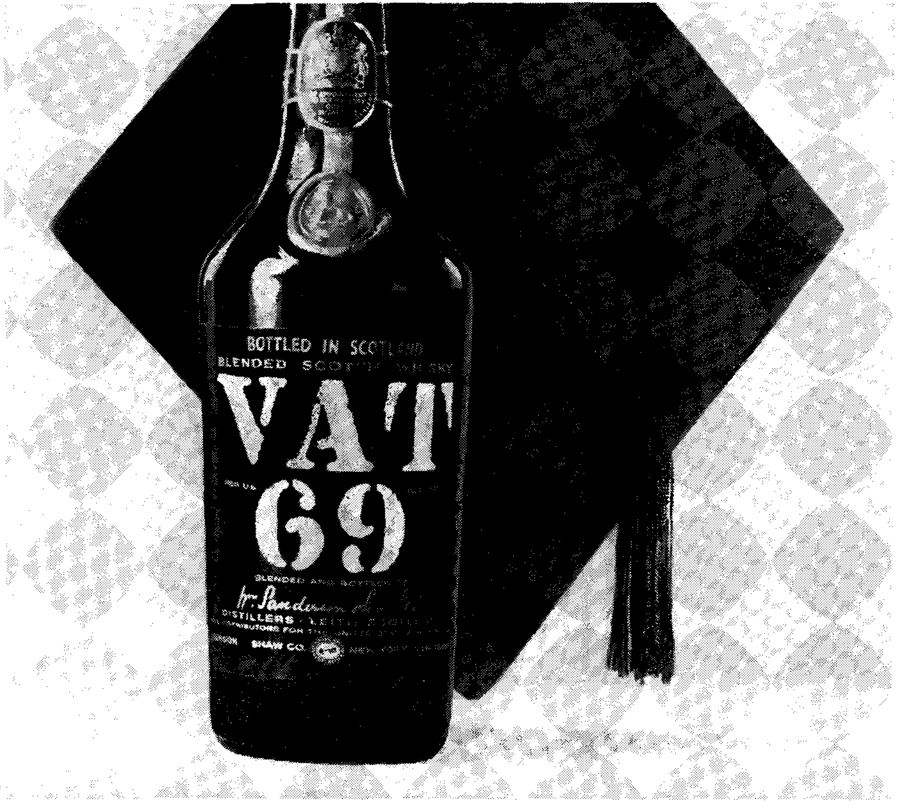

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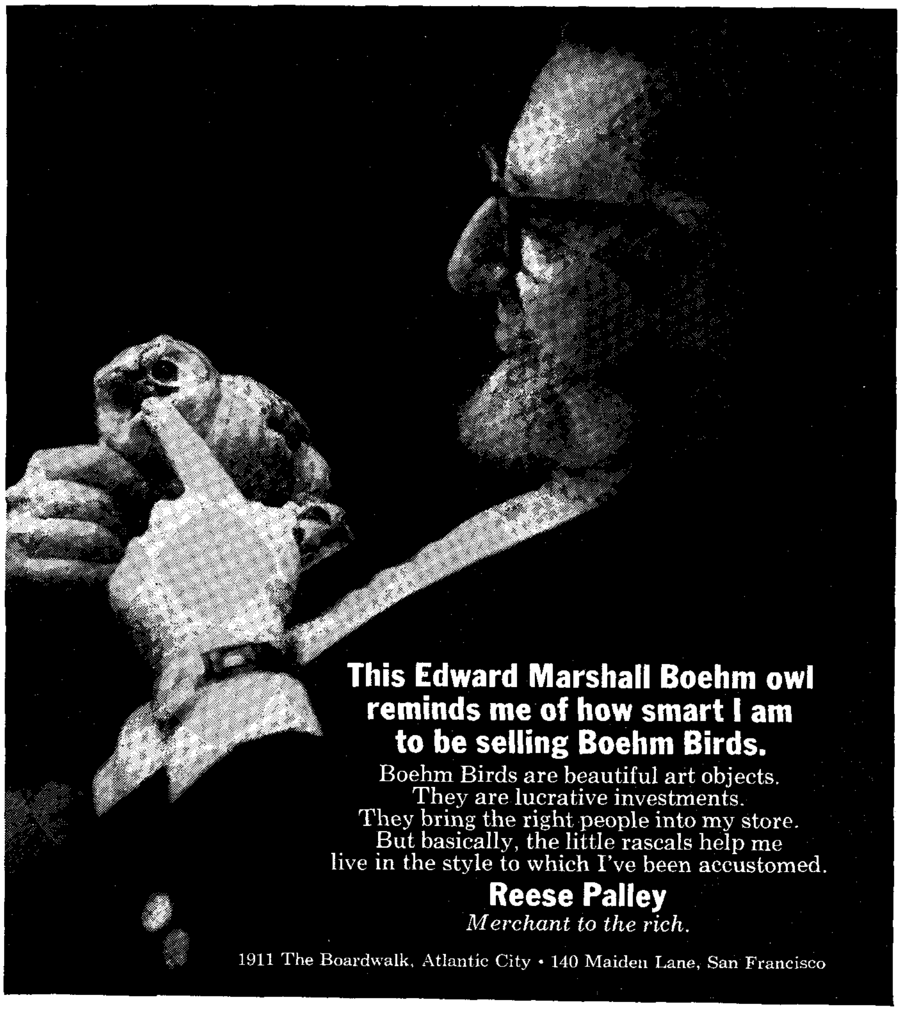

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they come through fast and heavy. Newies, or freshies, as the tennis players call them, are a considerable advantage to the server—something like a supply of bullets. Graebner meanwhile serves wide to Ashe's forehand, and Ashe hits the return with at least equal velocity. Graebner is caught on his heels, and hits a defensive backhand down the middle. It bounces in no man's land. Ashe, taking it on his backhand, has plenty of time. His racquet is far back and ready. Graebner makes a blind rush for the net, preferring to be caught in motion than helpless on the baseline. But Ashe's shot is too hard, too fast, too tough, too accurate, skidding off the turf in the last square foot of Graebner's forehand corner. Advantage Ashe.

"Look at that shot. That's ridiculous," Graebner tells himself. He glances at Carole, who has both fists in the air. Pull yourself together, Clark. This is a big point. Graebner takes off his glasses and wipes them on his dental towel. "Stalling," Ashe mumbles. While he is waiting, he raises his left index finger and slowly pushes his glasses into place across the bridge of his nose. "Just one point, Arthur." Graebner misses his first serve again. Ashe moves in. He hits sharply crosscourt. Graebner dives for it, catches it with a volley, then springs up, ready, at the net. Ashe lobs into the sun, thinking, "That was a good get on that volley. I didn't think he'd get that." Graebner reaches for the overhead and smashes it directly at Ashe. Ashe, swinging desperately, belts it right back at him. Graebner punches the ball away with a forehand volley. Deuce. Ashe is rattling the gates, but Graebner will not let him in. Carole has her hand on the top of her head. Unbelievable.

Graebner serves, moves up, and volleys. Ashe, running, smacks an all-or-nothing backhand that hums past Graebner and lands a few inches inside the line. Graebner says to himself, "He's hitting the lines, the lucky bastard. The odds are ten to one against him and he makes the shot. That bugs me." Advantage Ashe.

Jack Kramer, broadcasting the match, says that this is the best game not only of this match but of the entire tournament so far. Again Ashe needs just one point and he will be leading four games to two. Graebner serves. Ashe returns. Graebner half-volleys. Ashe throws a lob into the sun. Graebner nearly loses it there. He can only hit it weakly—a kind of overhead tap that drops softly at Ashe's feet. This is it. Ashe swings—a big backhand—for

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the kill. The ball lands two feet out. Graebner inhales about seven quarts of air, and slowly releases six. It is deuce again.

Donald Dell, the captain of the Davis Cup Team, is sitting in the Marquee. He says, "Arthur has hit five winners and he hasn't won the game. He looks perturbed." Dell knows Ashe so well that he can often tell by the way Ashe walks or stands what is going on behind the noncommittal face. But Ashe is under control. He is telling himself, "If you tend to your knitting, you will get the job done." Graebner's first serve, which has misfired seven times in this game, does not misfire now. Ashe reacts, swings, hits it hard—a hundredth of a second too late. The shot, off his backhand, fails by a few inches to come in to the sideline. Advantage Graebner.

Carole's fists are up. Clark adjusts his glasses, wipes off his right hand, and bounces the ball. He serves hard to Ashe's forehand. The ball, blasted, comes back. Disappointment races through Graebner's mind. "I'm serving to his forehand. His forehand is his weakest shot. If the guy returns his weakest shot all the time, he's just too good." Graebner tries a drop shot, then goes to his right on the sheer gamble that Ashe's response will take that direction. It does. Graebner, with full power, drives an apparent putaway down the line. But Ashe gets to it and blocks the ball, effecting what under the circumstances is a remarkably good lob. Graebner leaps, whips his racquet overhead, and connects. The ball hits the turf on Ashe's backhand and bounces wide. Ashe plunges for it, swings with both feet off the ground, and hits the ball so hard down the line that Graebner cannot get near it. Graebner can be pardoned if he cannot believe it. For the fourth time, the game is at deuce.

"Arthur is just seeing the ball better, or something," Graebner tells himself. But Graebner sees the ball, too, and he hits a big-crunch unplayable serve. Advantage Graebner.

Serve, return, volley—Ashe hits a forehand into the tape. Ashe has not been able to get out from under. Games are three–all, second set.

—JOHN MCPHEE

(This is the first part of a two-part Profile.)

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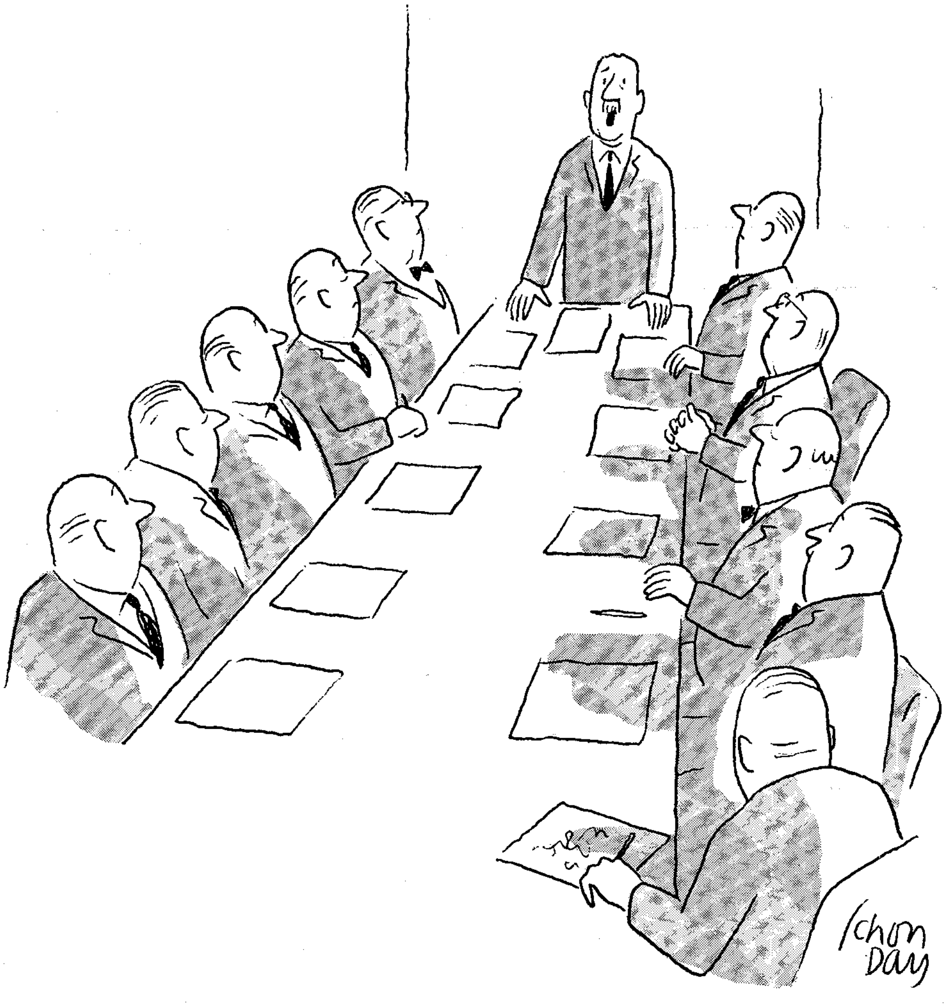
THE THEATRE

OFF BROADWAY

Dan Greenburg is the humorist who, in "How to Be a Jewish Mother," took one of the most worn-out jokes on earth and made of it a very funny book. Now he is trying the theatre, which is cheering news, and I hope he decides to stick around, even though his "Arf" and "The Great Airplane Snatch" unfortunately did not. Presented, in reverse order, at Stage 73 last week, they managed to generate quite a lot of laughter—real laughter, that is, in contrast to the bogus opening-night kind. That being said, I must also say that I didn't think either of the plays was entirely successful, both of them being flirtations with fable or allegory of the sort that only geniuses like Mike Nichols and Elaine May can get away with. The two plays don't come off as fable or allegory, though they do, to a certain extent, come off as comedy, but why anyone who can be funny should bother with parables is beyond me. In "The Great Airplane Snatch," Mr. Greenburg's patented Jewish mother appears as a sexy, lissome—well, she was played by Paula Prentiss—stewardess on a jetliner bound for London, and she goes to work on a hapless young passenger who won't eat his dinner. He is not hungry—he ate just before boarding. The Jewish father is the mechanical, peremptory voice of the captain of the plane, who refuses to allow the young man to disembark until he has cleaned his plate; the poor fellow is trapped. The ending is unsatisfactory and unfair, but the plot is the least of it anyway. Lawrence Pressman played the young victim with wonderfully comic desperation; Fred Willard was so sharp and strong as the captain that he almost became visible; and Joe Young was droll as an old, chiding passenger. The stage business, by the way, was often as funny as the lines.

In "Arf," a letdown for me, Mr. Greenburg at least cleared the hurdle of a talking dog. (That the talking dog was Paula Prentiss somewhat lowered the hurdle.) This time, Mr. Willard appeared. He played a bachelor-about-town who invites an old friend of his to his apartment and introduces him to Fido. Leaping, gambolling, affectionate Fido is immediately perceived as a potential woman by the friend, who hasn't had much success with girls, but she is only a dog to her master, who has. At any rate, the master, on the point of departure for some secluded rendezvous, agrees to let the friend train the dog. Friend turns dog into woman, falls in love with her, gets into trouble with owner, turns her back into dog, at her own request and for her own reasons. As designed by Marsha Eck, the bachelor's apartment was one of those places one reads about in magazines—divans and hassocks and cushions and wall-to-wall-and-floor-to-ceiling carpeting, with concealed doors and a push-button bar—which seem to defy human habitation. Miss Eck indeed made a witty and stunning contribution to the show. Again, I enjoyed Mr. Pressman, as the out-of-luck Pygmalion. Mr. Willard was splendid as the master, playing him with the deadly impersonality and low boring point of the born rake. The plays, as I say, didn't really come to much, but, even so, quite a few amusing lines and notions, four crack comic performances (by the Messrs. Willard and Pressman), and Paula Prentiss made pretty good going for one evening. Richard Benjamin was the director.

—Edith Oliver



"Gentlemen, Personnel has informed me of an alarming situation. All of us reach mandatory retirement age on the same day."

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As the child develops strength and coordination, more strenuous games can be played between father and child, and later the child can be encouraged to engage in more independent activities emphasizing such fundamental movements as running, jumping, and climbing. The stacked-up bags of potatoes, piled-up watermelons, and rows of shipping carts in front of supermarkets make excellent training grounds for these activities, Dr. Novich remarked.—*Medical Tribune.*

Oh, come on, Doctor—it's *so* much better *inside* the market, with Dad revving up the cart and the kid shooting baskets with the melons.

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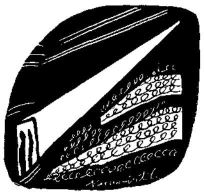
THE CURRENT CINEMA

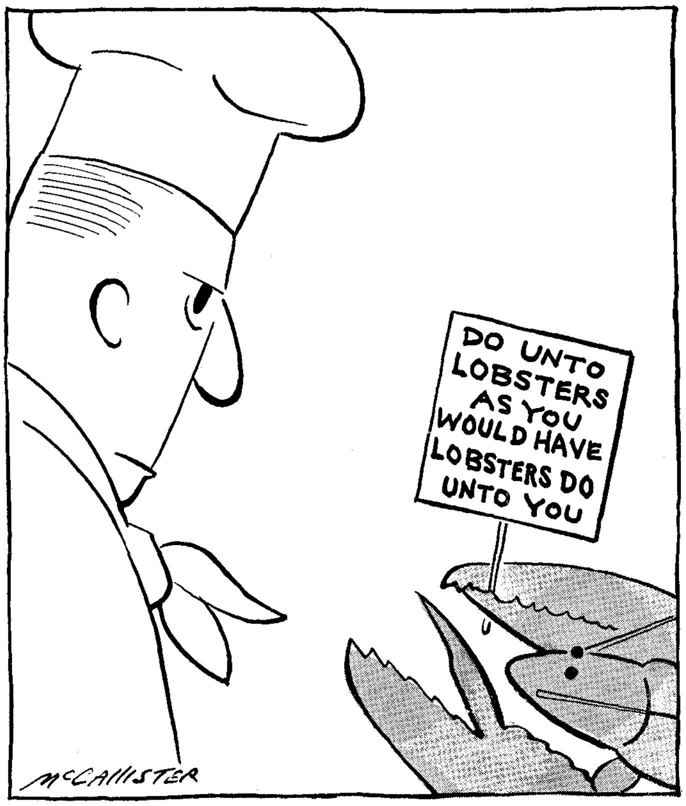
The Pretty Politics of the Far Center



OH, Humphrey Bogart. There's still no replacement for you. And a film like "Hard Contract" can barely manage with less. The story is about killing. It badly needs an actor capable of playing someone who seems to have come to terms with death—with his own death—as you did. James Coburn, trailing the air of Beverly Hills, offers no substitute for your stoicism, your battered face, your rasp, your wits, your shrug to warnings and bribes of soft comfort. The more tamable man of Coburn's performance is an intellectual killer called Cunningham. The author and director of the picture, S. Lee Pogostin, has described the character as "a man of the extreme middle." Cunningham believes in God, remains a bachelor for what seem to be fusspot reasons, and murders remotely. His attitude toward his future victims is as disconnected as his approach to girls, whom he feels easier with if they are tarts, and whom he refuses to kiss. ("Cunningham lives alone," says Synopsis, "and hires women regularly to function with him," which is the most striking piece of lockjaw euphemism since last Tuesday.) A witty cynic played by Burgess Meredith hires him to finish off three men in ritzy places through Western Europe. He works at the job in a spirit that is an odd mixture of metaphysicality and foppishness, pondering the significance of killing, and wearing spotless off-white suits that show a truly religious faith in the dry-cleaning services of European hotels, for what if he had to make a quick getaway and the valet was off duty? Cunningham has aplomb.

Cunningham's unsettling crush on an American divorcée called Sheila Metcalf, played by Lee Remick, comes out of left field. Sheila Metcalf is a birdbrain who also believes in God—the belief comes and goes, in spasms that often leave her numinously wanting to buy something—and who has a travel wardrobe that must be as nightmarish to keep up as the hero's. She finds a chink in his armor which he didn't suspect. Mr. Pogostin is rather funny about it. "Sing me a song," she says drowsily, in bed with Cunningham, and he sings her the only one he knows, which is the Marine Hymn. For the first time, he allows himself to drop off to sleep with a girl he has made love to. The steel mind has melted. The only trouble is that Coburn can't actually make the man's mind very steely, and not much thought seems to be going on in there, either. *Unlike* Bogart, Coburn doesn't *look* like a man of mordant will. Considering what Hollywood can do to change people's smiles and foreheads and noses, it's surprising that it hasn't yet beaten the problem of implanting lines of braininess and purpose around the jawbone. Perhaps a few weeks of turning on the shower taps with the teeth . . . Well, anyway, there we are with Mr. Coburn, who is a man of quite another appearance, soft-mouthed and vaguely at a loss, like a Labrador swimming around with a stick and looking for its owner.

Ninety-nine per cent of the time, the picture makes it seem that Pogostin must be an intelligent, inquiring, funny man. His film has a dark sense of humor about nationalism. Cunningham, an American, calls the whole of Europe a continent of amateurs. Lilli Palmer, playing Sheila Metcalf's spoiled friend, lets out proud little cries in her Austrian accent about "We English," and chats sociably about the persecution of us poor white Protestants these days; she uses the same gay voice to deplore the escalation of bombing in Vietnam. Mr. Pogostin also finds the Lee Remick character delicately ridiculous. She wants to buy Cunningham a car, having been brushed by the wing of God while they were trotting about in a pony trap together. "It's not, I think, presumptuous for people who've been as intimate as we," Miss Higher Education says carefully. Parted from Cunningham, sitting among her friends in a scene restless with malice, she asks an ex-Nazi chum (Patrick Magee) to marry her. The German, who has just been called a Kraut, agrees in a spirit of mixed masochism and triumph. In a hair-raising Spanish car sequence later, he is shown listening to the news from Frankfurt because Germany's is still the only shortwave broadcasting he trusts. He is said to have exterminated thirty thousand gypsies in the Second World War. He looks hangdog but not at all remorseful. A good deal more in "Hard Contract" is about the same inextinguishable sort of chauvinism. There are scenes of café fights and street riots in Brussels between Flemings and Walloons, with a frightening detail of hysterical despair when a distantly seen man suddenly throws himself out of a window into a mob far below. And there is an older American who says to Cunningham, "I lost my youth in one war. You lost your youth in another. I wonder what it would be like if we lost a war." "Hard Contract" has a long political memory. In the American cinema, which crawls to the idea of a public without recall, such a thing is worth gold. The man played by Burgess Meredith even fought on the Left in the Spanish Civil War. He is now the most jaded and dégagé figure in the film, with a position impossible to find, like Cunningham's. Sheila Metcalf puts the question in vain: "Are you a Communist or a capitalist or a monarchist? *Or what*?" No answer from the men of the extreme middle. Nix. *Nada*. A thirties Socialist that much changed? The whole film is really organized to dis-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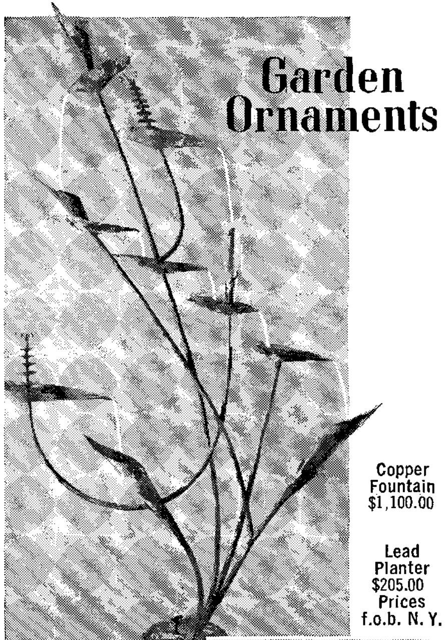

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cuss such changes. A tricky set piece well managed by Burgess Meredith in front of Goya's "The Firing Squad" expounds an altered modern attitude toward death, which the assassin employer holds to have lightened the qualitative weight of murder, making it "not that immoral." The figure played by Lilli Palmer—a character brutalized by modernity if ever there was one—untruthfully flinches and says, "It's not true, is it?" Sheila Metcalf says swiftly, "No, *it's not true. It's just that it's not* that untrue." The film is often interestingly written.

But for the remaining one per cent of the time things go wrong. The film gets windy, or thumpingly banal, or comic without meaning to be, and finally sentimental about precisely the possibility of change that it has treated with utmost skepticism, collapsing into a switch-of-heart happy ending that won't wash. A professional killer can't plausibly snatch a girl friend's hand and make a run for virtue, buttering himself up for seeing the light as he goes. Bogart would have puked. "How much can I kill even for freedom and the dignity of man? . . . Freedom and the dignity of man may become the greatest murderers of this century." It unexpectedly sounds as though Cunningham must have been a political killer all the way along, murdering for capitalism. That's quite a big new point to bring up in a last shot. Nor does the solemnity of the speech go with an image of scampering lovers miraculously restored from biliousness to innocent trust. "Hard Contract" is generally deft enough for its clumping moments to seem very strange, as if a single one of a centipede's legs were abruptly to turn out to be crippled with gout.

"ONCE UPON A TIME IN THE WEST," with Henry Fonda and Claudia Cardinale, is a horribly dubbed and peculiarly constructed Western that can be understood by seeing the second half first. "Those Daring Young Men in Their Jaunty Jalopies" is unspeakable. The New Yorker Theatre is running a Brazilian film by Nelson Pereira dos Santos with the selling title of "Barren Lives," about a family of peasants grateful to work their guts out for any crooked landowner in the desert. Distressing though the picture is, dos Santos made it with cause and art, and its company is a lot more reviving than an evening with "Those Daring Young Men."

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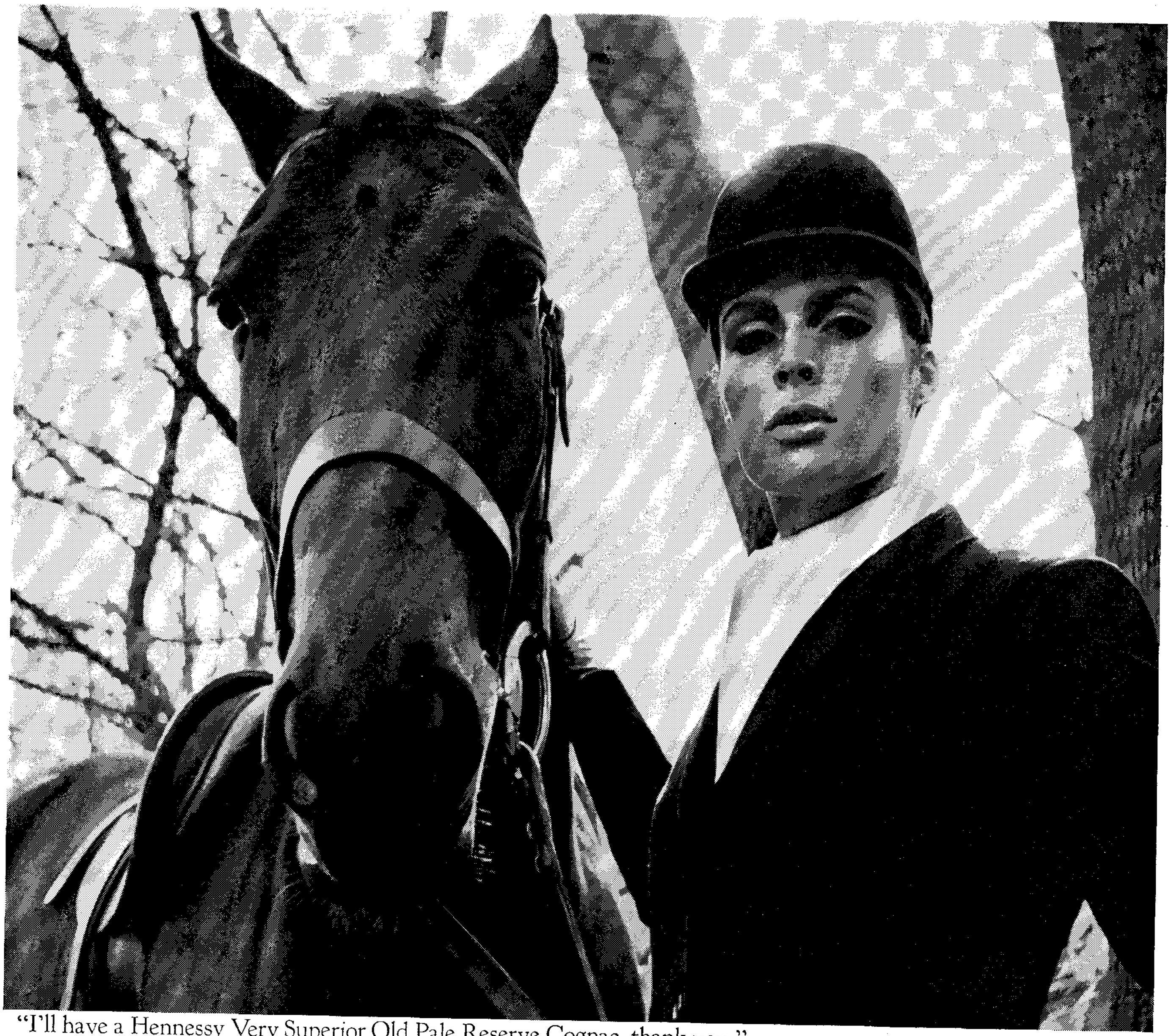

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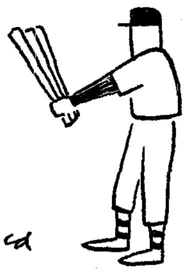
IT is hard for me to write much less than a small book about the egg. If I *were* writing one, I would probably start out with the opening sentence of one of my favorite kitchen possessions, called most classically "Eggs" and published in Boston in 1890: "The egg is one of the few things in the world original and positive in itself." I would then, after my own fashion, consider this beautiful object from almost every angle—mainly its wherefore.

An egg, of course, is meant to produce another potential egg-producer, and that is why it is a living thing. Indeed, of all the foods we absorb in order to continue our own human existence it is probably the most alive, just as wine is, in what we drink for various reasons connected with the same purpose. And, like wine, an egg must be at its best when it is eaten, not a poor substitute for nitrogen, sulphur, phosphorus—all its parts. Some wines can submit to controlled pasteurization and emerge almost unhurt, especially if they are destined for quick and large consumption, and in the same way eggs can be regulated. The great difference here, though, is that an egg, because of its secret nature, can never be "pasteurized" and still remain as it was born, an intricate ovum, a small womb, with its own fetus and its protecting ovoid sea of albumen. The only way to pasteurize an egg is to render it sterile before it takes its mysterious form within the hen, and that is a sad story, according to a friend of mine named Josh Ross. He feels empathy—to put it mildly—for the hens raised commercially on little perches, high above the ground and far from Chanteclair. "Those pitiful chickens squatting there, all coopy, with their little old eggs rolling out on schedule according to the stuff they is fed, is in *misery*. They's sick, but they don't know it. A hen needs two things to be happy—a good rooster in with her, and plenty of ground to scratch and to peck. These store eggs without a rooster won't even beat up a good batter, and they is *not fit to fry!*"



Few of us are as sensitive to a hen's plight as Josh, or to the potency intrinsic to an egg's flavor, but as I continue to buy the best procurable eggs from the best possible sources in my present life, I admit fully that they don't taste the way they used to. (What does?) In Whittier, California, where I grew up, there was a tall, heavy old woman, Mrs. Ransome, who came regularly to wash all our heads. She was a relic of the prairie days when water was scarce and "help" was plentiful, and although my mother, after her own growing up in Iowa, had become used to California's gushing faucets, she still clung to the vanishing fallacy that she really did not have time for attending to things like shampoos. We all liked Mrs. Ransome. (Her son was one of the first Whittier boys to go overseas in 1917, and Father taught us to sing to her, "How 'ya gonna keep him down on the farm after he's seen Paree?" She liked it, and hugged us, and he later became a policeman.) She was quiet and strong-handed, and she also raised the best chickens in town. She kept us bountifully supplied with eggs, the biggest and brownest, and in the spring, when they were a dime a dozen, she also gave us the dubious treat of having our scalps rubbed with their yolks, an old wives' trick that I still find disgusting to think on but that, like most such things, probably has a firm and even scientific rightness somewhere.

What a chicken ate in those gone days was supposed to influence the flavor of its eggs, just as what a cow eats will influence the flavor of milk, and once my mother disrupted Mrs. Ransome's whole agricultural pattern by insisting that her breakfast tasted of garlic. (Mother was pregnant again, as I remember, and ate in her favorite position, in bed and from a tray, far from her madding crowd.) Mrs. Ransome grew most of her own food, and all the chickens', too, and she dug out every delicious scallion, onion, and leek from her plot, and my mother *still* tasted something wrong in her breakfast egg, until a lady from Philadelphia sniffed the little Wedgwood saltshaker and found that our loving but illiterate cook had wanted to give my poor mother something special on her tray—not ordinary salt from the kitchen canister but something from a little jar at the back of the spice cupboard.

Today, it would be impossible to suspect a fresh-boughten egg of having one flavor instead of another. Eggs from the store all taste alike. It is too bad. And they all look very white, or,

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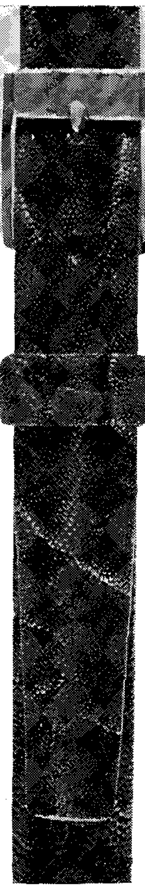

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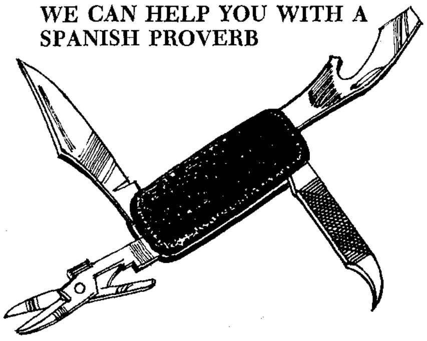

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in special cases and at higher prices, a kind of Panchromatic Tan No. 2 developed for Beverly Hills "gourmets" and such. I have not seen a *freckled* egg for too long to remember. It is reassuring, though, to continue to consider this miracle of reproduction, the egg, any egg, in a chancy and fragile world. Its shape is almost always perfect, after a few practice runs, and it keeps on being laid through peace and war, with basically slight dietetic vagaries, except for a few purists like Josh.

An egg should be—*should be*—fresh. But how is one to know the first subtle date, unless he has actually reached under warm feathers at the risk of a good protective peck and pulled out the fruit? Now, with refrigerating methods and computerized chemical feeding and controlled hatching and all that, a graded government-inspected egg will remain edible for shameful lengths of time—and when in doubt one can always float it gently in a bowl of water and see if it dances a little and bobs lazily toward the top. Then, in my lexicon, it is suspect or worse, although still all right, sometimes, for maneuvering into a dish less forthright than plain poached-or-boiled.

The quickest relationship between an egg and a man happens when both are raw—the first perforce and the second from fatigue, weakness, or other hazards. One current remedy for such times is known colloquially as a prairie oyster, and an eggnog or a flip might also serve, as outlined in any good kitchen guide. I used to revive my faltering offspring with a formula less often printed, if ever. I am afraid we never got around to naming it, but it is useful and good: A slice of dark bread, toasted or not, carefully spread with the yolk of one fresh egg, and then patted generously with brown sugar and cut into little strips for little fingers. This would succor my girls as they grew, and growing is a hard job and needs plenty of encouragement. (I am past such peril, but I know that the same recipe, sprinkled generously with salt and freshly ground pepper instead of brown sugar, has worked timely miracles for me, too.)

Many people have a scunner about raw eggs, but I think they could be persuaded by some artful arguments (especially if they do not *see* what goes on!), and meanwhile a very lightly cooked egg is the next alternative. Boiling and poaching are most merciful to our digestion, in the relative amounts of damage to albumins and proteins and so on, which, as they hard-

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en, can gradually turn any decent egg into the gastric menace of a golf ball. It has been an ageless protest of invalids, dietitians, and even healthy eaters that nobody knows how to boil an egg, and after a long time practicing I must admit that there seems to be a plot against us egg-boilers, at least. The season, the weather, the altitude, the state of the egg itself, and, according to Josh, the hen that laid it, and even the water—they will conspire. In general, though, I feel fairly safe in putting fresh eggs at room temperature into cool water, bringing them rapidly to a full boil, and then letting them cool fleetingly under the tap as I ready them to serve, whether in eggcups in their shells or cracked into bowls already warmed and buttered. Plenty of good hot fresh toast is essential to this operation.

As for poaching, I cheat. I own a pan that makes two round steamed eggs, not poached at all, and another one that makes six slightly triangular ones, not poached at all. It is a lazy compromise, but I condone it—not too successfully—by reminding myself that when I was a little girl I had to poach too many eggs in a huge iron skillet with vinegary water in it, with a big skimmer and all that white floating off and surging around against the black pan and then the toast burning . . . It is like explaining that I do not go to church now because once I went to a school where we were in chapel on our knees five times every day and six on Sundays. Either argument is feeble, pusillanimous, and true in its way. The fact remains that I often use the egg steamers, and people like the results and so do I.

A delicate bypassing of this process is to make "soft eggs," which any good cookbook will explain. They are rather dramatic and oddly unexpected, especially for lunch on a hot day with other, crisper things. They look hard-boiled when peeled and ready for serving . . . and then suddenly the center is tender, and delicious if one appreciates such things. The first of many times I ate them was from the buffet in Victor Hugo's restaurant in Los Angeles, when it was on Fifth or Sixth. This place was for my family the refuge of elegance from what my parents may sometimes have felt was a comparatively stark existence, and we basked in the wide-open windows in summer, and were shyly aware of the soft-footed, kind waiters, the muted voices of discreetly hungry dowagers, the silver bowls piled with lightly cooked shrimps

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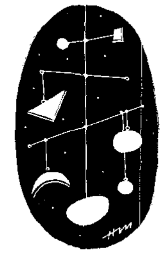
These soft eggs are often called in classic cookbooks a substitute for the properly poached ones, and I like to think that even skilled cooks have found them easier to make look beautiful than could ever be done in a shallow pan of fumy turgid water, all naked and raggedy as they might become. Left in their shells while they cook, they can emerge as nearly perfect as when they were laid. To be served hot—or cold, as I prefer them for aesthetic as well as nostalgic reasons—they are boiled for six or seven minutes in their shells, cooled under running water, and then gently cracked and peeled. I think there is something glamorous about them, obviously. They can be served as a chilled garnish, or alone with a good mayonnaise or vinaigrette and all sorts of dainties alongside. Once, I ate them with caviar—lots of it—and plenty of black fresh pepper and lemon juice. This, of course, is a thing that cannot happen too often.



FRIED eggs can be very good, but I almost never make them, feeling insecure about how people can best stomach them at an early-morning hour. Myself, I like the trusty method of breaking them into a hot and generously lubricated skillet, clapping the top on it, and forgetting it at the back of the stove until the cow is milked, figuratively. This method makes delicately set and eminently digestible eggs, but classically it perhaps could not be said that they have fried. Many people like them crisp on the edges, done in sizzling fat—or turned over, or hard, or soft. I know one Swede who almost resigned from his diplomatic post in Spain when eggs were served to him fried in olive oil. I wish I could say that I also know a Spaniard in Stockholm who . . . When things reach this finicky, ethnic, or political point in my own kitchen for an American or British breakfast, I remind my guests the night before that a reputable coffee shop opens at seven every morning not more than a block from our house.

Scrambled eggs are another thing, and I am vain of my general success with them, although we usually eat them for lunch or a light supper instead of in the morning. My method is frankly derivative, and I like to recall that once I made a taciturn gastronomer laugh long and well in an attentively listening restaurant when he complimented me on my printed recipe and I said blandly, "*Grâce à Brillat-Savarin!*" He did not know that female cooks could be humble.

"My" scrambled eggs should take about a half hour to prepare, and they are worth waiting for, it is agreed. I have gradually changed some of my methods to suit altitude, stove, and so on. I used to start with a cold skillet, but now my way is to *warm* a heavy one, melt some sweet butter in it and add some cream, and break the eggs into this gentle puddle. Then I mix them with a spoon, but never *beating* them, and let them warm with the pan, gradually pulling in the sides as they cook. When they are lightly blended and set, they are done, in large soft curds. Herbs or grated cheese can be put in with the eggs, or halfway through the dreamy process. The trouble with this recipe is that few people will take the trouble . . . and it will not succeed if the cook is either hurried or harried.

Old Brillat-Savarin wrote several aphorisms about eating, and one of the most quoted is his ninth: "The discovery of a new dish does more for human happiness than the discovery of a star." My method for making his scrambled eggs is no more a discovery than were many of his own recipes. It is simply that *I* happened to be looking through the telescope instead of somebody else—and perhaps that I knew where to look, thanks to the amiable fellow's teaching!

It is interesting, in the face of the cold fact that there may be no such thing as a new dish, to find that the French lawyer admitted that his ninth aphorism was not his at all but that he heard a friend say it. With the same candor (and caution, for they *were* legal colleagues!), he never claimed as his inventions any of the recipes he outlined in "The Physiology of Taste," but only made clear that some of them were his own methods for carrying out timeless patterns whose origins were lost in the smoke and steam of unknown and mythical kitchens. (And I have read that the first way an egg was ever cooked enough to coddle its white and to warm it was to put it in a slingshot and whirl it through the air. . . .)

In discussing fondue, which Brillat-

Savarin learned to make to perfection during his exile in Switzerland, in such a deft way that he was noted for the rest of his life for serving it to his closest friends, he said forthrightly, "It is nothing more nor less than eggs scrambled with cheese, in certain proportions which time and experience have set." He then gave his recipe for it, with the perfunctory admission that "it was drawn from the papers of M. Trollet, bailiff of Mondon, in the Canton of Berne," and with no further reference to the obvious fact that time and experience had indeed altered the Swiss formula.

At the risk of putting myself into such worthier company, I can say that probably not a single recipe I ever used has sprung virgin from my brain. It is true that I have read a great deal, and over many years, and that in self-excuse for this continuing pleasure I have even learned something from what I have read. By now, I understand most of the basic principles of cooking in the same way that I know how to drive a car—almost by osmosis. What is required is a slow amalgam of experience and then time, surely, as the old man said, to learn the "certain proportions."

Even a professional cook can have a dismal failure now and then, and an average one, no matter how immodestly, will hide a few such happenings in the further emotional cupboards of his mind. It might be good to pull them out now and then, and so shall I do, forthwith. I have already had the courage to clip to one file card a little paper saying bluntly, "Dreadful Experience." I have reflected upon the whole thing, and after time and even space have softened it I can fairly say that the olives were not good, or perhaps that the skillet was not hot enough. "My" recipe is supposed to produce a thin pancake made of four beaten eggs, salt and pepper, and a half cup of chopped black olives, all mixed together and then poured slowly into a large skillet, well buttered and hot but not sizzling. The minute the batter, or whatever it might be called (I think a batter is supposed to have some flour in it?), has been tipped all over the skillet and has started to thicken, the whole is removed from the stove, to sit until cool. Then it is turned out, sliced very thin on a board, and mixed lightly with hot dry rice or freshly cooked and drained *capellini*, to make a most refreshing and pretty dish. (It would be wonderful to have a half cupful of chopped fresh truffles instead of the olives—but olives are my friends,

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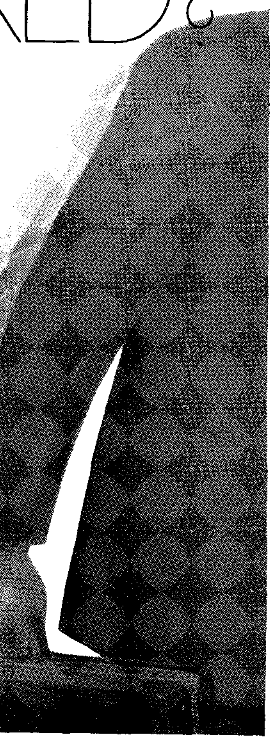

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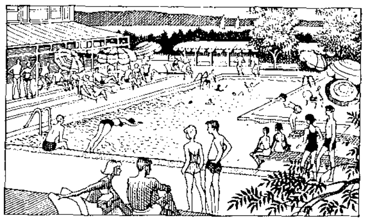

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too.) Well, I have made this for a long time, and with increasing nonchalance and trust. Then lately I have tried it four times, with two different brands of olives, and in every way and every time and abysmally it has been a dreadful experience. I shan't try to describe the results, but I must ask, Was it the eggs? Was it the olives? Was it I? I am never cognizant of what planets are in the right positions in the sky for making an egg pancake with olives and other matters, but I do know that I was cooking, these sorry days, for people I wanted to please because I loved them. There was no antipathy, to make things curdle. It is a mystery, and the recipe is still a good one.

SOUFFLÉS are always trustworthy, I am told—as long as one can trust the guests to sit down when the soufflé says *now*. This takes a skilled diplomat at both stove and table, to assemble and pace the ingredients and the company. I know one such man, thank God, and, without letting us realize it in the dining room, he can make us ready at exactly the second for some delicate, hot, cloudy dessert he will produce, complete with its sauce. He is perhaps unique, although several good cooks in my world can perform miracles with the soufflé technique at the beginning or the middle of a meal. All of them know what they are doing. They have practiced, and read, and even gone to school. I have only read and eaten! (As I consider some of these tacit betrayals of my own kitchen sloth, I think a book of them could be called "How to Be Lazy and Live." I am a little embarrassed. I continue to be well fed.)

One of the best cooks I ever lived with, Mme. Bonamour, gave me her recipe for a soufflé that she seemed to produce with her back turned to it, in case another dish was lacking at the last minute on her menu. It never failed—with her. I think that the flour, the eggs, the cheese she used in Dijon many decades ago had a different quality from what we can get here and now, and her whole slaphappy method is so unorthodox that I shall give it in her own words and let curious cooks sniff out its basic truths, using their own manuals:

THE BONAMOUR CHEESE SOUFFLÉ

1 cup whole milk.
25 grams flour.
6 eggs.
50 grams butter, melted.
Salt, pepper.
200 grams fresh Gruyère cheese.

Mix milk and flour in casserole (ungreased). Separate eggs, and add 3 yolks

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to mixture, and the melted butter. Stir over slow flame until mixture begins to thicken. Add other 3 yolks, and then cheese gradually. Fold in beaten whites. Bake about 20 minutes in hot oven for moist soufflé, or slower and longer for dry one.

This is apparently a nonconformist method, and I suspect that it needs long practice and a sang-froid lacking in most of us. I cannot get a fresh Gruyère here, and have substituted a very mild American cheese with success in a very mild American way. Certainly Madame's soufflé was always good, and current cookbooks dedicated to the subject assure their readers that "any bride can do it"—even though they use such things as *canned shrimp soup* instead of milk and flour!

The nearest thing in my immediate repertory to a delicate, airy hot dish guaranteed to fall if not eaten at once is a Cheese Puff, which I seem able to produce under extreme pressure with a dash and bravado unfailing up until now. I think I learned the trick from my mother, who was given to such shortcuts when the supply of domestics ran out and our lunch needs must be served. It takes about a half hour, *Deo volente*.

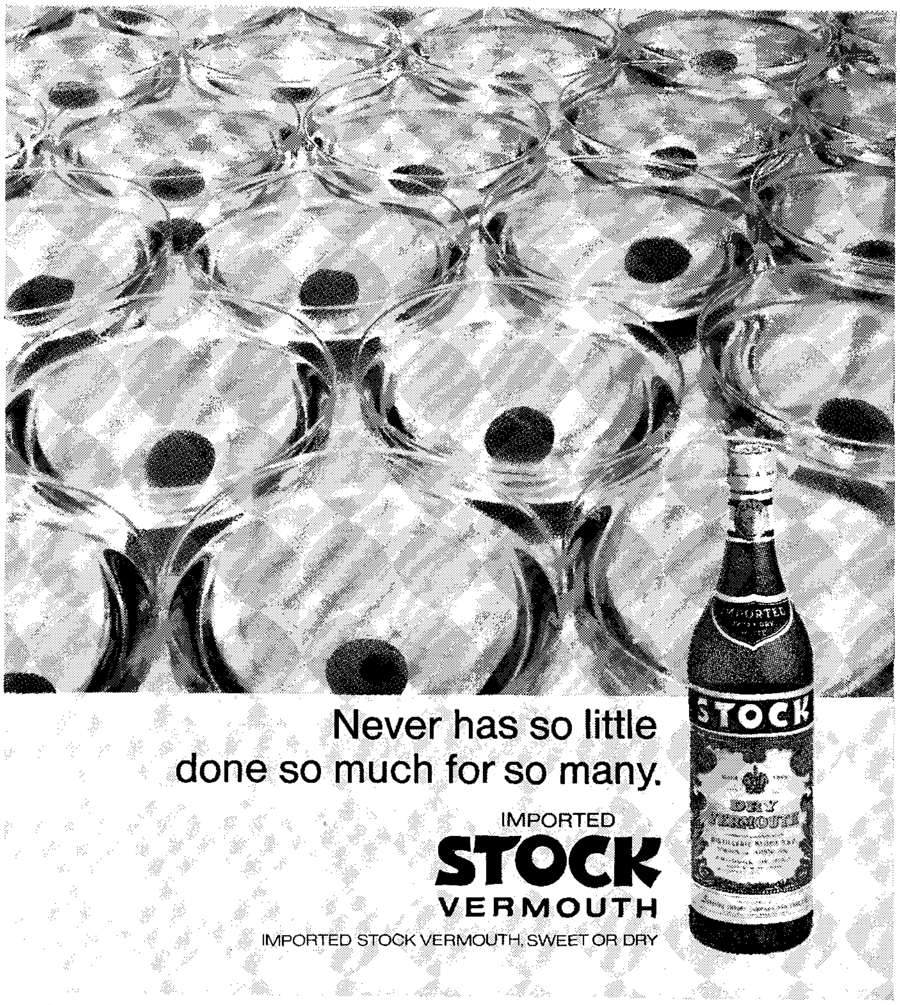
EDITH'S CHEESE PUFF

3-4 eggs.
2 cups rich milk.
Butter.
6-8 slices stale bread.
Sharp cheese, like American
  Cheddar or a mild Tillamook.
Salt, pepper, paprika.

Beat eggs lightly in milk. Butter bread thickly and cut into pieces. Lay in a casserole or pan that is also thickly buttered. Slice cheese and put some on each piece of bread, in layers, seasoning well. Pour egg mixture slowly into dish, so that all is soaked. Top with more butter, if wished. Bake in 400° oven for 30 minutes or until puffed and firm in middle. Serve at once.

This, with my usual good luck, makes a crude but pleasant dish, depending for its own quality upon that of the ingredients. I cannot imagine making it with squeezy-fresh bread, for instance, and "slim" milk, and packaged sliced cheese. It needs honesty, to begin with.

There are many good tricks to be performed with eggs beaten gently in milk and then poured into casseroles upon everything from simmered herbs and vegetables to anchovies, or sweetened for custards, or put into pie shells. They depend upon the skill and ingenuity of the cook, as well as their makings. And endless books, both classical and nonsensical, list endless ways to play more tricks with them, from one end of a picnic or grand ban-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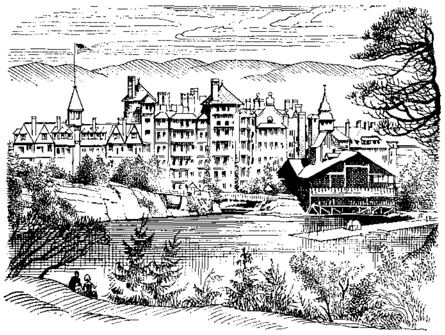

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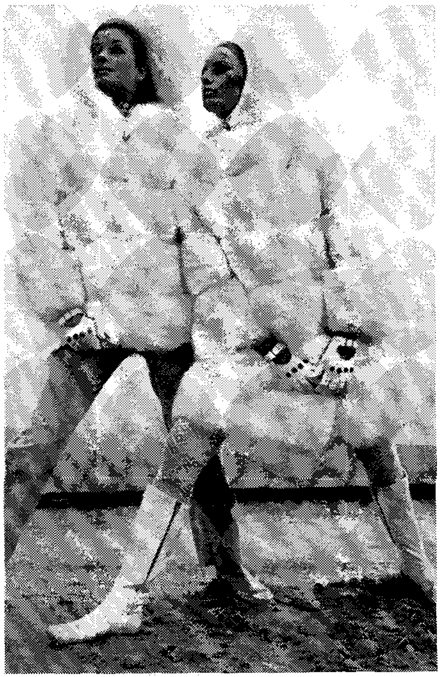

American travel author, Temple Fielding, said of Copenhagen: "It's too good to be true". American women who know high fashion say the same of Birger Christensen furs. (No wonder we adore Americans.)

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quet to the other. Anyone can read, almost, and even cook! And now and then it is fun to think of dishes that one has never seen in print, much less concocted, like the strange one I ate for lunch at a Swedish country house once. It was a shallow casserole piled with thick slices of freshly cooked eggs, still warm, drenched as only the Scandinavians would do it with floods of melted butter. We ate it with bread from the oven. It was good, but I keep a somewhat awesome memory of it as beautiful to look at and overpoweringly suave and rich. I have never made it, just as I have never made since the Second World War a good invention mothered by the necessity of rationing—peculiar slices of tinned embalmed pinkish meats, elderly scraps of precious bacon fat. This recipe was named for a neighbor who had good friends who now and then slipped her a few eggs, which she would bring along. I would go into the hills where I lived, when I could *live* and not merely subsist in Hollywood, and gather herbs. Needless to say, the recipe printed here is a merciful translation from ours, which tasted delicious in 1942:

EGGS FREDA

3 tablespoons butter or olive oil.
6 ¼-inch slices precooked ham.
1½ cups coarsely chopped parsley, chives, marjoram, etc.
6 eggs.
Pepper.

Melt the fat in a heavy skillet, and brown the meat lightly on both sides. Put it on a platter or plates in a medium-hot oven. Turn out the fire under the skillet, add the chopped herbs, and toss them in the fat until limp. Pat them into a smooth layer over the bottom of the pan, and break the eggs gently onto it. Cover closely, and allow eggs to set. When firm, turn each egg onto a slice of ham, herb side up. Pour any remaining fat over eggs, grind pepper over each, and serve with crisp toast.

WHEN I was little, my mother sometimes produced, with help, the only form of croquette I ever saw in our house, and since I myself do not use deep fat for frying—for dietary as well as logistical reasons—to my mind they were the only croquettes *ever*, and coincidentally the most delicious. I do not know where our cooks kept the fry kettle hidden, but it never appeared except when Grandmother, arch-enemy of all oils and human richnesses, was not aboard the lugger. (Once, a friend from Mississippi came to stay with me, and when she asked where my "frah kell" was and I told her the bald truth that it did not exist, she began to pack her

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bags.) A kitchen wench aged from eighteen to eighty-five always made up Mother's concoction, which, God knows, was simple enough, and then Mother wandered out during the afternoon to pull the pan of mixture from the icebox and pat dozens of little croquettes into shape, with fine crumbs. I liked watching her in the dim quiet kitchen. She had lovely arms, and the name of the little balls was exotic, and I knew that they would be delectable. I believe that they were served in our house in a tomato sauce, but Charity pulls the veil there and it seems to me that they could well stand alone. I do not make them, but I have studied many recipes for them, and my mother's is the simplest:

EDITH'S EGG CROQUETTES

2 cups thick béchamel.
4 peeled hard-cooked eggs, chopped.
3 tablespoons chopped chives or scallions.
Seasoning to taste.
Fine crumbs.
1 egg, lightly beaten with
2 tablespoons water.

Mix béchamel with eggs and chives, season with salt and pepper and a little nutmeg if desired, and spread in pan. Chill for an hour or more, and then shape and dip in crumbs. Dip lightly in egg mixture and again in crumbs. Chill again, rectify the shapes, and dip once more in crumbs before frying in deep hot fat.

This is a recipe whose making was more important than the eating—such a pretty kitchen ritual! But certainly the unfamiliar crispness of the little cakes was a voluptuous enjoyment to us after the daily bland boiled texture of Grandmother's required menus.

Such basically simple things can well live with us from cradle to grave, and just lately a venerable man called to ask if I knew how to make a Buttercup. Of course I said no, being both worldly and wily (not to mention womanly!). The recipe was from his childhood, but I knew that it was in fact as old as both of us times ten: Put an eggcup into a saucepan of boiling water, and then put a nugget of sweet butter into the cup and break a fresh egg onto the melted butter and cover the whole until it is set! Shades of Mrs. Isabella Beeton's nursery counsels, and Mrs. Marion Harland's! Shades of one of my own favorite restoratives!

The secret of all such plain fare is that the ingredients be fresh and lightly cooked. It is a cliché that somebody is as tough as an overboiled egg, and it is at least a truism that the safest way to eat an egg and know precisely what one is eating is to take it from its own shell. There used to be a syndicated feature in the magazine section of the Los Angeles *Times*—along with the comics, the Katzenjammer Kids and Mutt and Jeff—that each week presented a vignette from the life of Helen and Warren. Warren was a bluff, hearty, unfeeling, lovable lout, and Helen was his tiny princess-bride-wife who appreciated the finer things all the time and laughed merrily at her mate's weekly blunders. I read this continued saga with passion. Helen and Warren travelled a lot, but always returned to their cat Pussy Purr-mew, and Helen was very suspicious of the quality and honesty of food that bluff, hearty, unfeeling Warren would order for her tiny-winy hungers in out-of-the-way places like London, Paris, and Berlin. When in doubt, which was mostly, she asked for a soft-boiled egg *in the shell.* That way, she said firmly, one *knows.*

I miss Helen and Warren. I miss good brown eggs, especially the freckled ones. I manage to survive with recurring pleasure, however, on the perfect snow-white ovoids rolling out day and night from those unhappy hens, lorn for love and deprived of pecking and scratching. And while I eat with one hand I can always read with the other—when I am alone, that is! Here is one quotation that has long pleased me, from an article printed in 1865 in the *Atlantic Monthly:* "The relation of a hen to a dozen fair, white, pure eggs, and the relation of those eggs to puddings and custards, and the twenty-five cents which they can have for the asking, make even an ungainly hen, like many heroines in novels, not beautiful but interesting."

This reassures me, or at least stimulates me a little. I like to think that once there were fair, white, pure eggs selling for that price, and then I resent as a female the impugnment of the hen as ungainly, even though I do not like hens as such. I am scared of them when they are nesting, and repelled by their stupidity on the run. They can be viciously cruel. And I never saw a custard or pudding I thought more than clinically interesting. But it is good that eggs can inspire such vicarious nourishment, even on paper! *Omne vivum ex ovo!*

—M. F. K. FISHER

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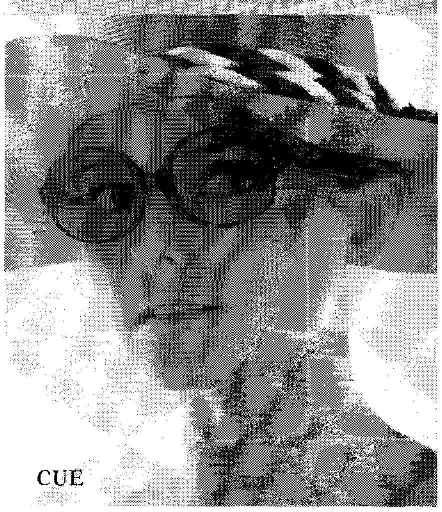
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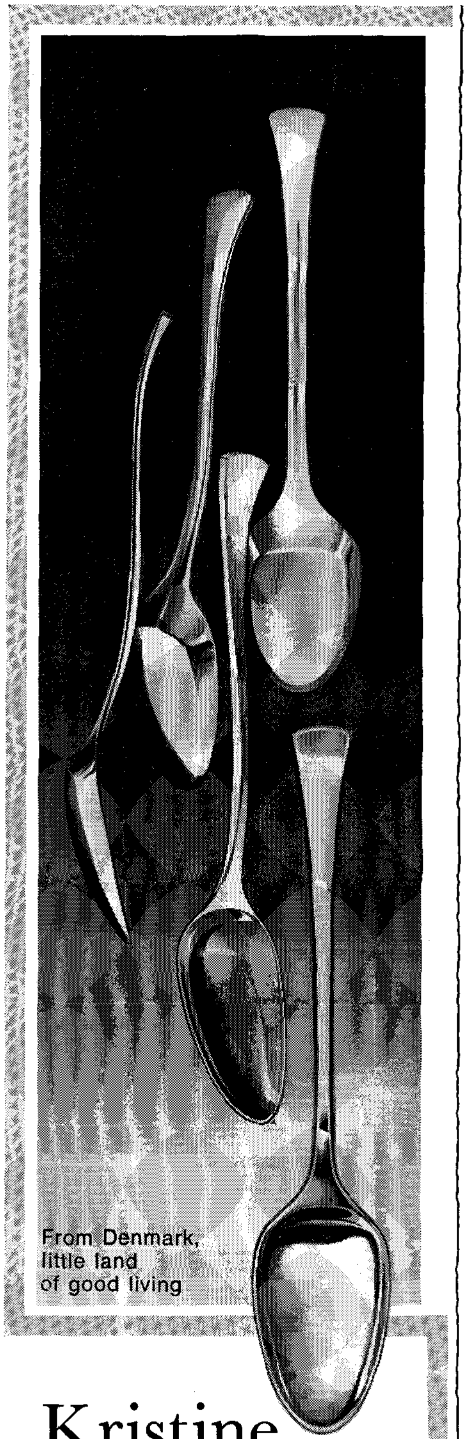

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THE RACE TRACK

Memorable Metropolitan

IF you've a fancy for parallels, consider this: Ten years ago, Elliott Burch trotted out Mrs. Dodge Sloane's Sword Dancer for the Metropolitan Handicap after he had finished second in the Kentucky Derby and the Preakness, and the little chestnut three-year-old (he stood only slightly over fifteen hands) beat nine older racers with consummate ease. A fortnight later, he won the Belmont Stakes. Burch hopes to repeat that achievement with Paul Mellon's Arts and Letters, who isn't a big colt, either, in the blue-ribbon classic at Belmont Park this weekend. Perhaps he can. Anyhow, I wouldn't be at all surprised if Arts and Letters were a slight favorite in the betting over the unbeaten Majestic Prince, for he certainly ran a superlative race in the Metropolitan at Aqueduct on Memorial Day. Although he got away slowly and was in close quarters twice, he put in a great run through the last half of the mile to win going away by two and a half lengths from Nodouble. Promise, who set the early pace, was third, three and a half lengths farther behind.

Looking over the lot in the saddling paddock, I thought Arts and Letters showed precious few signs of his hard races in the Kentucky Derby and the Preakness. Nodouble, recent winner of the Californian Stakes at Hollywood Park and, before that, the Santa Anita Handicap, who was shipped East especially for the Metropolitan, attracted a lot of interest, as did Terrible Tiger, who had won his five previous starts. The picture horse was Vitriolic, but that's all you could say about him. From a good start, Promise quickly passed Terrible Tiger, who was first out of the starting gate, and led by lengths for three-quarters of the route. Arts and Letters was tenth as the field came toward the far turn, and it was there that Cruguet, who rode him, began picking his way through the pack. With two furlongs to go, he swept past Promise, and though Nodouble, who went wide turning into the stretch, made a good try, it was all over but the cheering, and there was plenty of that. Belmonte, who rode Nodouble, said his horse tired under the weight. He carried 129 pounds, and horses don't usually carry that much in California. Terrible Tiger was a disappointment, tiring badly in the last quarter.

The Metropolitan was Arts and Letters' final workout for his big test. He is an attractive animal, and Burch, if I may say so, deserves full marks for keeping him in such fine condition. As for his rival, Majestic Prince, since his arrival at Belmont his training has been no more than routine. Last Sunday morning, before a gallery that included Frank McMahon, who owns him, Majestic Prince did his last serious work for the Belmont—a mile and a furlong in 1:51⅘. With his trainer, Johnny Longden, in the saddle, as usual, he did the first quarter in twenty-five seconds, the half in forty-nine seconds, six furlongs in 1:13⅘, and the mile in 1:39. He was eased up at the end of a mile and a quarter in 2:05, finishing out the Belmont distance in 2:36⅕. Again, the performance seemed routine, but both owner and trainer were pleased. Whatever the outcome of the Belmont Stakes, it should be a good race. The supporters of both colts are enjoying the pleasures of anticipation. Frankly, I'm not. I fell pretty hard for Majestic Prince months ago, but, as an old realist, I must say that the race Arts and Letters ran in the Metropolitan impressed me no end. So I'm begging off picking the winner. It's my hope that Majestic Prince and Arts and Letters finish in a dead heat.

NEXT to the Metropolitan, the most noteworthy item on Memorial Day was the Jersey Derby at Garden State Park. Al Hattab won it—a reward for perseverance, I'd say, because he has come so close to taking some of the other jackpots for three-year-olds. It was also another example of the pace that kills; Ack Ack, in racing Tyrant into submission (Tyrant was the speed horse in the Withers, if you recall), raced himself out of first money and had to settle for second. Rooney's Shield was third. Incidentally, the time for the mile and a furlong was 1:48, which is exactly what Dr. Fager hung up when he finished first in the 1967 running of the event and then had his number taken down for crowding the three other runners. Neither

Al Hattab nor Ack Ack will go in the Belmont.

TO get back to Aqueduct, whose seventy-two-day meeting closed last Saturday, Mrs. Whitney Stone's Shuvee was a comfortable winner of the Mother Goose Stakes, the second event in the trilogy for three-year-old fillies. Never far behind the pace of Restless Tornado, she went round the leaders in the stretch and passed the post two and a half lengths ahead of Hail to Patsy. Restless Tornado was third. Shuvee, winner of the Acorn Stakes earlier in the meeting, will no doubt go well in the Coaching Club American Oaks, which caps the triple crown for fillies, on the twenty-first, but she's no Dark Mirage. The big event of the final afternoon, however, occurred when something named Timidity, who hadn't won since September of 1967, popped down in front in the first race and paid a $153.20 mutuel, and Blushing Sue obliged in the second, and the lucky holders of tickets numbered 12 and 5 collected $3,279.20—after they had been engaged in conversation by an Internal Revenue Service man. Still on the subject of the high dollar—the Big A didn't do too badly last Friday and Saturday, with a turnstile count of 96,438 and a mutuel handle of $9,681,664. Money makes the mare go.

FROM all accounts, the advent of flat racing with mutuel betting at Philadelphia's Liberty Bell Park last Saturday was a success. A crowd of 15,396—all that the stand could hold comfortably—wagered about $1,650,000. Delaware Park, which entertained 21,734 customers on Memorial Day, didn't do so well, I regret to report. Attendance was 15,138. Monmouth Park, which also opened last Saturday, did all right. Attendance there totalled 29,392 and the handle $2,679,936, topping the figure of a year ago. Colonel Martingale says there are too many tracks and not enough horses.

—AUDAX MINOR

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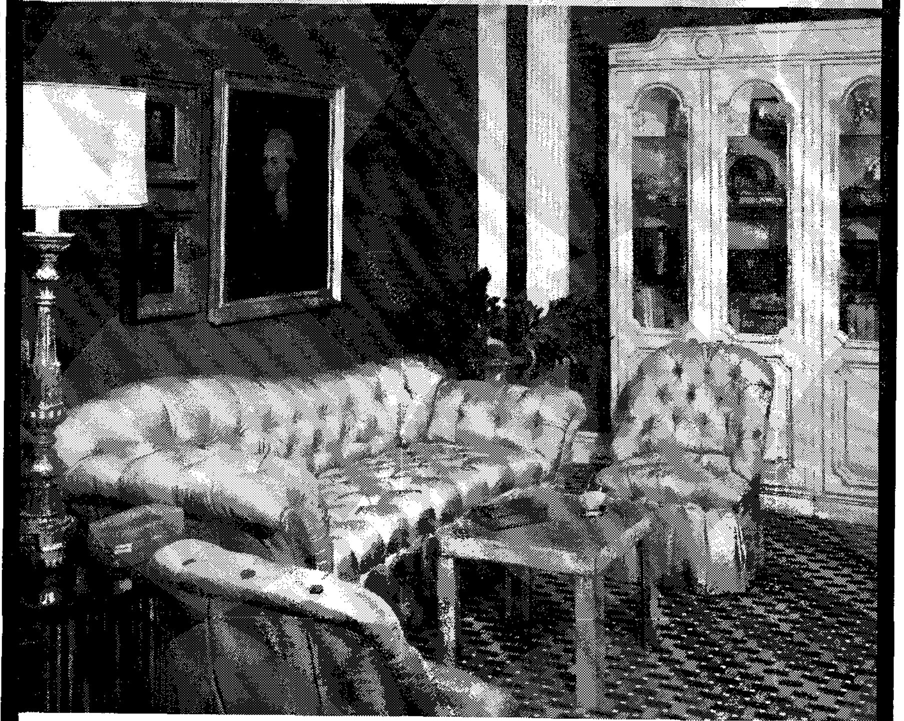

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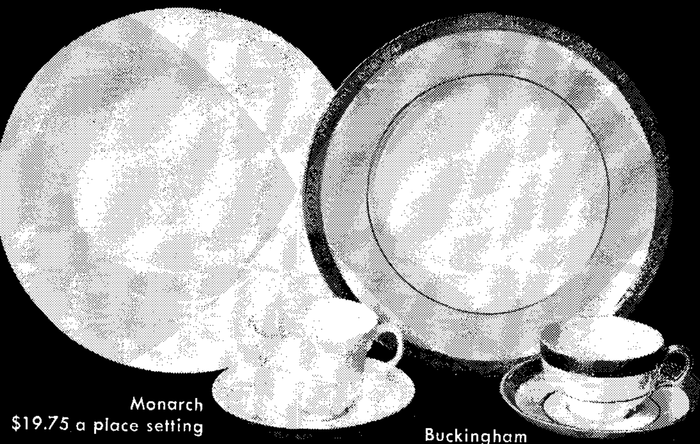

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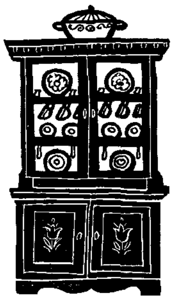
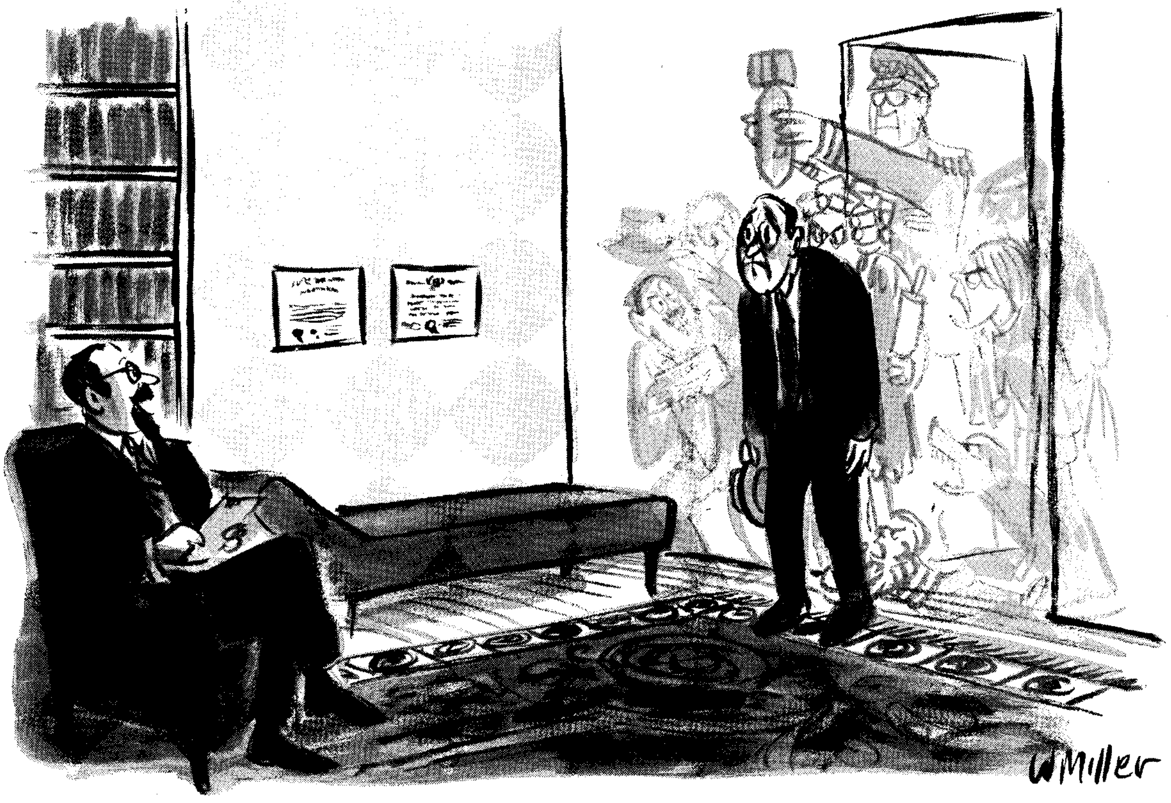


IT seems to me that today's feminists are exercised about the wrong things. For example, the fact that women become old and unattractive long before men do should irk women a good deal more than the fact that careers in high finance and poultry inspection are not open to them. Another reality that feminists seem oddly obtuse about is housework. The talk is all concerned with getting men to do their share, but that is both impractical and mean-spirited. What women who feel diminished by housework ought to do is not to spread it around but to *eliminate* it. "Every time I wash up a batch of crockery I marvel at the unimaginativeness of human beings who can travel under the sea and fly through the clouds, and yet have not known how to eliminate this sordid time-wasting drudgery from their daily lives." George Orwell wrote this in 1945, and nothing has changed. Owners of dishwashers are under the delusion that the machine washes their dishes for them, when in fact it does nothing of the sort. Each dish still has to be dealt with, pots and pans still have to be scrubbed, and no time is saved. The dishwasher is just one of many machines that act as an intermediary between the job and the person who has to do it but that make the job no less onerous, if perhaps a little less dirty. To do away with dishwashing, Orwell proposed a dishwashing service, like a diaper service, which would pick up dirty dishes and deliver clean ones. His idea is worth considering. Another alternative is disposable dishes—a better one, probably, than the dishwashing service, since services tend to break down when there are as many of us as there are today. Paper plates and cups now available in department stores and supermarkets are coated with heat-resistant plastic, come in handsome patterns, and aren't expensive. It is probably only a matter of time before they are universally adopted and dishes that have to be washed become as obsolete as hypodermic needles that have to be boiled. In the future, disposable clothing and linens will undoubtedly replace permanent ones (a company in Illinois called the Leisure Products Company is already manufacturing disposable sheets and pillowcases), and the washing machine will be as outdated as the black-and-white television set. Some people seem to think that without fine china and crystal and damask our civilization will collapse, but there is little evidence for this. The Greeks did all right without any of them.

If the elimination of housework—by which we mean the dull daily chores—is desirable, there are some household tasks that are interesting and that many women would hesitate to relinquish. I, for one, would be extremely sorry to have to give up rug shampooing. I recently acquired an electric appliance called the Shetland Rug Cleaning Floor Polisher ($45 at Bloomingdale's and elsewhere), and I don't know when I've felt less put upon and more content with my Lot than when I propelled this machine over my filthy carpets and watched them turn bright and clean. It looks pretty much like a vacuum cleaner, and has two rotating brushes in the base and a tank to be filled with rug shampoo. You glide the thing over the rug, occasionally squeezing a trigger on the handle to release a measured quantity of the shampoo, which the brushes swirl around, cleaning the rug. A small child can man the machine. It took me and a small child about twenty minutes to clean five medium-sized Persian carpets. However, it took me and a grown man nearly an hour to put the thing together and get it working. It had arrived disassembled, with a booklet of instructions stating that "all of the resources of Shetland Incorporated dedicated to freeing American women from household drudgery are now available to you." One wishes that some of the company's resources had been put at the disposal of the person who wrote the instructions. I will spare the reader yet another "humorous" account of a family's ineptitude in the face of an unassembled machine, though I must say that the recollection of two quarts of shampoo gushing out of the thing onto the rug because of a misinterpretation of the text still makes me laugh out loud. The rug suffered no harm from being soaked, I should add, and once the implement is put



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together and all the principles of filling it and running it are grasped, there is nothing to laugh or worry about. I have not tried the floor-polishing attachment. Something tells me to wait awhile and keep parsing the instruction booklet, a few sentences every evening.

ANOTHER household job I enjoy very much is throwing toys into the incinerator. If I work fast, I can dispose of three or four shopping bags full before the children get home from school. I used to give the filled shopping bags to charities until it occurred to me that the poor had enough trouble without being saddled with the surplus junk of the well-to-do. To cope with the staggering quantity and variety of playthings owned by today's typical child (the old-fashioned toy chest couldn't begin to accommodate them), furniture manufacturers are producing storage pieces of various types. At the Children's Workbench, 217 East 51st Street, there are some bookcases and storage cubes that are meant to be used together and that, if they were bought in sufficient quantity, could take care of a good twenty-five per cent of the typical child's books and playthings. The bookcases, made of natural-finished birch, are backless and sideless, have two shelves, and are forty-one inches long, twenty-nine inches high, and fourteen inches deep. The cubes, which are one foot in each dimension, are of birch painted red or blue or yellow, and three of them will fit beneath the bottom shelf of the bookcase and can be slid in and out by means of a hand-sized slot in one side. The bookcases are made in Sweden, and they are very nicely made: the finish is smooth to the touch, the corners have been thoughtfully blunted, and the joints, which resemble those on cheeseboxes, invest the bookcases with an elegance not often seen in furniture for children—or, for that matter, in modern furniture for grownups. They are $45, and the cubes are $17 apiece, or three for $45.

Women pregnant with their first child often make the mistake of buying a great deal of expensive baby furniture, which has to be replaced almost instantly, since babyhood is so brief. But at the Children's Workbench there is a small wooden crib that pregnant women must find it hard to be sensible about, and can hardly be blamed for succumbing to, even though they will have to replace it within a year. This also comes from Sweden, and it is as light and delicate a piece of furniture as you are likely to see anywhere.

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The crib is an oval basket whose sides are slender vertical rods and which is perched on two graceful pedestals in the form of inverted Y's. It is thirty-three inches high, over all, and the price is $80, which includes a mattress. The wood is the same natural-finished Swedish birch that the bookcases are made of.

THE eighty-four color photographs and brief text of "Clotheslines U.S.A.," by Helen Mather (Doubleday), are the result of a twelve-thousand-mile automobile trip that the author made—from one end of the country to the other and back—one summer, "doing nothing but looking at clotheslines and talking to Americans who have their feet on the ground, their eyes squinting into the sun, and their clothes on the line"—a journey made because "one day it occurred to me that clotheslines of America, like the American buffalo, might one day become extinct." This sort of thing can be awful, but Mrs. Mather has done it right, and her book is very pleasant to read and look at.

> My apprehensive friends prepared a speech for me to deliver when I walked into strangers' back yards. It was a very sincere little talk that stated my purpose, gave my identification, and even had a statement from my minister. It took ten minutes.
>
> A Mennonite lady, in Pennsylvania, interrupted me in the middle of it. "'Deed I don't care, long as you're not selling anything."
>
> From then on, I walked into back yards, holding out my empty hands, calling, "I'm not selling anything."

The photographs are good, and some of them are beautiful. One can see the publisher's dilemma: to do full justice to the photographs he would have had to issue a large, twenty-five-dollar volume. I think he was right in deciding to sacrifice the photography and come out with a small book for $3.95. I find that there is something forbidding

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and almost disagreeable about large, expensive books. One tends never to look at them again. Some of Mrs. Mather's pictures are wonderful in themselves, such as the one entitled "Brassieres over Pittsburgh;" others serve the text, such as the one on the page that reads, "When you go through a paling fence, then a hemlock hedge, screening a small airless area to find a small clothesline hiding in the company of cat's dishes, garbage cans, and deposit bottles, terrified of property values, where are you? New Canaan, Connecticut." Mrs. Mather is on the side of the people who put their wash right out where everyone can see it. ("'My family was very starchy,' Mrs. Ware told me. 'On the way home from church we always took a walk around town to look at other people's clotheslines. That was how we chose our friends.'") Her book is a celebration of hard work, plain speech, self-sufficiency, and starchiness—virtues for which clean clothes hanging on a line are a fitting metaphor. Reading "Clotheslines U.S.A." is like listening to the Weavers sing "Kisses Sweeter Than Wine" or "This Land Is Your Land." It works on you, even though you know America is not like that, and probably never was. —J. M.

•

REMARKS WE DOUBT EVER GOT MADE BY STUDENTS

[*From "Economics," by Paul Samuelson*]

Some students say, "I can see that, if you are careful, your upper-loop approach to NNP will avoid including intermediate products. But I'm a little uncertain whether or not you might find yourself in some difficulty when you use the lower-loop approach. After all, doesn't the Commerce Department gather income statements from the accounts of business firms? Won't it then be picking up what millers pay to farmers, what bakers pay to millers, and what grocers pay to bakers? Won't this result in double counting or even triple and quadruple counting of some items that go through several stages of production?"

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•

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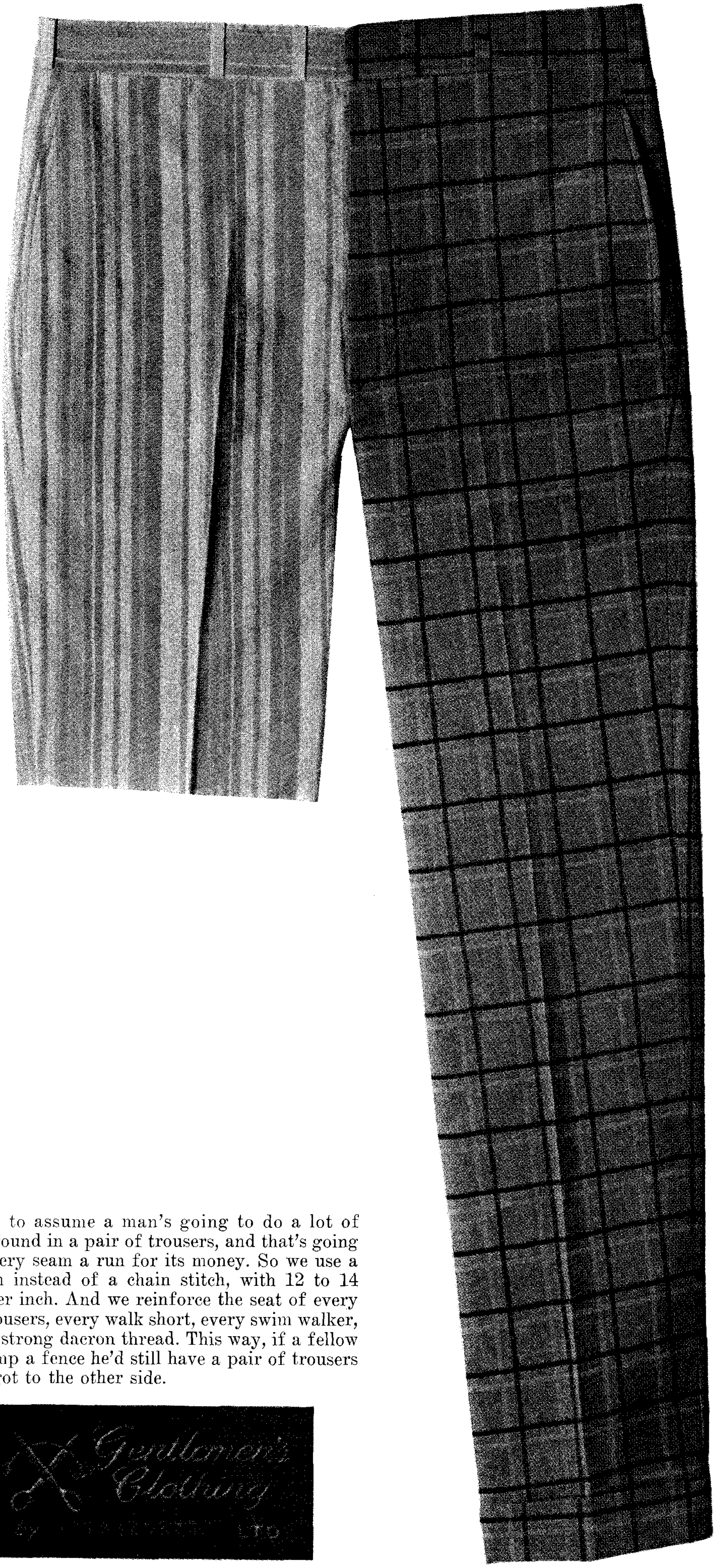

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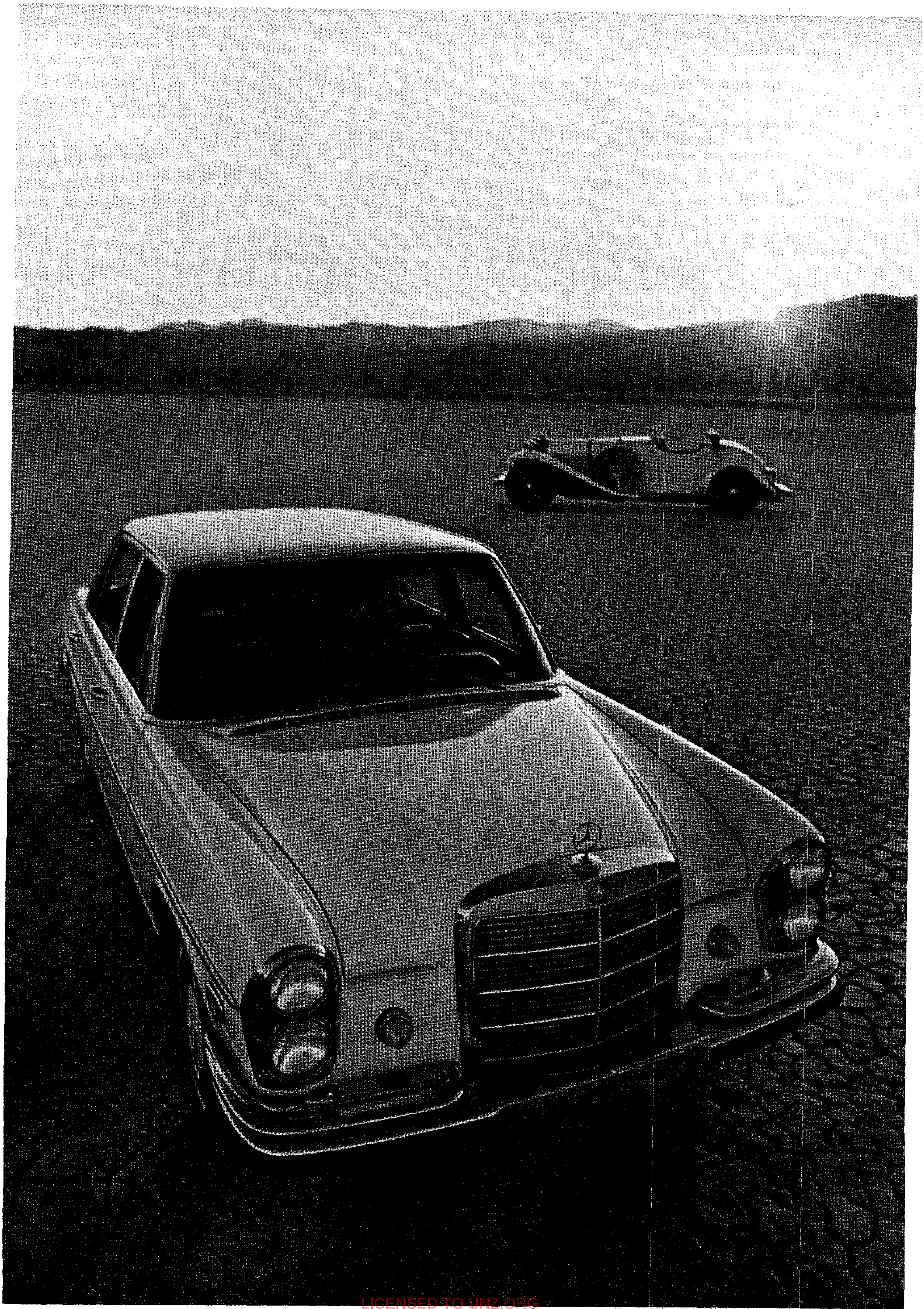

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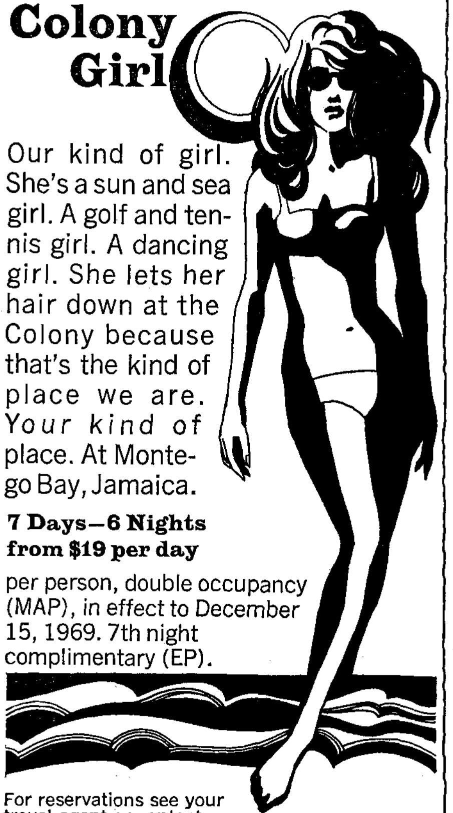

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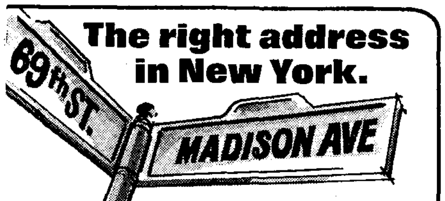

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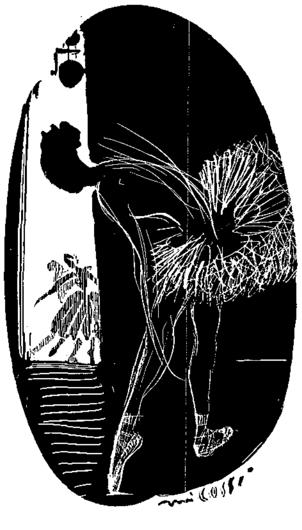
MUSICAL EVENTS

Of the People

IN a copy of the British magazine *Tempo* that has just reached me, there is an editorial deprecating the "heights of foolishness" to which writing about Pop music has come. *Tempo* is devoted to "serious"—that is to say, concert and operatic—music, and its bias is understandable. The editorial ends, however, with this curious statement: "History has given various demonstrations in the past of the undemocratic nature of art proper, and of the separate place of popular art—even at its best, as in the waltzes of Strauss. The waltz figured conspicuously in nineteenth-century 'serious' music, but not with the force of an important influence, let alone a vital renewal. In our own century, jazz has proved still less influential, though it too has been a stimulus. The same will surely prove true of Pop music; certainly it is this tradition [*i.e., that of popular music*], if any, that it is heir to, and serious music has no more to learn from it, and is no more profoundly challenged by it, than it was by those predecessors."



Now, I am as much concerned about the crisis in contemporary "serious" music as *Tempo* is, and I likewise do not foresee any particular "challenge" that Pop or jazz can offer to the kind of music that *Tempo* considers "serious." The thing that strikes me in this quotation is the expression "the undemocratic nature of art." Certainly the great tradition of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century music was fostered by an aristocracy (though the fact is conspicuous enough that, aside from a few eccentric exceptions of little importance, none of the composers of this period were aristocrats). But where, one might reasonably ask, is this aristocracy today? True, there are some aristocrats remaining in various European countries, but they do not exercise any influence whatever on artistic taste. We are living in a predominantly democratic period of history, and it is not at all surprising that our dominant music is a music of the people—jazz, Pop, rock, or whatever. One can argue with some sense that rock is not as good as Beethoven, but one cannot with much sense argue that rock is not better, by a long shot, than the works of John Cage or Milton Babbitt. And there is another point to be made here. I am not sure but what Pop music is a better representative of the continuation of the grand tradition than the work of the post-Schoenberg atonal composers is. It contains much of the basic vocabulary of the music of the great symphonists—consonance and dissonance, chords built in thirds (do-mi-sol, etc.), diatonic melody, regular rhythmic structure—whereas the music of today's "serious" composers, by and large, has lost this vocabulary and, with it, its powers of communication—and, consequently, its audience.

I bring all this up by way of preface to a consideration of some recent books that bear on the subject. One of them is Irving Kolodin's "The Continuity of Music" (Knopf). The book traces the influences that one composer has had on another through the history of music since Handel and Bach, and Kolodin shows, quite convincingly, something which most musicians are aware of but which may not be as clear to laymen—that no music is the invention of any single individual. There is much of Mozart in Beethoven, for instance, and much of Beethoven in Wagner, and during its greatest years music was what I have often called a "language"—an idiom, at any rate, with a vocabulary understood by laymen as well as by composers, though, to be sure, it has changed gradually from generation to generation. Kolodin's method is to trace influences from composer to composer, and to show that the composers are all related in their methods up to the time of Schoenberg—and even afterward, in the work of Stravinsky and Strauss. In describing the development of musical techniques, he often uses the metaphor "stream." What each composer writes flows to some extent from the music of his predecessors. He states what he calls a "law of probability," as follows: "The composer who has a 'style of his own' from student days is more likely an imposer than a genius." Even so, elements that are potentially dangerous have entered the musical stream. The most important of these has been enharmonism, which, explained as simply as possible, means regarding F sharp and G flat as the same note, the way they appear on the piano keyboard. The implication of this is that one may be simultaneously in two or more different keys, and this is a threat to the purity of key structure. Enharmonic modulation, Kolodin notes, was sometimes used by Beethoven. Later on, the Romantic composers made widespread use of enharmonism, Liszt and Wagner being the outstanding enharmonists until the time of Debussy, who often used enharmonism to the point of blotting out all sense of key. Certain Romantic composers, however, perceived the danger of enharmonism. One of the first of them was Berlioz, and he was followed by most of those composers of the French school who were not influenced by Wagner. The Russians also tended to keep away from enharmonism, which meant that they wrote clear diatonic melody and stuck to a given key until a modulation to another one seemed appropriate. Schoenberg, of course, threw over the whole system of tonalities and invented, quite arbitrarily, a new system of his own. Kolodin thinks that Schoenberg was as much interested in the workings of his own mind as in what it produced. His new system had one great advantage—it eliminated all comparison between his music and any music that preceded it. Kolodin is fairly gentle with Schoenberg, but it is obvious from what he says that he does not consider any of his music after "Pierrot Lunaire" to have any real musical significance. After Schoenberg, the development of the musical language, according to Kolodin, came to a stop.

HENRY PLEASANTS, the prophet of the doom of Western music and its replacement by jazz, has written another book, "Serious Music—and All That Jazz" (Simon & Schuster). In it he expresses himself with his usual lucidity and positiveness, but he has had to account for a new problem—the death (or, anyhow, the disappearance from fashion) of jazz and its replacement by rock. He discusses the decadence of jazz during the bop period, and the emergence of the new idiom. But he still holds to his original thesis—that the Afro-American tradition is replacing the European one. He also extends the word "jazz" to include a great deal of territory—not only rock

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but movie music. (He thinks that the movies are replacing opera, and that musical movies may someday form an acceptable substitute.) I have always agreed with the first part of Pleasants' thesis—that Western "serious" music is about finished. But I have always found the second part of it—that jazz is about to replace "serious" music in the concert hall and the opera house—somewhat difficult to swallow. There are several points to be made here. First of all, the movies, in my opinion, will never be able to replace opera. Opera, until the Germans got hold of it and made the orchestra its dominant element, was something written for glorious voices and for those who took pleasure in listening to them. Glorious voices cannot be reproduced in the movies. I think that opera still has a considerable future—not contemporary opera, mind you, but the operatic classics sung by contemporary glorious voices. Secondly, movie music is not by any means all jazz, or Afro-American, nor is there, in my opinion, much prospect that it will become so. Pleasants writes of new-style arrangers with jazz backgrounds who are active in movie music. They are undoubtedly there, but no arranger worth his salt is unacquainted with symphonic arranging techniques. He has to use them all the time. Thirdly, though I am no specialist in rock, I have heard a great deal of rock that has no African elements whatever, as well as some rock that closely resembles African tribal music. Rock, it seems to me, has enormous variety and is a highly eclectic art—a remarkably integrated one from a racial standpoint. However, despite my objections to some of Pleasants' arguments, I recommend his book as stimulating reading.

THERE is now a new biography of one of the most fascinating, if not one of the greatest, composers in history. "Scriabin," by Faubion Bowers (two volumes; Kodansha International, Tokyo and Palo Alto), is an exhaustive study of Alexander Scriabin's life, ideas, and surroundings. Bowers lays some stress on the neuroticism of the Russian intelligentsia before the revolution, and notes that Scriabin was a homosexual. (He nevertheless had two wives and seven children.) He was probably the most enharmonic of all composers, and much of his music is no longer popular because of this fact, but he did write some beautiful things. He was a mystic, and toward the end of his life his musical ideas became visionary indeed. His last composition—it was merely projected; only a first part, titled "Prefatory Action," was even sketched at the time he died—called for bells suspended from the clouds to summon men from all over the world. The performance was to be held in a temple in India. (Scriabin was for a long time under the influence of the Theosophist Mme. Blavatsky.) Gallery seats were to go to those less spiritually advanced, downstairs seats to those more qualified. There were to be touches, odors, and lights as well as music. (He was the first to foresee mixed media.) The whole composition was to be known as "The Mysterium." Bowers' book is the result of heroic research by a man fluent in many languages as well as in music, and it probably constitutes the definitive Scriabin biography.

—Winthrop Sargeant

• •

PORTRAIT OF THE LEFT HAND

Lying beside this poem,
It cares no more for it
Than the dead care for black borders.

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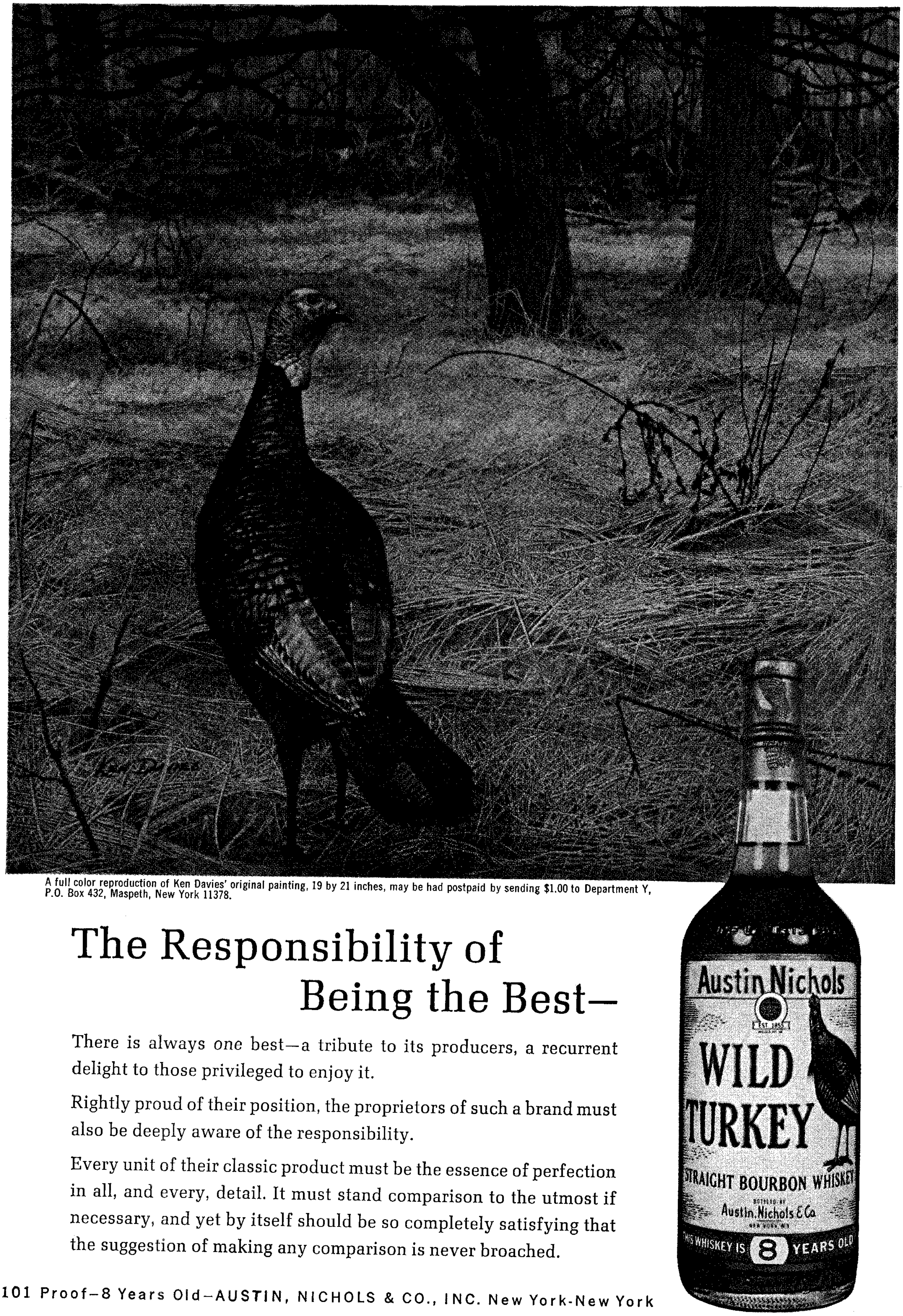
It has never been housebroken,
Retrieves only the small evils:

The drink, the smoke, the pill.
Even in the act of love
It wanders away, bored.

A pure anarchist, it salutes
Not even the black flag.
Those long naps—what do they mean?

A grooming of itself for death?
The lily thereof? I hope not.
I should miss, somehow, its maundering.

—Henri Coulette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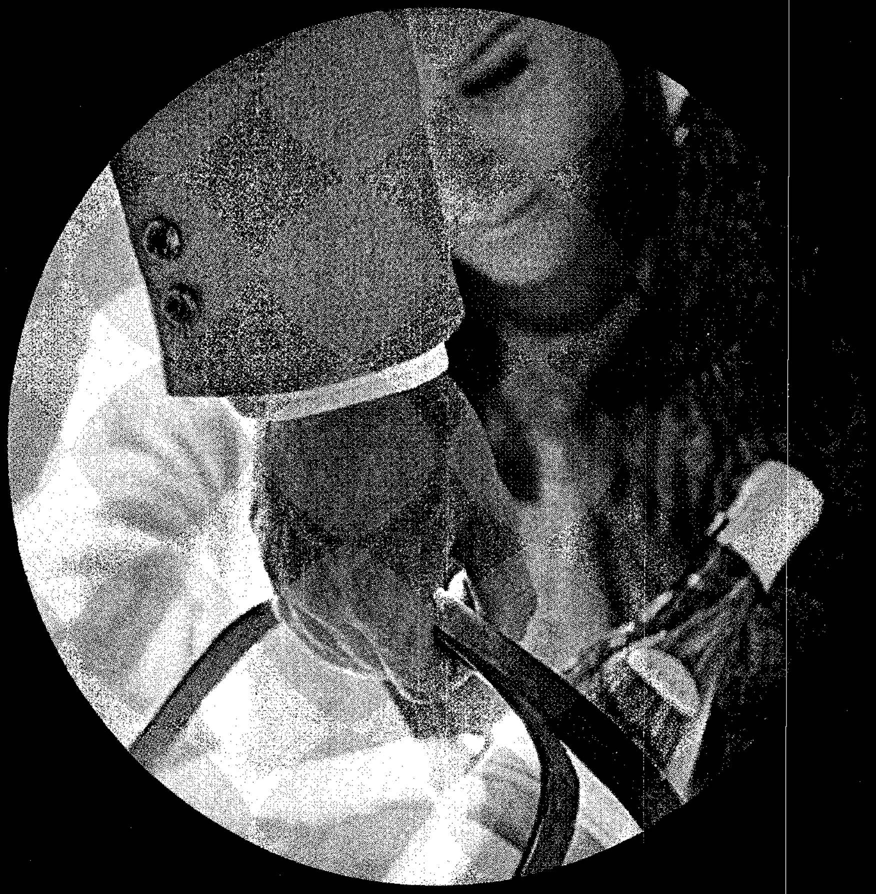

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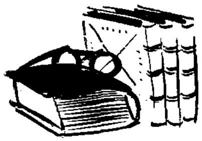


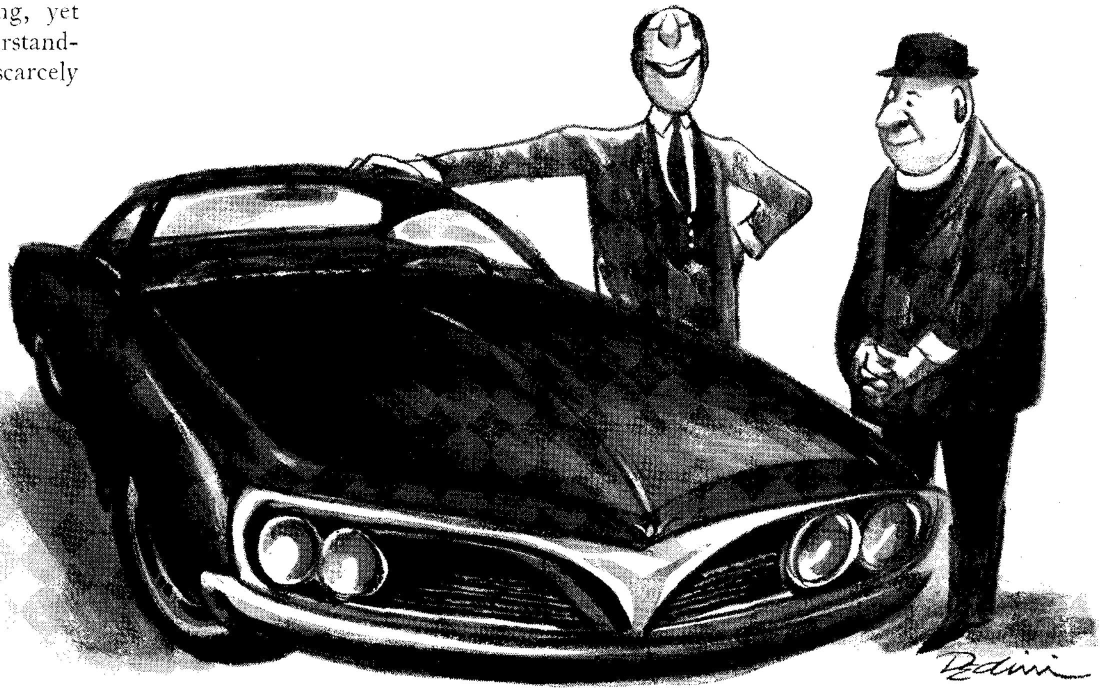
IN recent years, the language of charity has been invaded, if not wholly occupied, by the language of warfare. This new usage may not be symptomatic but it *is* established, and so, I suppose, one can describe Daniel P. Moynihan's fascinating short study, "Maximum Feasible Misunderstanding: Community Action in the War on Poverty" (Free Press), as a military critique of a small-unit battle action that went wrong—pointing out which soldiers did well or badly, which tactics failed (and why), what ground was taken and held, and what changes might conceivably win the next fight. Moynihan describes his book, unmilitaristically, as a brief chronicle of "the introduction of a social-science idea [the need for community] into a government program." However one describes the essay, it is engrossing, partly because it is topical and partly because it is not; it talks about current events, but it also talks about some teasing, long-lived questions that neither Moynihan nor anyone else has answered. So the book is at once authoritative and tentative: Moynihan thinks what he thinks, and states his reasons and opinions unambiguously, but one thing he thinks is that social scientists know less than they claim about inducing social change. Most of his conclusions are disheartening, yet "Maximum Feasible Misunderstanding" is entertaining, though scarcely funny; he writes with wit and points out, wherever he sees them, two comic elements in his sad tale—irony and incongruity. If these do not make us laugh, they keep us from crying, and they encourage detachment and reflection.

The community-action programs, Moynihan recalls, were part of the Economic Opportunity Act of 1964, which also provided for other, more specific programs. He believes that the men who worked on writing the bill did not consider community-action programs likely to have any grand national effect, such as reducing hard-core unemployment (or the cavities in the teeth of children) by *x* per cent; instead, the programs were to achieve whatever local purposes poor neighborhoods wished. But, says Moynihan, by the time the act was to be administered, the Office of Economic Opportunity had hired several people who were convinced that community action was the most effective means of social change and that the "maximum feasible participation" of the poor in programs in their neighborhoods would achieve a truly grandiose goal: improving not only the behavior but the character of the poor. (Nowadays everybody knows that poverty makes people apathetic and irresponsible, just as yesterday everybody knew that apathy and irresponsibility made people poor.) Community action, it was hoped, would show these people that their activity and perseverance would improve their circumstances. However, poor people *have* no "community" in the several meanings that social thinkers had attached to the word. They move so often that a poor neighborhood is rarely a stable group of people; it is not a political community, like an Assembly District or a township; and poor people have no sense of community either in negative terms, such as not throwing garbage into the streets, or in positive terms, such as loving their neighbors. The believers in community-action programs expected them to create community in all these senses, and without compulsion. Since Western history records two thousand years of failed efforts to make poor people settle down and behave, these ambitions seem vast indeed, and it is more surprising that they were entertained than that they were unfulfilled.

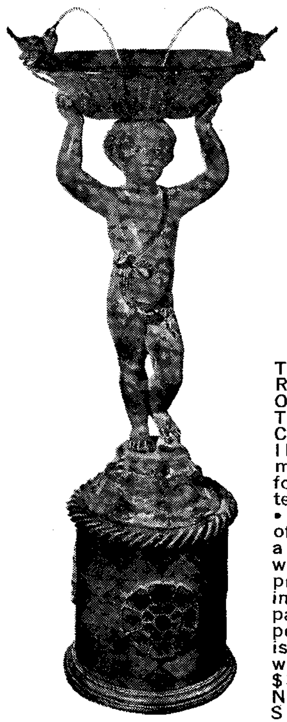
Why such hopes? Moynihan starts with that question. The community-action programs, he says, were an effort to put sociological theories into social practice—to realize social-science abstractions as the atomic bomb realized physical-science abstractions. These theories were not brand-new criticisms of modern American society and of many of the beliefs that were held to have created it, but they were criticisms that had been recently accepted. "On the growing edge of thought," says Moynihan,

> it came to be seen that the nineteenth-century faith in secular individualism had simply not worked out.... Suddenly, by mid-century, just about everyone who thought about it was convinced... that the liberal rationalist experiment had proved near to catastrophic.

For an example of American mid-century conservative thought, Moynihan cites "The Quest for Commu-



"I can see it now. All eyes fixed upon you as you draw up before the church and, as you alight, people turning to one another and saying, 'He's a good man. He deserves the best.'"



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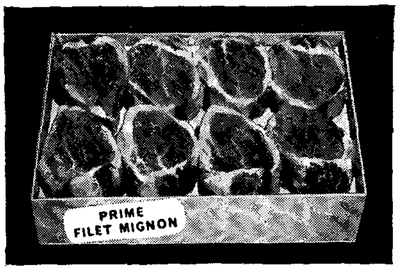

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nity," by a conservative, Robert A. Nisbet, published in 1953. Nisbet was stating that the conservative thinkers of the nineteenth century had been right after all. Right, for example, in arguing that the crime of the French revolutionaries lay not in the individuals they executed but in the institutions they destroyed. Right in predicting that in the absence of such institutions secular liberalism would lead to the atomized mass, the alienated individual, and the omnipotent state. Burke ... Toqueville and Acton had in this respect at least been right.

Burke, Toqueville, and Acton had sat in libraries for years without producing any federal programs. Then, in the nineteen-fifties, Moynihan notes, the American left began to adopt what had formerly been the conservative objections to modern American society. Whether or not the leftists quoted Burke, they felt that the United States was becoming an atomized mass of alienated individuals at the mercy of too many large, impersonal, powerful organizations. Moynihan considers the most influential work in this radical-conservative vein to have been Paul Goodman's "Growing Up Absurd," published in 1960; Goodman argued that "the accumulation of the missed and compromised revolutions of modern times ... has fallen ... most heavily on the young, making it hard to grow up." In short, by 1960 conservatives and radicals agreed that Western history since the French Revolution had been a mistake, and that now was the time to repair it.

Still, it is hard to see what specific institutions destroyed by the French Revolution we miss. An untaxed nobility? A hereditary judiciary? When Burke preferred the rights of Englishmen to the rights of man," was he thinking of press gangs? Conservative thinkers write as if their readers belonged to a privileged order, but so, alas, do liberal and left-of-liberal thinkers. The liberal concept that social experiment is good (old-fashioned Progressives called our states laboratories for social experiment) certainly implies that the liberal writer and his liberal readers are the experimenters, not the guinea pigs. No matter how you slice it, nearly all social thought comes out let-them-eat-cake.

The liberals who in the nineteen-fifties and sixties turned into radicals did not, no matter how hard they tried, wholly discard the assumption of their own social superiority, of their right, or even duty, to experiment with other human beings. Moynihan is a little entertained, but more than a little

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disturbed, by many of the high-minded, highhanded reformers in his book, who decided to intervene in the lives of powerless poor people even though the poor had not asked for intervention and the reformers could not guarantee the results of their experiments. The people who between 1957 and 1961 formulated the proposal that became New York City's Mobilization for Youth, says Moynihan, produced

> a plan devised by a group of middle-class intellectuals to bring about changes in the behavior of a group of lower-class youths who differed from them in ethnicity and religion, in social class and attitudes, in life styles, and above all, in life prospects. [It was] an enterprise . . . to acquire by the experimental mode knowledge of general validity that could be applied elsewhere with predictable results.

Moynihan's work is selective and argumentative rather than encyclopedic, and Mobilization for Youth is the community-action program to which he gives most space. The program started not as a federally financed project but as a modest experiment to see if juvenile delinquency could be cured. It was sponsored by a number of private charity agencies on the lower East Side, guided by the New York School of Social Work, and was financed by private foundations. It was a tiny enterprise that took in an area with a population of only a hundred thousand, and it wanted to test the theory that poor juvenile delinquents had been deprived of opportunities to succeed in society, and that if they were given some they would stop being delinquent. This hypothesis, Moynihan points out, is among the most optimistic theories about the causes of delinquency. More pessimistic theories he mentions suggest (a) that poor delinquent adolescents have personalities that were so severely damaged in early childhood that social work or community programs cannot easily or substantially mend them, and (b) that acting tough is normal for low-class adolescents who are going to remain low-class men. None of these theories wholly excludes the others—no two poor juvenile delinquents have precisely the same personality or precisely the same problems—but the opportunity theory, because it justifies professional social-science intervention, provides greater opportunities for social reformers as well as for delinquents.

It is one of Moynihan's points that community action, as it was practiced, was based on optimistic, unproved social-science hypotheses that did not consider several pessimistic—and perhaps realistic—qualifications. To be sure, Moynihan thinks that while the

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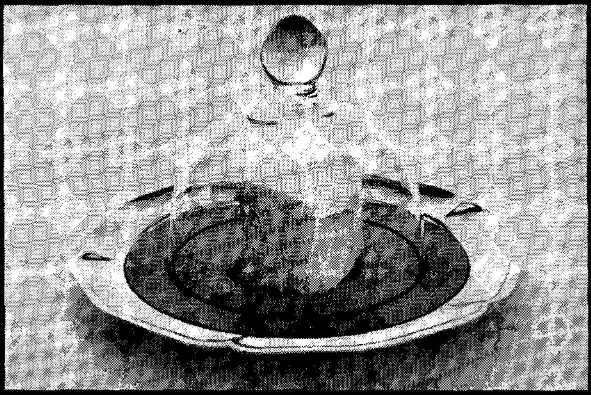

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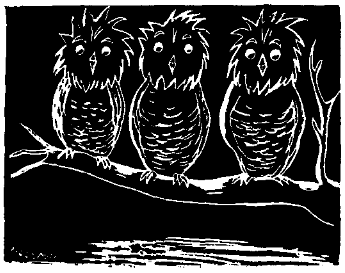

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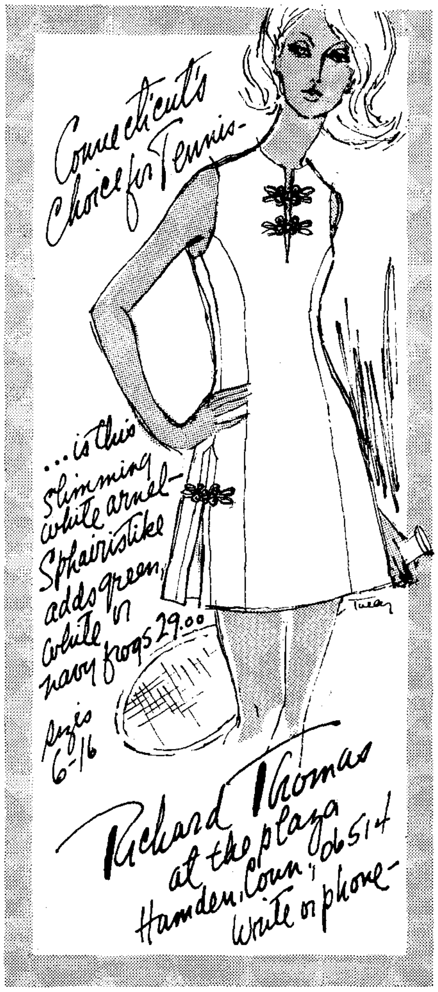
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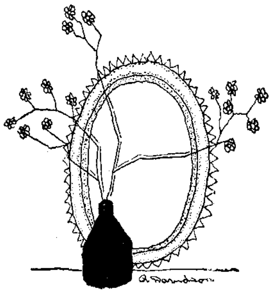
Economic Opportunity Act was being written in Washington community action was interpreted in four ways—organizing, expanding, confronting, or assisting the power structure—and that the authors of the bill were uncertain which meaning they intended, except that confrontation was an impossibility, because no government will pay people to make trouble for it. Yet confrontation became the most visible product of the programs.



Time, mere time, is certainly a villain in the tale. Between all the quest-for-community talk of the nineteen-fifties and the administration of community-action programs in the sixties came Negro rioting in the cities. In 1957, Mobilization for Youth decided to concentrate on Negro and Puerto Rican boys, simply because other boys in the area were not in gangs. That then seemed a sensible, not a discriminatory, decision, but when Mobilization for Youth became a federally funded project, it, like community-action programs in other cities, seemed to the white population to be specifically aimed at helping Negroes, which meant, to whites, ending riots. This was more than community-action programs could do. Moynihan believes that some community programs were unjustly blamed for encouraging violence but that others (among them Mobilization for Youth) did indeed stimulate disorder when the aroused poor, and the social reformers who had aroused them, discovered that earlier generations of reformers had made poor neighborhoods politically powerless by replacing machine patronage with Civil Service. Party bosses and district leaders, who could bend rules, had been replaced by bureaucrats, who could not. Whether the frustration of the poor upon discovering this had to cause disorder—"whether," as Moynihan puts it, "the poor are ever to be politicized save in terms of conflict and fear and the creation of hate objects"—is, he says, an unanswered question. If people have been brutalized, they may very well be brutal. Historical records of rebellions of the lower classes, such as peasants' revolts, are tinged with the historians' horror, possibly because the chroniclers were upper-class. But however brutal the rebellious poor have been, they have always been brutally repressed—a pattern that is as true of governments supposedly acting on behalf of the poor as of governments frankly ruling for the well-to-do. I cannot think of any revolution that began by arousing the poor and then did not proceed to discipline them. Moynihan is not trying to horrify his readers with predictions that America's poor are about to be butchered, but he does feel that stimulating the poor and then frustrating their hopes has probably injured them emotionally and made them less fit to seize what new opportunities may be offered them. The community-action programs, he believes, did some lasting good, and will probably do more, but he regrets that the government did not take a simpler, more direct, less iffy approach to ending poverty—income maintenance, for one thing. If, as social science shows, the poor take part in community affairs less than the well-to-do, one might get the poor to take part by curing their poverty with employment training, family allowances, or guaranteed incomes.

Besides bringing the rapid growth of racial animosity, the passage of time has done other harm. Moynihan notices (and he quotes Paul Goodman in corroboration) that the expectations of the poor rose, and that jobs for which simple social programs might once have qualified the unemployed began to seem degrading. What 1957 had hoped to offer a reformed juvenile delinquent was not enough in 1968, but 1968's aspirations were often unrealistic. One social scientist (Lloyd Ohlin) whom Moynihan quotes wrote in 1960 that earlier migrants to big cities could depend on a political machine to interpret the unfamiliar environment and to point out realistic chances for them and their children. Moynihan and many other authors (some he quotes and some he does not) have been reconsidering the usefulness of the old machines. I know of no one who wants to re-create Tammany Hall; still, it is doubtful whether the odds and ends of community agencies, invented by middle-class reformers, can do, either soon or well, the work of the old political club.

What Moynihan is often talking about, in fact, is not the unrealistic expectations of the poor but the unrealistic expectations of social reformers. He never says it in specific words, but he seems to describe community action in big cities as (partly, anyway) an occupational therapy for members of the white middle class who are

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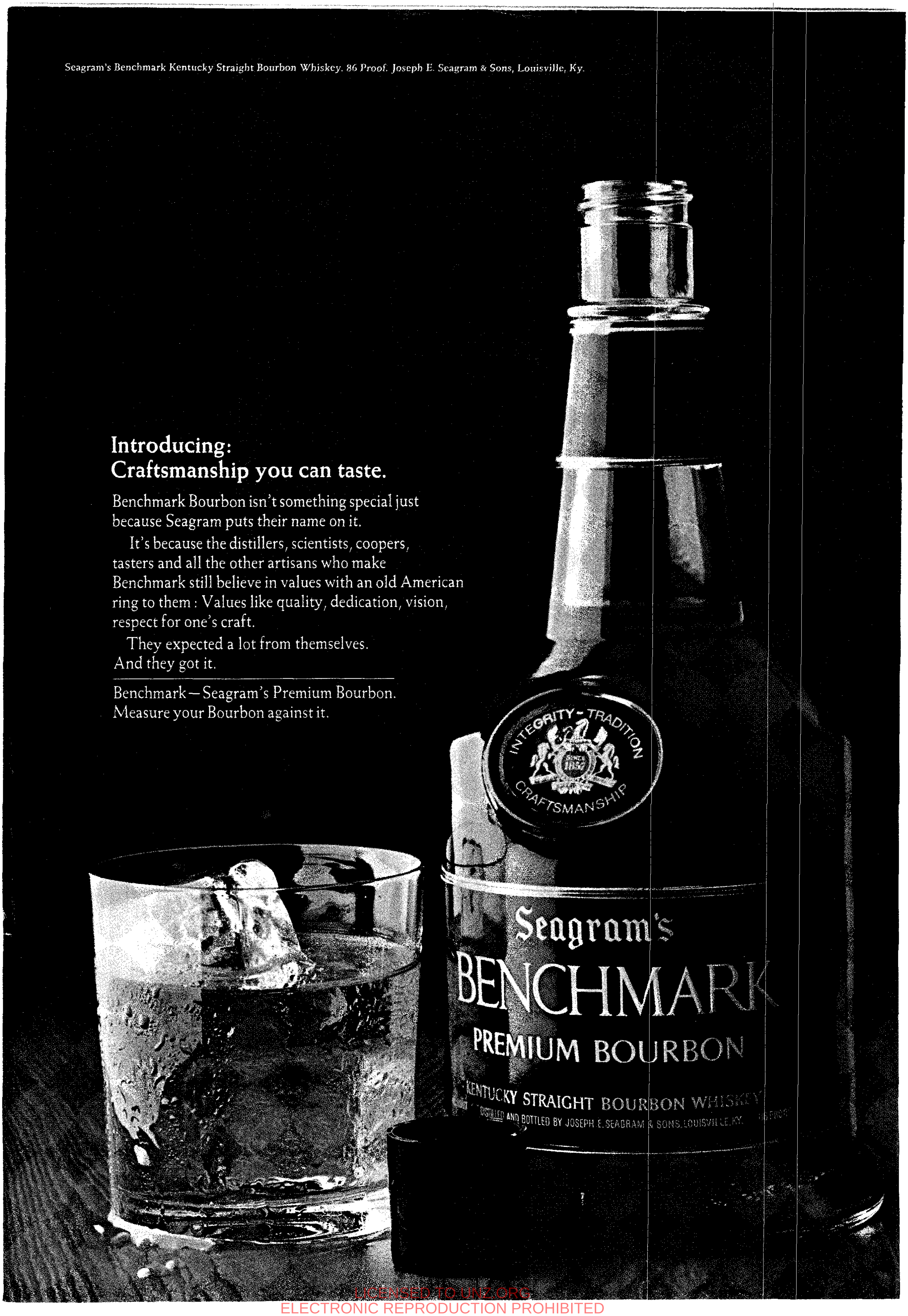
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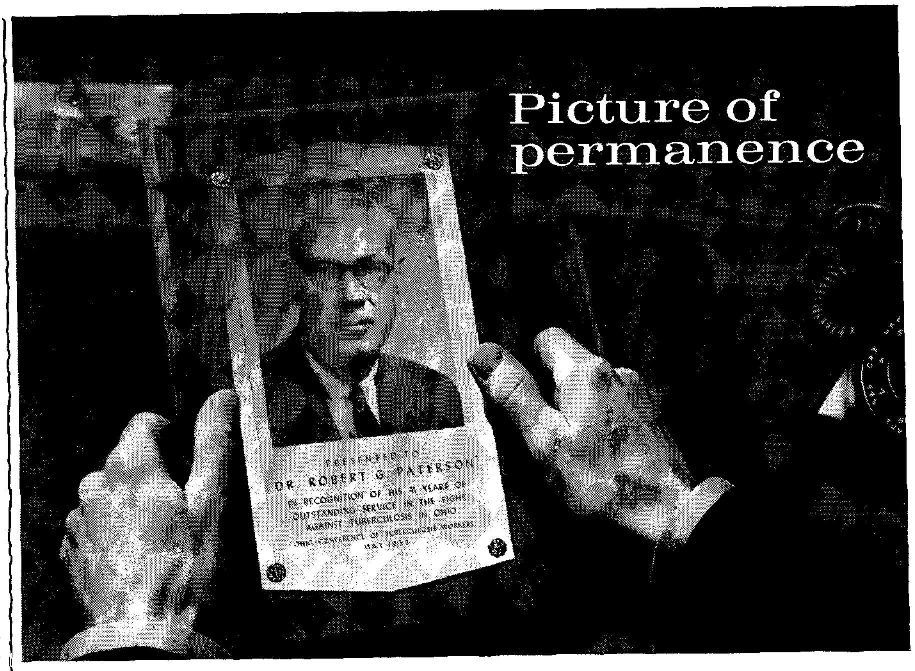
alienated from their own communities and backgrounds. Perhaps I misread him. For years, a lot of the American middle class has been guilty of what the poor are accused of—thriftlessness (buying on time), family instability (divorce), inability or unwillingness to discipline children, increasing informality of dress. Historians usually note that a revolution changes the way everybody looks (clothing, hair, even posture), but they rarely say much about style changes that are not accompanied by anything as conspicuous as regicide—about, say, the moment when American public-school boys were no longer required to wear neckties, or the steps by which the Sunday-afternoon dress of the middle-class suburban male arrived at its present *négligé*. Yet these lesser changes, too, I imagine, express a change in the way people see themselves. Perhaps the middle class was rebelling long before its young sons, with Cavalier locks and Roundhead fervor, went into the ghettos and invited the poor to rebel. One of the most distressing points in this book is the reformers' fury at the city's lower middle classes—at their need for security and their notions of respectability. Such intolerance makes me question the quality of the reformers' compassion for the poor; people usually get that angry only on their own behalf. At any rate, when Moynihan remarks that by the nineteen-sixties practically all politicians, from conservative Republicans to radical reformers, were agreed in their "distaste for bigness, impersonality, bureaucratized benevolence, prescribed surveillance," he is talking about the political nation, not the poor. It is at least conceivable that "community," like other nineteen-fifties issues ("national purpose," "quality of life"), has been a middle-class worry, and that the poor have been less worried about lack of community than about lack of food, clothing, shelter, and medical care. One still unanswered question is how much of the apathy of the poor is due to their malnutrition and untreated illnesses.

Moynihan is extremely persuasive, because of his disinterested concern, and because, despite his evident disappointment, he is fair as well as firm. But I am not entirely persuaded by his conclusion that social science and social theory must circumscribe their pretensions and limit their efforts. It is true, as he says, that in the process of politics the opportunities for government action toward social improvement are rare and must be handled with care, and that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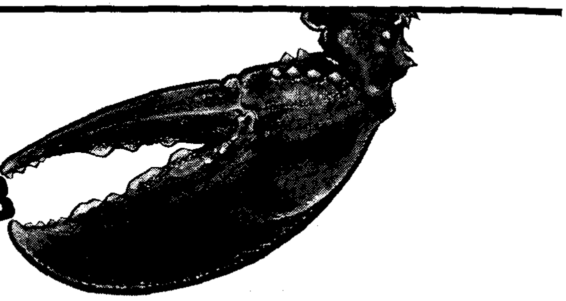

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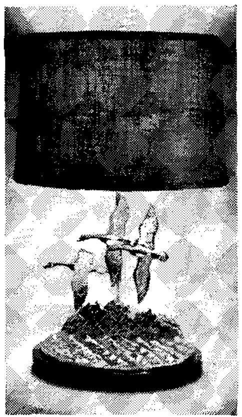

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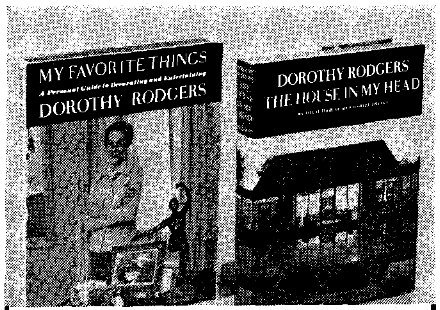

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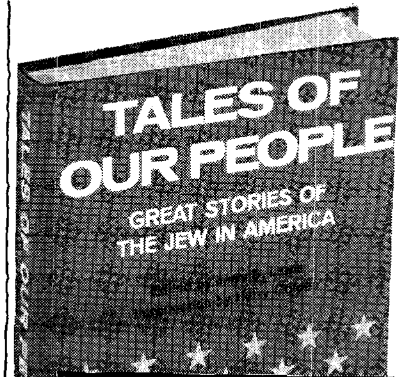
the time and money spent on community action might have been spent better; it is also true that social scientists are, as he adds, peddling snake oil when they claim they know that a particular course of action will solve a particular problem, and true that "social science is at . . . its worst when it offers theories of individual or collective behavior which raise the possibility, by controlling certain inputs, of bringing about mass behavioral change. No such knowledge now exists." It is also true that there is, as in legends, a real warning embodied in the ancient folk figure of the mad scientist who releases forces he cannot control. Nevertheless, I feel that Moynihan perhaps overstates the need for caution when he says, "The role of social science lies not in the formulation of social policy but in the measurement of its results." American social science may at this moment need critics more than it needs prophets, but criticism, however valuable, is not creativity, and there is a need for creative social thought. So far, in social theory as in everything else, the rich have been offering the poor their intellectual hand-me-downs. Nationalism has certainly not done Western Europe much good. Why, then, are we forward-looking Europeans and European-descended people passing it on to Asians and Africans? Moynihan notes that up to now no social-science study has found out what makes education effective. During the nineteen-fifties, community control of white suburban schools produced continual friction—personality conflicts, arguments over what were educational "frills" or unsuitable religious observances, frequent irruptions by outraged patriots at friendly textbook references to the United Nations—and all this while well-to-do white suburban parents were complaining that white Johnny could not read. In what spirit are we white citizens (and I do not mean to exclude myself) offering community control to the city's poor blacks as an educational solution? Moynihan feels that in the case of community action social theory was translated into social action too soon. Yet I wonder whether it was not several decades too late. As long ago as the early years of the New Deal, the Administration tried to mitigate what already seemed the intolerable growth of cities with a few programs to create new country communities. These schemes may have been inappropriate, and they certainly were overrun by other urgent problems, but it does look as if Americans for many years have wanted the advantages of economic



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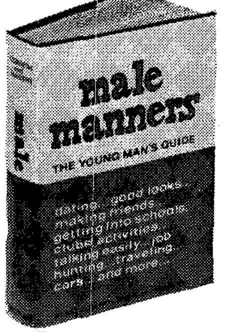

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bigness and social smallness. Since the Second World War, the United States has been suffering from the discovery that money can't buy happiness; Moynihan is suggesting that social science address itself more carefully to the question of what money *will* buy, that it attempt smaller experiments and make fewer promises. But the question of what does or might create social happiness, I imagine, needs larger, newer ideas. —NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

NATIONAL ANTHEM, by Richard Kluger (Harper & Row). An old-fashioned middle-class fantasy/adventure story. In other words, the story of a junior executive who is inspired by his tenth college reunion to send his wife and children off to the country so that he is free to rob a crass art-collecting millionaire, bestow cash on random beggars, engage in unconsummated adultery, and join two fellow-alumni in forming a private army for a vaguely ideological (liberal) rampage across the country—after all of which he returns to settle down again. Mr. Kluger writes smoothly in the first person and the present tense, with much comic hyperbole.

WITHOUT A CITY WALL, by Melvyn Bragg (Knopf). Passion is as rare in the contemporary British novel as snivelling, cavilling satire is common. Mr. Bragg bravely sets out to fill the gap with a story about a young man who flees the gritty metropolis and his fly-by-night career as a writer of superficial magazine articles and moves to the remote Cumberland hamlet of Crossbridge. There, with Lawrencian splendor, he falls for the prodigal Janice, a local girl who was forced to suspend her grim pursuit of academic truth while having an unwanted baby. Their marriage is tossed by the seemingly irreconcilable values of city and country. In Agnes and Wif, Janice's parents, Mr. Bragg portrays good, simple, rustic characters without Wordsworthian patronage of the quaint peasantry. This is no mean feat. The descriptions of lakeland sunsets and windy fells are magnificent.

GENERAL

A LONG ROW OF CANDLES, by C. L. Sulzberger (Macmillan). Since 1939, Mr. Sulzberger has been filing stories on international affairs for the

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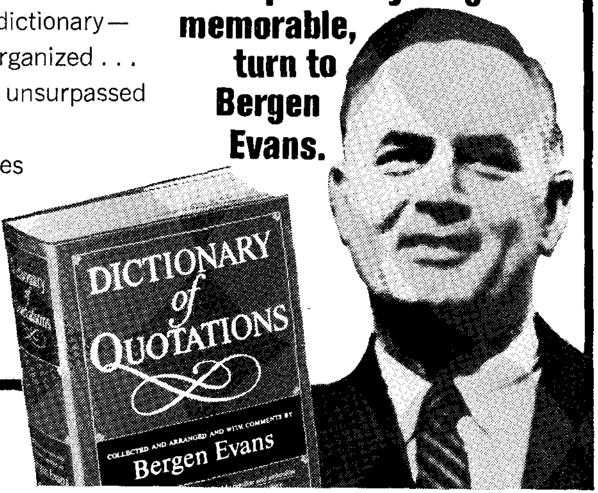
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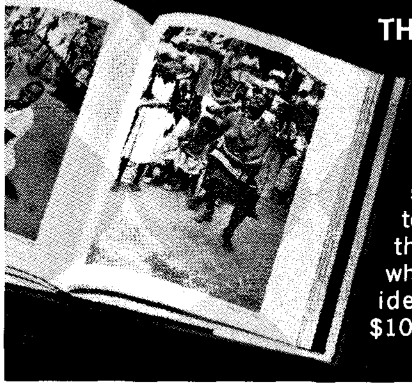

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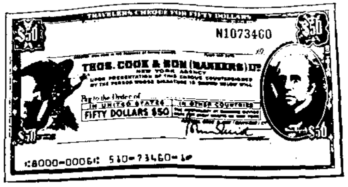

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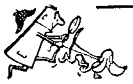

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New York *Times*, and during that time he has kept a journal of the peripheral material that he did not, or could not, use in his formal dispatches. That journal constitutes the bulk and the most arresting part of this immense book, and, along with its value as source material for historians, it offers us off-the-record conversations, gossip, hearsay, scandal, funny stories, and Mr. Sulzberger's highly personal impressions and opinions. The rest of the book is straight autobiography, covering the years from 1934 to 1954. Another volume is promised. This one is a Book-of-the-Month Club selection. Twelve dollars and fifty cents.

THE DEER CRY PAVILION: A STORY OF WESTERNERS IN JAPAN 1868-1905, by Pat Barr (Harcourt, Brace & World). A sprightly account of people involved in the honeymoon period of Japan's modernization—Western merchants, teachers, engineers, and missionaries, along with their wives and the assorted tourists who came to admire and explore. At the start of this period, the eagerness of the Japanese to progress in Western style created innumerable sources of innocent merriment among Westerners, along with occasional wistful observations that the arts and graces of the past were disappearing. In the end, Japan had learned from the West a mite too well; her success in the Sino-Japanese and Russo-Japanese Wars did not strike Westerners as quaint or amusing. Dry-your-tears note: Mrs. Barr explains that being a Madame Butterfly was a regular business career for many Japanese girls, who usually acquired some capital and lived happily ever after the departure of their temporary Western husbands.

THE MIND OF THE EUROPEAN ROMANTICS, by H. G. Schenk (Anchor). A penetrating intellectual history of the Romantic movement in Europe, from the end of the French Revolution to the death of Nietzsche. Professor Schenk, a Czech-born Oxford historian, covers all the main figures and the major arts, plus philosophy and religion, with great thoroughness in surprisingly small compass. Highly recommended.

NOTE: Harper & Row has published Robert Shaplen's "Time Out of Hand: Revolution and Reaction in Southeast Asia." Most of the book originally appeared, in somewhat different form, in *The New Yorker*. . . . "The Life in the Studio," a collection of Nancy Hale's reminiscences of her artist parents, has been published by Little, Brown. Most of the stories were first printed in this magazine.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE DANCE OF DEATH, by Jeremy Potter (Walker). Mr. Rowlandson Jones, a seedy, shady art dealer who likes to indulge the lascivious tenderness he feels for thin, intelligent young women, lives in his gallery in Soho, London, with his handsome wife, Anna. Anna is years younger than her husband, and she is a shrew. She doesn't mind his questionable business dealings, because they bring in money, but she is tired of his pretty young gallery assistants, and she is getting very tired of *him*. If he would only die, Anna thinks, I would be rich. Mr. Jones' health isn't very good, and when murder enters his gallery he begins to worry about the fate of his life's work—a six-volume tribute to his hero, Thomas Rowlandson. He has to get it to his publisher, together with the ten boxes of photographs that will illustrate it. Mr. Potter is a very good writer, and this is an original and diverting story, not too gory. It should be added that, with all his faults, Mr. Rowly Jones is a very likable man.

TSING-BOOM!, by Nicolas Freeling (Harper & Row). The French wife of a Dutch soldier is murdered in her suburban apartment by an assassin armed with a machine gun, and Amsterdam Police Commissaire Van der Valk, learning that the victim had served as an Army nurse in Vietnam at the time of Dien Bien Phu, trudges thoughtfully off to France in search of a link between her violent past and her violent end. The solution, though entertainingly arrived at in a series of elliptical interviews, is neither very imaginative nor very satisfactory.

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DEPT. OF STRAIGHT THINKING

[*From Chemical Abstracts, Vol. 66, 1967*]

106165k Some thoughts on a recent definition of the word "detergent". R. K. Viswanadham and S. D. Thirumala Rao (Oil Technol. Res. Inst., Anatapur, India). *J. Amer. Oil Chem. Soc.* 44(3), 218(1967)(Eng). After a crit. discussion of cleaning aspects, such as mechanism of solvents, abrasives, and phys.-chem. phenomenon, the authors favor defining a detergent as a substance whose function is detergency.

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